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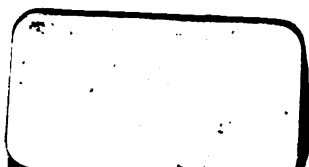
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THE DOUBLE DUEL;

OR,

HOBOKEN.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTESS,"
"NORMAN LESLIE," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



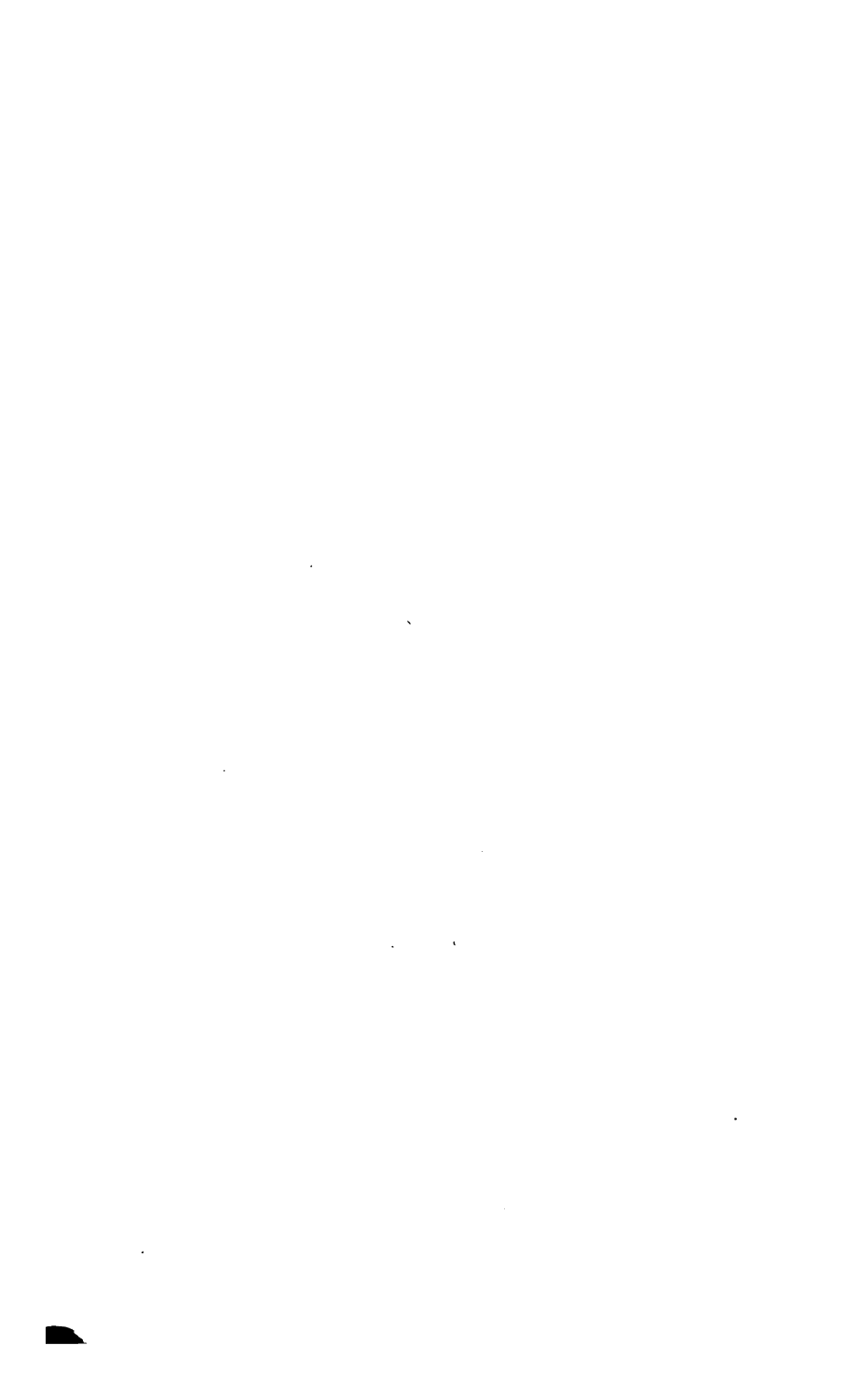
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WITH THE SINCERE ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM OF
HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

Berlin, 28th Sept. 1842.



THE DOUBLE DUEL.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT are you going to do on your birth-day, Harry?" inquired Mr. Lennox. "It's next Thursday, isn't it? and you're one and twenty, I believe."

"I haven't formed any projects, sir," replied Harry.

"I hope you're going to give us some sort of a celebration on the occasion, father?" said Mary Lennox, laughing.

"I was going to propose a trip to Rose Hill; we might ask the Eltons, and one or two others, and make a pleasant family party—a sort of pic-nic."

"If there is going to be a celebration," said Frank Lennox, a young lieutenant, just graduated from West Point, "*I* prefer Rose Hill."

"So I thought," remarked Mary, laughing.

"As to Rose Hill," rejoined Mr. Lennox, "we shall be obliged to give that up for Thursday. But I'll make another proposition. We'll have no celebration at all, but a quiet family dinner, with your uncle and aunt Henderson, and go in the evening to the theatre, and hear Horn."

"And, father," said Mary, "we'll ask the Eltons to dine, and take them with us. What say you, Frank?"

"Who, I?" exclaimed Frank. "Oh, certainly,—anything for a quiet house—any-body—It's quite the same to me."

"O you hypocrite!" said Mary; "you've no preference for Mrs. Elton—certainly not!"

"What do you mean by that, Mary?" asked Frank.

"And why not Mrs. Elton?" said Mr. Lennox. "She is a very charming lady, a gay, amiable, excellent and very handsome woman; a little eloquent, perhaps, but I like her because she has a heart."

Mrs. Elton is one of my beauties, although she is fifty."

"Why, so are you fifty, father," said Mary, laughing, "for the matter of that."

"I don't believe it!" cried Mr. Lennox. "It's too ridiculous! Why, I don't feel a bit older than I did when your too susceptible mamma fell furiously in love with me."

"Nonsense,—nor a bit wiser," said his wife. "I don't see any particular difference in you, myself," continued she, looking at him, half reproachfully, half affectionately; "only you've grown rather younger, and wilder. Indeed, to do you justice, when you used to pay court to me, five-and-twenty years ago, you certainly were much graver and more sensible than you are now. I never saw such a gentle, low spoken, modest person. If I could have known what a hair-brained young madcap you would turn out at fifty, I shouldn't have had you."

This was received with renewed laughter by the happy family circle.

Mr. Lennox was a very handsome man.

His once dark hair was not the less luxuriant, or becomingly disposed, from the very general and decided change of colour which he was pleased to denominate a "touch of grey." His complexion showed the natural effect of a long course of good living, in a gentlemanly ruddiness, which scarcely detracted from his good looks. His person was tall, well formed, and dignified, his voice manly and pleasing, his eyes fine, and his manners particularly fascinating. The benevolence, good humour, and *esprit* of his character discovered themselves in all he did and said, and the sort of thoughtlessness, which might appear startling in any other man of his age, threw around him only an air of originality.

"To come back to Mrs. Elton, however," said he, "if I should be under the necessity of seeking a new helpmate, which, nevertheless, I hope won't be the case, Katy, my dear, it wouldn't be the old lady I should make up to, by any manner of means. She has rather too redundant a flow of conversation for my

quiet and retiring disposition. I should carry the war into another quarter."

"And, pray, who would it be, father?" inquired Mary. "Whom would you give me for a second mamma?"

"Why, that little witch, Fanny Elton, to be sure."

Mary and her mother here interchanged glances, and laughed with a significance which appeared, as Othello says, to mean something.

"You stand some chance of being rather—rather—"

"Rather what?"

"Rather cut out, father," said Mary.

"And who is the fellow, pray?"

A glance full of good-natured mischief, which Mary cast towards Frank, appeared to throw some light on the mystery. Frank returned it with a look of great indignation, at the same time colouring obviously.

"What! the lieutenant?" cried Mr. Lennox. "What, sir! you have had the audacity—"

"It's the most absurd thing possible,"

said Frank. "Mary is always full of nonsensical ideas."

"You need not look so angry," said Mrs. Lennox; "there's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Ashamed!" repeated Frank, "I'm not ashamed, but I think Mary might devise more profitable occupation than—than endeavouring to discover facts, and circulating reports of things, which—which do not exist."

"You're rather hard upon Frank," said Harry. "He cannot publicly acknowledge a hope without an admission that such a hope has some foundation."

Lieutenant Lennox here rose from the table, and was leaving the room, when his father called him back.

"Frank, if you think the attentions of this young lady importunate, had I not better forbid her the house? Ha! ha! ha!"

The door was closed with a violence which a good observer might have remarked above the merry laughter occasioned by the sally of Mr. Lennox.

"Go after him, Harry," said his mother, "and sooth him. This matter is, I fear, too true for jesting."

Harry rose and followed his brother out of the room.

"Is Frank really attached to Fanny Elton?" inquired Mr. Lennox.

"Certainly," said Mary; "I have long seen it. They love each other passionately."

"I have sometimes half thought," said Mrs. Lennox, "that Harry—"

"Oh no! mother, not at all! He never goes near her. I think, on the contrary, they are perfectly indifferent to each other."

"I confess," said Mrs. Lennox, "I should like no one so well for a daughter-in-law as Fanny Elton."

CHAPTER II.

THERE is never much sense in jesting at young lovers. If they are entering into a union destined to be favourable to their happiness, there is surely nothing to ridicule. If not, it is rather too serious an affair to jest with. Miss Elton had been like one of the family for years, and the Lennox children had played with her, and quarreled and romped, in happy freedom from the feverish malady which goes in the world by the name of love. But Time—that revolutionizing old gentleman, always busy with everything, had almost imperceptibly altered the individuals in question. He had advanced the little sturdy hoop-playing Harry into a promising young lawyer; and Mary, with her short cropped boyish hair and *pantelettes*, into a slender girl of about fifteen. Frank's round jacket, and smooth rosy

face, were metamorphosed into an officer's becoming coat, and a manly countenance, browned by the sun, where, however, as yet, lurked all the ingenuousness of a boy; while Fanny Elton, from the sweetest little rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed child that ever was seen—who had a kiss for everybody that she loved, without particular reference to age or sex,—had, some how or other, acquired a new form and new ideas. And in the intervals of Frank's military education at West Point, when he came home on a visit, or the family spent a day or two at that enchanting spot, he saw, year after year, the riotous little beautiful tom-boy softened and subdued into gentle and lovely girlhood; inches and feet added to her stature, new lines and graces to her countenance, new charms to her form, timidity, blushes, expression, thought, feeling, and opinions, unfolding themselves, like hues and leaves in a rose-bud. The romping and kissing, the shouting and quarreling, had ceased. He was deep in the mysteries of mathematics, engi-

neering, and other accomplishments, indispensable to his profession. To make a long story short, Frank was desperately in love with her. In his present condition, he was not altogether, however, at his ease, — as, what lover ever is? He had no reason to suppose himself disagreeable to her; on the contrary, their long acquaintance, the intimacy of their childhood, the tender and close attachment and companionship existing between her and his sister, placed him on terms of perfect familiarity, and gave him not only the constant access of a favourite cousin, but of a brother. Lovers have been who for a moment's solitary interview with the object of their affection, for one touch of the peerless hand, one lock of hair, one worn ribband, would have risked their lives. Frank's case was different. He was with this young person as often, as much, and as unobservedly as he pleased. He occasionally walked with her from his father's house, quite alone. He had already made a tolerable collection of ribbands, shoe-

strings, old roses, etc., in the indefinite augmentation of which he did not see any particular danger or difficulty; and, had he boldly and plumply asked her for a lock of that rich auburn hair, on the occasion of his departure for Prairie du Chien, where he was likely to remain six or seven years, it is probable that, although the request had been preferred at dinner, before the whole family, the warm-hearted, sunshiny girl would have clipped him off a good bouncing handful, without a moment's hesitation. Yet, here he was, soon to start off for a place, so many miles distant, without any probability of seeing her in seven long, changeful, horrible years; and yet he had not dared to venture any actual statement of his case, either to her or to any one else. The profound passion which steeped his soul had led him only to break his repose by frequent moonlight promenades; to a considerable outlay of sixpences and shillings for Havannah cigars; to much melancholy meditation, to many mournful sighs, and to

divers valorous resolutions of decisive action, which melted into thin air at the presence of the laughing, lovely girl who had made all this havoc with him.

One thing, however, he relied on, namely, that the state of his heart was unobserved by others. He had fancied it in his power to be with such a girl, in the presence of other women, and those women his mother and sister, without betraying himself to them; and, perhaps, he was not unreasonable in such a supposition. For how could he, in his innocence, fear that what he had endeavoured so long and ineffectually to communicate to the object of it, had been divined by two comparatively uninterested spectators.

The onset of his whole family, at breakfast, had cast a new light over the affair. He had been detected, exposed, and quizzed. At first he seriously thought of setting out for Prairie du Chien that very morning, without bidding good-b'ye to anybody, and taking with him only his hat and cane. Then, he resolved to throw

himself at the feet of Miss Elton and ask her, just in so many words, whether she would have him or not. Then, he conceived the idea of crushing in its bud a passion which could not be fortunate; and all these fiery impulses ended in his choosing, with some care, a cigar from a silver box on the mantelpiece, lighting the same by a pretty fire-machine at its side, sitting down in a comfortable *fau-deuil* by an open window looking into a garden full of lilac and other flowers, and smoking furiously. In this state Harry found him when, at his mother's request, he left the breakfast-table on his conciliatory commission.

"You'll ruin your health, smoking as you do, Frank," said he, by way of opening the conversation, and with something of the paternal authority of an elder brother. "You smoke too much; one or two cigars a-day are enough for any one. Beyond that—by the way, those are very nice ones. Where did you get them?"

"I ordered a box home yesterday from Benninger's. Try one, they are superb!"

“I don't care, for this once, if I do smoke one with you, though I generally postpone it till after dinner.”

The luxury of the cigar is not confined to its mere physical solace. Its management aids conversation, and the attention to be paid to it fills up the pauses. If the smoker be an awkward person, it furnishes employment for his hands; if there is any embarrassment in the interview, it covers it. Could such a thing have been possible, as Frank having Miss Elton at his side while he smoked his cigar, he would have dared and known his fate long ago.

Some consciousness of this peculiarity of the cigar appeared to pass through the mind of Harry. Perhaps he did not fully know himself why he smoked on the present occasion, contrary to his own advice and habit. He puffed away rapidly, almost as much so as Frank had done, with a nervous uneasiness; and scarcely had the ashes begun to appear, when he knocked them off with a smart blow of his little finger.

At length he spoke, after emitting one or two clouds, not with the measured self-enjoyment of a smoker, who feels the charm of what he is doing, but with an abrupt air.

"Frank, what's all this about you and Fanny Elton?"

"Nothing but Mary's nonsense."

"Do you tell me, on your honour, that you have no attachment for her?"

"On my honour?—who said anything about honour?"

"I ask you in earnest."

"Then, in earnest," said Frank, "I do love her."

"And you mean to marry her?"

"Certainly, if she 'll have me."

"Does she love you?"

"Ah, my dear fellow! that's cutting rather close."

"No matter; answer me."

"I think—I hope she does."

"Has she said so?"

"No, not exactly said so."

"Have you ever spoken to her on the subject?"

"Never!"

"Have you good reasons for your hopes?"

"Yes—no—certainly."

Harry paused, but went on smoking at rather a rapid rate.

"Very well, that's enough—I thought it but fair to ask you this; the whole family seemed to think so, and you ought not to deceive them, or the young lady herself. I congratulate you, my dear fellow; she's a charming girl, and I hope you may win her well, and wear her long."

"Where are you going?" asked Frank.

"I've business in the office."

"Stop one moment. I have answered all your questions, Harry, have I not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now then, if you please, you must answer one of mine."

"What do you mean?"

"Confidence, Harry, begets confidence; and no one puts such broad questions as you have asked me, without laying himself open to be cross-examined in his turn."

"Well, there is truth in that," said Harry. "I have no objection to answer you anything, I'm sure; but you would, nevertheless, oblige me greatly by not asking."

"That is a favour I can't grant. You must tell me, now, do *you* love Miss Elton?"

"No, I cannot love a woman who loves another."

"Have you ever loved her?"

There was a pause.

"Yes, I once fancied so."

"And have you had reason to suppose she loved you?" continued Frank.

"Never. On the contrary; a year ago, for a short time, I nourished some such foolish idea, but it has entirely vanished of itself, and I have always found her cold and shy."

"Do you think she knows you loved her?"

"No, I don't think she has the remotest idea of it. On the contrary, she thinks I despise her; and so," he added, bitterly, "I almost do."

"Despise Fanny Elton?—and why?"

"I think her capricious, a coquette."

"There is only one excuse for such a sentiment," said Frank.

"And what is that?"

"Love! disappointed, perhaps, or imagining itself disappointed, embittering your criticism and blinding your judgment. I see how it is,—you, too, love her."

"No, by heaven, no! if she were kneeling at my feet I would not marry her. I avoid her presence, and shut my heart against her beauty. If she marry you, and make you a good wife, that may reconcile me to respect her in time, nothing else can."

"Softly, my good Harry; what cause have you to hate and despise her, unless a cause growing out, not only of love, but of an idea that you had made some progress in her affection? No—it is clear to me you love her, and, doubtless, she loves you. I am glad you have disclosed this to me before I made a fool of myself by going any further: I wonder I never thought of it before. She has been in

the constant habit of seeing you since I have been at West Point; it would be strange if she did not love you: but better late than never. Now go, Harry; I have no more questions. I shall take my course."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Leave her at once, and for ever; set out to-morrow morning for Prairie du Chien, and bury the rest of my life in the west."

"You can do as you like," said Harry; "but you must understand me better than to suppose me capable of taking advantage of your departure to seek the affections of Miss Elton. It was not my intention, when I entered the room, to say anything of my own feelings; on the contrary, I thought, and I still think, your union with her would give me pleasure. You have found out my secret by mere accident; but, since you have discovered it, let me prevent your supposing it other than it is: I will therefore tell you, in perfect frankness, the whole of it. I really did think Miss Elton liked

me, till one day, about a year ago, I commenced telling her so, and she did not appear to be offended. We were interrupted, I don't remember how,—a door opened, or shut, or something of that sort in the next room, and she ran off. I hoped for an opportunity to finish the matter,—but no; I've never been able to find one. From that time till now, the young lady has avoided being alone with me an instant; and when with me in company, she's altogether a different person from what she used to be; polite, gay, but no more confidence, no more—you understand me? Of course, when I saw how matters were going, I withdrew. Ha! ha! I abdicated. I'm not a man to be extinguished by a tender passion, nor have I time to waste in studying Miss Elton's character and caprices; so, for the last six months, I've had nothing to say to her more than simple politeness required. On the whole, I've come to the conclusion that she never did really like me, or if she did, she's changed, that's all, as she certainly had full right to do,

and devilish lucky it is for me that it happened before matters went any further. There, now you know all."

"I'm glad you've told me this," said Frank. "I also shall abdicate."

"No, you will not make that resolution."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't see the necessity of it. I have already made a similar one, which I certainly shan't break. Besides, I have more cause than you to suppose her affection either never existed, or has ceased to exist. It is possible, in her girlish inexperience, she might have fancied she liked me, and afterwards discovered her mistake. She may have been inspired with that sentiment by another, by you, perhaps. Go forward, win her hand; it will relieve me from all further unhappiness. Marry her, Frank, and make all three of us happy."

"And do you think," said Frank, "that I will be excelled in generosity?"

"What's to be done, then?" said Harry.

“Why, I see only one way to settle the difficulty,” said Frank, ingenuously, “and that is to try our fortune each of us. There can, after all, be no real conflict of interest here. Fanny Elton wouldn’t marry either of us unless she loved.”

“True, quite true,” said Harry, in spite of himself showing the relief he felt at the turn the conversation was now taking.

“We have, then,” continued Frank, “only to try; we must each take our chance. The decision of the question does not depend upon us, and we have it not in our power, after all our professed readiness for self-sacrifice, to make her accept one not agreeable to her. The present state of her heart is probably unalterable, as far as regards us. I have thought myself certain, but, when I look back, I see I might easily have mistaken the familiarity of indifference for that of affection, while you may have thought the shyness of love the coldness of dislike. You are, and always were, as delicate and doubting in such matters as I have

been, I fear, rash and sanguine. Let us enter the arena, then, fairly and kindly."

"I agree," said Harry, "because I believe that my failure will lead to your success."

"And he who succeeds will be the sufferer," said Frank, "because his happiness will be dashed with the thought that it has reached over the heart of the other."

"No, not so," said Harry. "My heart is not so easily shaken, or, at least broken."

"Well, I will not argue. Who shall make the first trial?"

"You. But no, I think the advantage will be with the second. Should the first be rejected, the other has his own time; and perhaps what is now simple friendship, time may ripen into love."

After a prolonged and animated debate upon the point, it was at length agreed that Harry should first address Miss Elton.

"Go," said Frank, "Fanny Elton will be yours."

"This night, Frank," replied Harry, "you shall sleep without fear of me."

CHAPTER III.

It happened, as Harry descended the stairs, that Miss Elton was going into the drawing-room, on an early visit to Mary; a courteous but not very lover-like salutation passed between them, Miss Elton entering the room and Harry continuing his way down towards the office. Suddenly he stopped, crossed by a quick determination peculiar to his character.

“Why should I delay—why waver?” thought he. “No choice is left me; what I must do, why not do instantly? That she scorns me is plain; yet, were all the hatred and contempt of the human heart concentrated in one word, and I knew she would utter it, I would do what I have now engaged to do, for Frank’s sake, not for mine.” His heart shall not beat one moment in unnecessary suspense.”

He advanced towards the room, and stood at the door in perplexity at the recollection that his sister was there too; she came out suddenly, and said,

"Go in one moment, and entertain Fanny, will you? I am going up stairs to get her my new cape."

He entered the room, and was alone with the object of his hopes and his fears. His countenance and manner must have betrayed emotion, for Miss Elton, who was standing by a table, carelessly turning over some new engravings, on looking up exclaimed :

"Why, Mr. Lennox, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Miss Elton, only I have resolved to delay no longer addressing you on a subject which seriously interests me."

She looked surprised, and coloured; and there was a very awkward pause.

"Miss Elton," at length resumed the poor fellow, in a low voice, "I have resolved to throw myself upon your generosity. I come frankly to make an offer

of my hand, trembling lest you reject, and scarcely daring to hope that you will accept me."

"Sir!" said Miss Elton, with a cold, undisturbed voice, "I do not understand you."

"Fanny! how have I offended you? Is it possible that I have misunderstood, or in any way annoyed you?"

"I do not wish any discussion, sir." And she was about leaving the room.

"I would not be importunate, but some mystery is between us, and a strange necessity hurries me along to know at once—"

"I trust, sir," said Miss Elton, with haughty astonishment, while the colour, which had gradually overspread her face, now left it entirely, "there can be no serious necessity for you to hold, or for me to listen to, such language. I never supposed I could be subjected to an insult from you!"

There did not exist a man prouder or haughtier than the young person who, amazed and shocked, heard this observa-

tion. But the love, which had for so many years been strengthening in his bosom, and for a long time past had been acquiring the force of a strong stream accidentally obstructed, mastered even his pride. The immediate prospect of death could not have shaken him more than these words from the lips from which they fell.

"Miss Elton," he stammered, "you cruelly misunderstand me. There is certainly some inconceivable error."

She walked to the door, and would have left the room, but he barred her passage.

"If it is your determination," said he, "to treat my proffered love with scorn and insult, let me, at least, request you to hear me explain before I leave the subject for ever."

"I cannot choose but do so. I am not free to go," said she, coldly.

"Go, go, Miss Elton, I no longer stop your way."

She advanced, but paused on seeing the expression of his face.

“What do you wish to say? I *will* hear you.”

“With that haughty frown on your brow, with that cold scorn in your voice, I scarcely know, Miss Elton, what to say, or how to begin a tale of love. But, nevertheless, I will do it. My whole life, since first my early boyhood felt what love was, has been filled with your image. I loved you before you yourself were old enough to understand my deeper feelings. I once dared to hope you had discovered, and did not disapprove my affection, till, in a moment of boyish imprudence, I dared to betray my feelings, the strange cause of your present resentment. From that time to this you have chosen to alter the relations which I supposed existed between us; I have felt myself cast off, and have acted accordingly.”

“Oh, you must excuse me,” said she, again going.

“You will forgive my frankness,” continued Harry; “my happiness, however indifferent you may be to it, I cannot see wasted and wearing away without taking

some means to preserve it. I will not so humbly bend beneath your words as to say I must be dependent on you for it *always*. You can bestow it upon me now. But you cannot always deprive me of it. There are other paths—other—”

“Women,” interrupted she.

“Even so, Miss Elton. If your words are a true indication of your feelings, independent of any error, say so, that I may know what to believe, what to feel, and what to do.”

The strange mixture of love and rudeness in this speech, appeared only to confirm the displeasure of the young girl.

“Mr. Lennox,” said she, “I have heard you, that I might reply distinctly. You speak of a necessity, and of your trembling lest I accept you. Let me equally free you from your necessity and your fears. I cannot love you.”

He appeared borne down by her decisive words and scornful eyes.

“Fanny, pause one moment, before you separate us for ever; pause one moment,

till we are both cooler, and can conduct more prudently a conversation which may be for the happiness or misery of us both, and which I shall never resume if you reject me now. My whole happiness, my prospect in life, perhaps my life itself, hang on the breath of your lips at this moment. Give me time to ascertain the cause of your anger, (for there is some hidden cause,) and to call back the feelings for me which once inspired you. Do not reject me, or I solemnly swear I never will resume the subject."

Miss Elton looked at him for a moment, and then very calmly replied,

"Notwithstanding your formidable threat, Mr. Lennox, permit me to say, I not only reject—I *despise you!*" And she left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the subjects on which time and observation give us light, there are none less understood by the young than themselves, and the manner in which they would feel and act on yet untried occasions. Harry had supposed a rejection by Miss Elton would end his love by arousing his pride, and that the certainty of her indifference would speedily enable him to resume his own. Alas! he now perceived with consternation, that she had acquired only more charms, that he had never before been aware how beautiful, how noble she was. She became infinitely dearer to him than ever. So far from pride being able to overcome love, it was itself overmastered. He could scarcely collect his senses to comprehend the full force of those decisive words, that cold contempt which amazed him from its total unexpected-

ness. She might have declined his addresses, rectified his boyish mistake, regretted her inability to reciprocate his affection, and promised him in return esteem and friendship. For this he had been tremblingly prepared. This he could have scarcely borne. But here were scorn, derision, insult, inflicted with a cruelty as insupportable as it was inexplicable.

He was pacing backward and forward through the room, when Mary and Miss Elton re-entered. His sister did not seem to suspect that anything unusual had taken place, but was laughing and talking, and pointing out the peculiarities of the cape, on which Miss Elton appeared to bestow all the desired attention.

"It's very pretty, indeed," said she, in an indifferent voice. "I will get one like it."

"Will you be good enough to call Frank down stairs, Harry?" said his sister suddenly. "He has made an engagement to ride with us. Tell him we're waiting for him, will you? The horses have been at the door a quarter of an hour."

He went away without, at first, venturing to look at Fanny; but, as he closed the door, he turned to steal one glance. There was an expression in her face, unexpected, indescribable, which renewed all his grief and all his love.

Frank was sitting alone, lost in thought, when he entered, but said immediately,

“You have seen Miss Elton?”

“I have. I have offered myself to her. She has refused me. Frank, she is yours. God bless you both!”

“But, Harry, you amaze me—so soon?”

“Not a word. Never a word more on this subject, I entreat. It is done. I have fulfilled my part. Go and do yours. They are waiting for you in the drawing-room. Go, I beg of you.”

“Frank, are you coming?” said Mary at the bottom of the stairs; “are you going to keep two ladies here, and three horses waiting for you all day?”

Frank left him. Harry then locked the door, went to his drawer, took from it a pistol, examined the charge, cocked it, and held the muzzle to his forehead.

At this moment a dim idea of God came over him. He had rarely thought of his Creator before. About to rush into His presence, it struck him that there might be a reality in future invisible things. He paused ; the reflection of his face from a mirror on the table startled him. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. He felt like a guilty wretch, and trembling, thrust the deadly weapon into the drawer.

“ Who ’s there ? ”

“ Your father is waiting for you in the office, if you ’ll please to come down.”

“ Yes, in one moment.”

It was the voice of young Seth Copely, one of the clerks, who, having delivered the message, withdrew.

“ My father ! my mother ! God ! the future ! What new thoughts are these ? Pause, madman ! At least, not yet, not here, not so. What you do, do wisely, deliberately.”

As he spoke, a sudden debility came over him. His violent excitement abating, the natural reaction followed. He

sank into a chair, overpowered by an irresistible revulsion of feeling, covered his face with his hands, and wept in silent agony.

Suddenly recollecting the summons of his father, he exerted all his strength of character, of which he had an ample share, though unregulated and misdirected, as well as a certain power of concealing his emotions which he had mistaken for the power to govern them, and prepared to meet him. No one with whom he came into contact suspected he had a few moments before been prevented, only by a casual thought, from committing self-murder.

At dinner he expected to meet Miss Elton, but she had excused herself on the plea of indisposition.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY's offer had been disposed of so very unceremoniously by Miss Elton that it appeared to him inexplicable. He knew that he could not have been mistaken in her former obvious affection, or in the certainty that she had been alienated from him by some extraordinary error, to which his utmost conjectures could furnish no clue. Hastily quitting the dinner-table, whence he perceived his rashness had banished his sister's friend, the favourite and frequent guest of the family, he started off on an excursion, he scarcely knew whither, but he soon found his strong wish for a change of scene had driven him over to Hoboken in one of the ferry-boats, and that he was pressing his way through woods, over fields, and up the steep acclivities of the Weehawken heights, at a most prodigious

rate ; stopping sometimes, however, in the midst of his distracted feelings, to admire the beauties of the various views which broke upon him, of the river, bay, shores, and distant city, now all bathed in the silent mellow light of a summer sunset.

In the course of this love-sick ramble, mingled images of despair and resentment, resolutions of flight, of marriage with some one else, of suicide, and of a stoical return to calm and sober reason, agitated his brain ; all of which, however, melted into air every time the face of Miss Elton crossed his imagination. One determination, however, he did take. After such a rejection, he might *love* the young lady or not, according to circumstances ; but he certainly would not make her any more declarations. He would meet her hereafter with complete insensibility, and, if his heart should break outright, he would never let her know his suffering.

While engaged in these reflections, the hours rolled rapidly away, and he heard the bell of the last ferry-boat ringing

violently. Hastening his steps, he crossed once more the broad and noble river, and took his way along the streets, now glittering with evening lights, and filled with crowds of pleasure-seekers. Here he wandered till a late hour, endeavouring to deaden by rapid motion his sense of unhappiness, which he at length so far succeeded in doing that he felt a consciousness of more than ordinary exhaustion, induced by his long and fatiguing ramble and the exciting nature of his thoughts. He had come to the conclusion, that a world in which such a person as he could be so cruelly and contemptuously rejected by such a person as Miss Elton, must be a very wretched one, presided over by blind chance. He was not an infidel, neither was he a true Christian. He belonged to that large class which, perpetually engaged in the cares, pursuits, and pleasures of this life, has no time or inclination to think about more serious matters. With a sort of buoyant recklessness, he resolved to shake from his thoughts the circumstance which had so much affected

him, or at least for the time to drown present recollection in the stimulating effects of a hearty supper and a bottle of wine, at a house of public entertainment.

An ample and tempting meal called him from his gloomy reflections to the pleasures it offered, by which he sought, and for the moment with success, to lose sight of his woe. He ate heartily and drank freely, to drown the saddening and tormenting thoughts which would obtrude themselves upon him.

The inspiration of the champagne gave him a feeling of joyous relief, which kept sleep, and the desire of sleep, far enough from his eyelids. He sat till the wine mounted rather more than he had intended into his head, and till the idea of blowing his brains out for Miss Fanny Elton, or any other young lady whatever, appeared to him one of the most ridiculous and amusing things he had ever heard of in his life.

Finishing at length his meal, wine, and reflections together, he called for his bill with as steady an air of gentlemanly ease and dignity as he could assume, though

with a decidedly confused idea as to where he intended to go, or what he proposed to do, after he should have resumed his walk. He was considerably struck, too, with a symptom by no means usual with him, viz. a strong inclination to smile without being particular as to the occasion. Thus making his way out of the house, he issued into the street, he scarcely knew how, with his hat thrust down very much over his eyes, just sober enough to know that he was intoxicated, and to feel that the cool fresh air was grateful to his flushed cheeks. The pavement, however, heaved so beneath his feet, that he could not walk very steadily, and he caught hold of the balustrade of the park to prevent his stumbling. The moon had now risen, and was shedding a pale golden gleam upon each object, filling the air with her gentle glory, as he stood, holding on firmly to the iron railing, preserving himself not without an effort from falling at full length upon the stones, which seemed to rock like the deck of a ship at sea. He commenced a song, but, overcome by

his joyous sensations, and fully aware of the absurdity of his ridiculous position, he began to laugh aloud, and thus remained for some time giving full vent to an overflowing merriment.

At this moment the figure of a man came towards him, but on seeing his condition crossed over, as if to avoid an encounter. Urged by some new impulse, however, the person came back and looked him directly in the face.

"Hallo, my old cock!" said Harry, "what may be your business?"

"What! Harry Lennox! is it you?"

The speaker was Emmerson, his father's partner.

"The devil!—how are you?" cried Harry, assuming a very grave and sober look. "How are you? and how goes bu-bu-business?"

"Very well, I thank you,—good night!"

"G-good-night, my dear boy. Won't you have a cigar?—But you don't smoke, I believe. Hallo! he's gone. I think I'm a little drunk. Ha, ha, ha! But he has not the least suspicion. I had no

idea I could have done it so well. I wouldn't have him see me flustered ; him, of all men,—not for a pipe of the best old Tokay that ever—ha ! ha ! ha ! Hold on, my fine fellow ! ”

A little sobered, however, but with his head still reeling, laughing occasionally aloud, despite his efforts to keep serious, he staggered on, and at length reached his home without meeting any further interruption.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY breakfasted with the family the next morning as usual, and thence went to his ordinary duties in the office. A certain awkward feeling came over him as he met Emmerson; but from the manner of that gentleman he could not gather any reason to suppose he had detected his state at their last night's meeting, and he concluded, with a hearty feeling of relief, that, in the darkness of night, and from what he presumed had been his own power of self-control, his intoxication, which he firmly resolved should never be repeated, had entirely escaped Emmerson's attention.

"You have a pamphlet in your room, I believe, from the office library, which I wish very much to consult," said Emmerson to Harry in the afternoon. .

"Yes, I took it to look at the recently proposed Bill."

"Why, that's what I wished to look at," said Emmerson.

"Perhaps we are occupied on the same subject," said Harry: "I'm going to address the meeting to night."

"Indeed I did not know it was your intention. Have you prepared anything?"

"Merely a few notes, which, however, I shall scarcely need."

"Let me see them, will you?" said Emmerson. "It is barely possible I may wish to say something, but not a speech."

Harry handed the notes, and Emmerson looked them over with an air of no great interest.

"Oh! that's the view you take, is it? but hadn't you better leave out this paragraph?"

"Oh no! why so? that is a common opinion."

"But your mode of proving it is not so common. Nor do I think it correct."

"Well, if you think so, I'll leave it out in deference to you."

"You had better. Though, I really think you will give yourself more trouble.

in speaking at all, than the matter is likely to be worth. The subject has no real interest; I have not troubled myself to study it."

At dinner, Harry was a breathless listener to an interesting conversation. The family were speaking of Fanny Elton, and Mary insisted that something had occurred to displease her.

"She is not the same in her manner to me, she is cold and reserved. Her refusal to dine with us yesterday, I am convinced, was not caused by mere indisposition, although she really is not well? How often has she come to us when she was not well? What harm could it have done her just to have dined here instead of at home? and she refuses to come to-day, refuses to dine with us on Thursday, and to go to the theatre with us in the evening."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Lennox, "who would, what could offend Fanny, I should like to know? She could not suspect any one in this family of an intention to do so, and I don't think she is the sort of person to be angry without a cause."

"How do you account, then, for these three refusals, this sudden withdrawal of her consent to go to the theatre on Thursday?"

"I 'll go round this evening," said Frank, "and see if I can persuade her; and you shall go with me."

"No," said Mary, "I will not. To say the truth, I am a little hurt and offended, and she saw plainly that I was, and yet did not in the least alter her decision."

"So," thought Harry, "Frank has either not made [his offer, or,"—and his heart sank within him at the thought—"he has made it and been accepted.]"

"I feel sure," said Frank, "I can make her alter her determination."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Lennox; "why, in such an ingenuous creature as Fanny, look for any other excuse than the one she assigns? She is not very well, is out of spirits, and therefore will not come."

"Well, if you think so," resumed Mary, "I 'll go with Frank, but I don't understand it."

"She avoids me," thought Harry. "That

was to be expected; but in a way which must betray the insult I have received. This I must prevent." He therefore wrote the following note, and, after a brief explanation, entrusted it to Frank.

"MR. HENRY LENNOX begs Miss Elton to forgive and forget the error into which he has fallen, upon his assurance not to repeat it. He hopes she will not make it the cause of interrupting her intercourse with the family, rather than which he will himself withdraw till time shall test the sincerity of his resolution never to offend again. If he have reason to fear his presence prevents her usual visits and engagements, he will carry into effect a desire he has long had of spending a few years in Europe. Should she, however, be disposed to accord this, the only favour he can ever ask of her, he need scarcely add he considers himself bound, as a gentleman, to remove from her the annoyance of his society, as far as can be done without exciting attention."

CHAPTER VII.

THIS was the evening of the great public meeting, called for the purpose of passing resolutions respecting a measure pending in Congress. The subject was one which young Lennox was acquainted with, as it had long engaged his attention. Miserable as he was at this moment, a desire to escape from himself led him to be thankful for such a distraction, and while Frank and Mary were gone to the Eltons, he repaired to the meeting to deliver his address.

On arriving at the large room, which had been designated for the purpose, he found many distinguished citizens assembled. His father and Mr. Emmerson were already there. The hall rapidly filled to overflowing. An eminent man was elected to the chair, and secretaries appointed. Many speakers were anxious

to express their views on the subject, and two or three did so, and were listened to with interest.

At length Mr. Emmerson rose. His remarks showed the results of study, for, as Harry afterwards discovered, he had been long and laboriously preparing himself for the occasion. Distinction was his passion, and to it he had resolved to devote himself. But he was regarded as a cold, dry man, laborious in details and learned in facts, without enlarged views, or original ideas. His discourse, while it made a favourable impression, did not produce any particular effect.

Harry was rather surprised to perceive that he made use of several arguments similar to those contained in his own memoranda. He set it down, of course, as accident, for there was scarcely a man whom he would not sooner have suspected of anything wrong, so highly was Emmerson esteemed for purity of mind and manners. He was, however, fairly puzzled on hearing him, as he proceeded, deliver some remarks in support of a de-

lay in the passage of the offensive bill, which were an exact counterpart of those which, at the intimation of Emmerson himself, he had proposed to omit in his own observations.

After Emmerson, rose a Mr. Holford, a gentleman of large stature and dignified personal appearance, with a sonorous voice, and an apparent familiarity with public orations. He occupied the attention of the audience for an hour with fine words and high-sounding phrases, frequently eliciting applause by the artful recurrence of patriotic sentiments. Harry perceived that this person belonged to the class of mere demagogues, who, by dint of assurance and perseverance, not only thrust themselves into prominent places, but maintain themselves there triumphantly, while men of merit and modesty remain in obscurity. Notwithstanding very general applause, his eloquence was made up of superficial common-places, and phrases borrowed, ready-made, from the floating oratory of the day. A part of what he said was good, but that was not

his own ; and whenever he ventured into anything like original argument or declamation, he betrayed the poverty of his attainments, and the smallness of his understanding, by flimsy sophistry or swelling bombast. It was all received, however, with the unsearching approbation characteristic of a public meeting.

At length Harry rose, striving to fly from himself, and to lose by some strong effort the keen sense of his late disappointment. We have not yet ventured to describe him, but the reader must imagine a distinguished looking young man, rather above the middle stature, with an expressive and handsome countenance. The manly gravity, and even sternness of his look, gave place to sweetness when he smiled. His dark eyes were full of expression, and he possessed a voice soft, flexible, and at the same time powerful. He had not uttered ten sentences before every one became aware he was no common man. Free from embarrassment, he presented by far the clearest view of the case which had been given ; drew enlarged,

unexpected, and striking inferences, with logical precision, and, in the most eloquent language enchained, delighted, and convinced every body. With all the knowledge of details and facts of Emerson, and a far more chaste and rich flow of language than Holford, he added that kind of light and fire which only genius and sincerity know how to throw around what they touch. Warmed by the exertion, and by the consciousness of his success, he triumphantly completed the argumentative part of his address to an audience, who gave neither the cold respect awarded to Emmerson, nor the noisy applause elicited by the clap-traps of the pompous Holford, but the attention of men whose minds are really awakened. In conclusion, when his points were clearly proved, and the objections raised by the opposite party had been undeniably silenced, he ended by an appeal to the clear judgment and higher feelings of the nation, in a strain not often heard at similar meetings, and which showed the speaker to be far above

the petty desire of self-display, or the mere interested influence of party views.

On descending from the stage, he was received in triumph by his friends, and heartily congratulated, before he could grasp the extended hand of his delighted father. By the side of the latter stood Emmerson, silent and motionless, and with a peculiar expression of discontent on his dark features. Harry was struck with it, and felt it chill the warm flow of his blood, and the pleasure arising from his success; and, had he not known him, he would have thought he saw on his countenance only the workings of mean selfishness and pale envy.

"What's the matter?" asked he, as he perceived his proffered hand was not accepted.

"Oh nothing," said Emmerson; "the crowd, the heat—" Then, with a singular look, which afterwards often rose in Harry's memory, he added: "I did not expect to see you so soon in public, after I met you last night, you know—"

"Last night!" repeated his father. "Where?"

“What do you mean by that?” said Harry, sternly. “You knew I intended to address the meeting, Mr. Emmerson.”

“Yes, certainly; but—ha! ha! ha!—you have proved yourself a Demosthenes.”

Harry did not understand the tone of voice in which this was said. The meeting immediately passed the intended resolutions, availing themselves of various suggestions made by Harry; and the significant “last night!” of Emmerson passed from his mind.

After the adjournment, Mr. Lennox, Harry, and Emmerson were standing together, conversing, with several others, when the chairman, Mr. Lawrence, an influential leader of the politics of the state, came up, and shaking Harry warmly by the hand, acknowledged in strong terms the pleasure he had received from his address. “You must sup with me,” he added, “you and your father. I have something of importance to say to you.” He asked no one else to the party, and Emmerson silently withdrew.

They repaired to the house of their

host, where the supper-table was already spread. The ladies of the family, after a gay half-hour, retired, and the gentlemen were left to discuss subjects which exclusively interested them. It was at once suggested by Mr. Lawrence that Harry should accept an early seat in Congress.

"Well," said his father, "what say you? As you don't appear wanting in the valuable gift of speech, you can answer for yourself, I suppose?"

"I think," said Harry, "it requires time for reflection; but I should, of course, be guided by your wishes, if I remain in America."

"Remain in America! why, where the devil do you expect to remain?"

"I have had some desire lately to go abroad."

"What! a short tour—eh?" said Lawrence.

"A tour, but not a short one."

"May I ask what you mean?" said his father. "You have the intention of going abroad for a long time?"

"Yes, sir; a plan which, with your approbation, would be a very pleasant thing for me."

"What, leave us, Harry! Spend a half dozen years abroad, and come back at last to find some old sexton, who sings while he works, coolly pointing out our respective graves: 'Mrs. Lennox's, sir!' 'Miss Mary's, sir!' 'The old gentleman's, sir! that one with the flowers!' Is that what you call 'very pleasant,' with my approbation?"

"My dear father, I did not intend to discuss the point with you, at least not here, but, in respect of the seat in Congress, I scarcely feel myself able—"

"Harry!" said Mr. Lennox, "let me hear no more of your going abroad, at present. As for the seat in Congress, I shall at once state my views. If I were as rich as I ought to be, and could leave you and your brother and sister a hundred or two thousand dollars each, after having handsomely provided for your mother, I might, perhaps, feel a pride in seeing you take your place where your

talents could not fail to be of service to your country, and to reflect a lustre on your own name and mine. But I am not such a Cræsus as you appear to suppose. Do you know how much I am worth ?”

“ No, sir.”

“ Well, just enough to provide, in case of my sudden death, a decent independence for your mother, and another for your sister, who must be portioned as a sweet girl, and a gentleman’s daughter as she is, ought to be.”

“ I hope so.”

“ Then there’s Frank. He has chosen a profession where, even if he be not ingloriously scalped to begin with, he will have no great opportunity to amass a fortune. His expenses are great, his pay scandalously small, his danger not inconsiderable, his chance of glory precarious. Yet he must live like a gentleman. He has the tastes, habits, and feelings of one ; and where is he going to get a fortune if I don’t leave him one ?”

“ Very true !”

"But, my good friend," said the benevolent Mr. Lawrence, amused and interested by this glimpse of a family scene, "if you leave all your property to your other children, what remains for Harry?"

"I have given him a first-rate education. He is fully fitted to go forth into life. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and, what is equally to our present purpose, a superior lawyer. If he attend to business, the honourable profession to which he belongs, and of which he can easily become a most distinguished member, as you may see by his display this evening, will be to him, in twenty years, an ample fortune. Should he then desire to descend to politics, there will at least be this advantage, that, if he fail, he has a place to stand on, and a hole to creep into. Politics undertaken from the hope of pecuniary gain, or the mere selfish ambition after place and power, cannot fail to deprave the moral character, as much as they must injure and pervert the mind.

"It is time for my son to know his true

career, and to perceive the necessity of applying himself to his profession steadily, resolutely, and severely. I myself am not a business man ; I wish I were, but I hate business, and I shall gradually endeavour to withdraw from the office, leaving the whole toil and profit to him. There is Emmerson, an inestimable, unassuming man, the most honest and excellent partner in the world, and, withal, a sharp and able lawyer, one of the few who unite integrity of character, gentleness of heart, and mental ability ; you, Harry, and he, must manage matters hereafter. In a year or so I shall begin to require a little repose, and think a tour abroad, for your mother and me, would be more proper than for you. Nevertheless, I am gratefully obliged to you, Lawrence, for the honour you have done this youngster, and, in his name and my own, I thank you."

" I must say," said Mr. Lawrence, " that, while I regret your decision, I approve it."

They separated. Harry had not distinctly followed all his father's harangue.

His reveries had wandered to the stern, beautiful face of Fanny Elton, to her cold words and flashing eyes; but he had heard enough to learn that this plan of foreign travel and foreign adventure was likely to be opposed by divers more serious objections than had at first presented themselves to his mind; that notwithstanding the wealth of his father, he was to start in life without much benefit from it, and that, unless he were to break forcibly away from many tender ties, and some sober duties, he was likely to be kept a prisoner in his native city.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ WOULD she receive his note? Would she answer it?” were the thoughts which filled Harry’s mind during another very love-sick ramble. What meant the throbbing of his heart at the idea? “ Would she comply with its request? would she come to visit his family to-day? would she go to the theatre with them the next day, his birth-day? and thus acknowledge and sanction a kind of communion with him, a yielding obedience to his dictation, and a consideration for his wishes, his feelings, his happiness, perhaps! Or—would she accept Frank? Had she accepted him?”

The peculiar relative position of the two brothers acted as a check upon their usual confidence. He had requested Frank not to touch upon that subject again. Had the latter made his offer, and been rejected, he would probably have commu-

nicated his fate at once. He was under a sort of honourable obligation to do so. But if accepted, delicacy, love for his brother, embarrassment, would all combine to make him shrink from such a confidence. He had been accepted then, or, last, faint hope! he had not yet made his offer. Had there been no doubt to be solved, perhaps, he might have succeeded in diverting his thoughts from the subject. But the dinner-hour was to decide the fate of his note, and all the interest of his life was now concentrated upon this single point.

* * * *

“Do you know how I’m getting on with my boys, Emmerson?” asked Lennox of his friend the morning after the public meeting, for Lennox’s communicative nature confided everything to those connected with him.

“What new plan?” asked Emmerson, with a smile.

“Time is dashing along,” said Lennox. “I feel it every day more forcibly; but when looking on these young rascals I

can't believe my own eyes. They are scarcely out of their round jackets, at least so it seems to me, and yet one is going to marry up to my warmest hopes, and the other —"

"To marry!" echoed Emmerson, with such signs of interest as surprised even the sanguine father.

"Yes, marry."

"Bless my soul," said Emmerson, fixing his keen dark eyes upon the speaker.

"Yes," continued Lennox; "I trouble you with affairs in which few men in your situation would take any interest. Yes,—he is going to marry, and I am truly glad of it."

"Certainly, certainly, and I suppose the lady is Miss Elton?"

"It is."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I hope she will accompany him, at least for a time, (although I don't know, after all, if the young dog will ever be content, with his views, to remain in the army,) I hope she will accompany him to Prairie du Chien."

"What? It is not your son Harry, then, who is to marry Miss Elton?"

"Harry? certainly not. What put that into your head?"

"Bless me! this is very unexpected, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, these lieutenants have a military brevity of conducting affairs which is rather edifying. I only heard of it myself a morning or two ago."

"I fear," said Emmerson, "this union—but are you sure?"

"Sure? No, not absolutely sure. It is not actually and formally settled yet between the young people, only I understand so from my wife and daughter, and from the demeanour of Miss Elton and my son. Pray do you know any thing in relation to it?"

"No—yes. But I was under the impression that your son Harry was—indeed—" he continued in a whisper, and looking cautiously behind and around him, "I know, he is also attached to Miss Elton."

"You surprise me."

"I think I may tell you all," continued

Emmerson, "but you will give me your word not to reveal it."

"I assure you, it shall go no farther."

"Then I have reason to know Harry is attached to Miss Elton. She is also attached to him. Any difference between them must be but some lover's quarrel. Perhaps the young lady is going to take a step from pique which will sacrifice the future happiness of herself and Harry, as well as that of Frank, who would not like to wake from his dream of happiness to discover his wife attached to another."

"You distress me beyond measure," said Mr. Lennox. "I am sure Frank loves her, but I am infinitely obliged to you. This must be looked into. I am really infinitely obliged to you."

"I should not be willing to intrude my interference into such a delicate matter," said Emmerson, "but—"

"I know, I know; nor shall you suffer by such disinterestedness."

"I must repeat, however, that what I say is under the seal of secrecy. You know what these young people are; you know

what friends and relations are in these cases ! You know what love affairs are."

"My dear Emmerson," said Lennox, "you may put your mind quite at rest."

"I have one other thing to say, which duty will not permit my concealing. You may have observed Harry has been of late rather irregular in his hours and habits."

"Yes, yes, it has struck us all."

"I met him the other night," continued Emmerson, in a whisper, "quite intoxicated in the street."

"What, Harry?"

"Harry."

"I would not believe any other human being but yourself."

"His love for Miss Elton, interrupted probably by this affair with his brother, is driving him into habits of intemperance."

"I thought he was peculiarly attentive to business."

"Before you," continued Emmerson, in an agitated whisper, "but I see more. His mind is shattered, his spirit gone."

"But you heard him last night, how well he spoke."

"Ah!"

"What do you mean?"

Emmerson made no reply.

"What! you don't mean to say that Harry has been assisted?"

"Ah!"

"Have you aided him?"

"Don't ask me, my dear sir, only believe me; I have no motive in this disclosure—but your and his good. I fear his mind is at least at present unfit for business. As to the young lady, I have scarcely seen, cannot say I really know her. But if you value Harry's happiness and health, you must stop this union with his brother, or delay it. I have the most sincere interest in the happiness of Harry. Such an excellent young man!"

"Drunk! in the street?" said Lennox; "yet that I could forgive. Shakspeare says, 'any man may be drunk some time of his life;' but a mean use of another's talents, parading in borrowed plumage, like a peacock, and yet not like a peacock either, for he has at least his own gaudy feathers to strut in."

"He is but a boy, that will come right in time! I don't say he borrowed from me. We only spoke together on the subject," said Emmerson.

"I don't recognise Harry in this, at all!"

"You had better not say anything to him, however; rather leave it to time."

"And what do you advise?"

"To send Frank off for some years; he is, in fact, too young to marry; and see what time will do. Perhaps a voyage for Harry also would be of use. These young folks very easily take new impressions."

"I really supposed Harry very much above anything of this sort. Do you know he has had the offer of a seat in Congress?"

"Ah!" said Emmerson; "Mr. Lawrence, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You know this Mr. Lawrence?"

"Know him? Who? Lawrence?"

"Certainly."

"A good, benevolent man, but —"

"Why, Lawrence is one of the noblest of men!"

"Ah! that's as people think. I have nothing against him personally, but I have heard curious things."

"But, Harry! This is a painful discovery. Why, he is not fit to marry that sweet girl. He is not worthy of her. Poor Frank!"

"We must not be too severe on him," said Emmerson.

"Does he know you are aware of his attachment to Miss Elton?" asked Mr. Lennox.

"Not in the least," said Emmerson, in another whisper.

"And how did you discover it, if not from him?"

"I overheard him telling her so one afternoon, when they thought themselves alone. The door was a-jar; I was passing along the entry; I could not help hearing."

This was also said in a whisper, close to the ear of Lennox, and with an expression of face so agitated that Lennox could not but be struck with it.

“ Why, that ’s nothing so very terrible, my good friend,” replied the father, smiling. “ It ’s no more than most men have done at some time or other of their lives.”

“ Oh, certainly,” said Emmerson ; “ but I only want you to see I am not mistaken in my opinion.”

Mr. Lennox had the utmost confidence in his son ; but this intimation of plagiarism, thus reluctantly and accidentally drawn forth, made a very disagreeable impression on his mind. In the irreproachable Emmerson he believed he had found perfect disinterestedness, united with unusual penetration, while he saw that Harry was of a character yet unformed, and exposed to all the dangerous influences which beset youth and passion.

When the family assembled at dinner, Fanny was not there. Her vacant place was next Harry’s. His father was silent and grave, Emmerson talkative and gay. In Frank he could not detect anything unusual, except a disposition to sink into reverie. His mother was thoughtful. It might be, that Harry felt the absence

of a young girl who never could be anything to him. Yet, Harry's faculty of self-government was so uncultivated, that he suffered during this repast a kind of pain that paralyzed him like the nightmare. He dared not ask a question, and no one made any remark by which his curiosity could be gratified. Every time the door opened to admit a servant, the violent beating of his heart taught him how deep-seated his fever was, and he could scarcely refrain from starting up under his insupportable emotion. Her absence he could not rationally be surprised at, yet it had not been expected by him. He imagined all eyes were fixed on him, and could scarcely keep from giving vent, by some word or act, to the feelings which swelled his breast; yet he went on eating like one in a dream.

The door opened, and a servant presented a note to Mr. Lennox, who read it and handed it to Mrs. Lennox :—

“ ‘ Miss Elton feeling herself still indisposed, begs Mrs. Lennox to excuse her from dinner to-day.’ ”

"I hope Fanny is not ill," was all his mother remarked; and they separated after the meal, without any other recurrence to the subject.

* * * *

"So she is, after all, cold and selfish. She will not come, she will betray her power, and my unrequited love. She wishes to do so. She feels a pride in it. She is, after all, a common-place girl, a coquette, trifling with me, laughing at me. They will ask her, at length, respecting the change in her conduct. She will answer with seeming reluctance, that it is to save herself from my importunate addresses. And this is woman! How truly the poet says, 'most women have no character at all.' Her beauty makes her vain. Her very sensibility makes her go too far. Her ambition on earth is to subdue man, her master. Why, the libertine who revenges himself on her sex is not so bad, after all."

"I must go, then. I must leave my father's house. Not a message, not a word, not a line! Then, farewell country and friends! farewell prospects, ambition,

perhaps life, and what difference does it make? Since happiness is but a dream, life must be a curse."

Such is the equivocal kind of reasoning which sometimes deludes the mind; but men of twenty and men at forty take different views of life and its objects.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next day was Harry's birthday. He did not spend the morning in the office as usual, but absented himself in the indulgence of his love of solitude. His father, when he saw him, looked grave, but said nothing. For the first time a cloud had come between them, and both were conscious of it.

The dinner-hour at length arrived, and with it the company. He was early in the drawing-room, and felt calmer than usual, for his resolution was taken to go abroad either with or without his father's approbation. But few guests were expected, and they came punctually. Mr. Emmer-son was among the first who blandly offered his congratulation. He was speedily followed by Henderson, the brother of Mrs. Lennox, and his wife. At length

came Mr. and Mrs. Elton, and with them, to the extreme astonishment of Harry, for such an event had not once entered his thoughts—Fanny!

Every one expressed surprise. She was received with such a burst of affectionate welcome by all the family, that both her confusion, if she felt any, and that of Harry, were safe from observation.

“My dearest Fanny! this is so unexpected after your severe illness yesterday.”

“She would come,” said her mother; “we did all we could to keep her at home, but these young girls are such unaccountable beings. The other day, she would not come, when all persuaded her to do so. Now, for my part, it reminds me of—”

Mrs. Elton was a talker, and she went on with a much longer series of observations, which, however, were only collateral to the conversation of the rest of the company. Mr. Elton and she, however, both came up to Harry, to shake hands with him, and congratulate him upon the occurrence of this happy festival, and to

offer him their cordial wishes suited to the occasion.

And then Fanny came forward to the old friend of her childhood, and frankly gave him her hand. He took it, poor fellow! and held it a moment in his, while he listened to the few words she said—all the rest being engaged talking together. “I also congratulate you, Mr. Lennox,” said she, “and hope you may pass many, and yet more happy, birthdays, surrounded by all who love you, and whom you love.” She was pale, and her face and voice betrayed debility; but her manner was full of its usual gentleness and calmness.

“You have been ill, I fear, Miss Elton?”

“Yesterday, and the day before—very.”

“And how could you venture out to-day?”

Their eyes met. That look was full of reproach, mingled with the least possible scorn.

“But, of course, you do not go to the theatre this evening?”

“Oh, yes! The party is made up. I

feel much better, and think it will do me good. You know I am as great an admirer of Horn as you are."

"*I shall not be able, I fear, to hear him to-night,*" said Harry, in a low voice.

The dinner was announced. Frank led in Fanny. There was a seat next hers, when Harry passed round; but he went on and took a place at the other end of the table, between Mr. Henderson and Emmer-son, more deeply in love than ever; hating and despising himself, yearning to pursue at leisure the new thoughts which thronged on him, and yet resolved to tear her from his heart, cost what it might, or else to tear himself away: for this vicinity to her, these exposures to interviews with her, this necessity of feigned familiarity, so dangerous and enervating to his resolution, he saw plainly, were beyond his power to resist.

"So, you're going to take Fanny to the theatre with you this evening?" said Elton, "I can scarcely approve of your doing so."

"When your consent is asked, my good friend," said Mr. Lennox, "it will be time

enough to express an objection. I believe it is the present intention of the party to take her, whether you like it or not."

"My dear Mr. Lennox," said Mrs. Elton, "I really admire your address. I have been trying all means to persuade Mr. Elton to allow of her going, and I do not think he has made up his mind; but you put the question at rest; I had already—"

"Fanny is not looking well just now. I don't know what's the matter with her," said Mr. Elton; "the day before yesterday she fainted; she never did such a silly thing before in her life. I don't know what to make of it."

Harry stole a glance at her; her eyes were bent thoughtfully downwards; he felt himself a scoundrel.

"I shall take care she sha'n't faint again!" said Mr. Lennox.

"I should like to know how you'll do that? besides, you know I am no friend to theatres at all."

"My husband is too strict on that and a great many other points," said Mrs. Elton. "I am not of his opinion, how—"

ever. I think the mind that is pure, is pure everywhere; and certainly were I to—”

“So thought your amiable ancestor, Eve,” said Elton; “yet it would have been quite as well for her, and for us too, if she had stayed by her husband’s side, and had not acted, as is believed, in opposition to his advice.”

“As for me,” said Mrs. Elton, who always interrupted everybody, and never stopped talking till she was interrupted herself, and generally not even then, for it was her practice to endeavour to beat down all opposition with the greatest good-humour in the world, “I think much may be learned at the theatre, and there can be no reason to fear anything. I know, when I was a girl—”

“Much may be learned everywhere,” said her husband gravely, “but sometimes the lessons cost too much.”

“And I know,” continued Mrs. Elton, “that when I was a girl my father used to take me to the theatre often and often; and really, my dear Mrs. Lennox, I cannot discover that I am any the worse for it.”

"She shall go to-night, as she and you wish it," said her father; "for she is a good girl, and I don't mean to disappoint her. But, as a general rule, I consider theatres objectionable."

"Did any man ever hear such nonsense?" said Mr. Lennox. "The drama is a delightful recreation. The language is improved, the mind restored to its good-humoured elasticity after labour and chagrin, and home is never more delightful, than after returning from such pleasures abroad. I have always brought up my children to—"

"And as for me," interrupted Mrs. Elton, "I could never be of the opinion, that young people were better for being kept in ignorance of life. If I had sons, I should send them everywhere all alone, and give them the opportunity to be as wild as they might. It is better they should let off their wildness in youth, than retain it when they are old. Now, do you know, there's Mr. Franklin—our excellent friend, you know, my dear Mrs. Lennox,—they say, when he was a young gentleman—"

"Well, to-day," said Mr. Elton, "I yield ; but, Miss, hereafter we shall be a little more strict."

"I have got excellent seats," said Harry, anxious to say something. "You will have the Wilmingtons in the next box."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said his father, "that is an odd piece of logic. You have got excellent seats, we shall have the Wilmingtons in the next box: as if the vicinity of the Wilmingtons made the seats any better."

"My dear husband," said Mrs. Lennox, "I will not allow you to sneer at people whom you dislike, merely because they don't act exactly up to your idea of what is right ; for the sake of his wife, I always like Mr. Wilmington."

"Yes, certainly, she's well enough ; a nice little body."

"Nice little body ! She's a very sweet woman."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Henderson, who seemed to be rather a sarcastic lady, with an expression of face as if she felt a sort of malicious envy for every one and every

thing she saw—"I'm sure I ought not to speak against her, for she has been uncommonly polite and kind to me; but she is a very odd person. I don't know what to make of her; she pleases at first sight, but when you come to know her more—"

"Frank is saying the most extraordinary things to Miss Elton!" interrupted Mary.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Lennox.

"We, like yourselves, have been conversing on the merits of Mrs. Wilmington; and on my saying, among various other reasons why I admired her, that I liked her because she was so fond of Fanny, Mr. Frank takes it upon himself to exclaim, in the most rude way, that he thinks that must be allowed to be among the least of her merits."

"How, sir!" said his father; "I will thank you to explain what you mean by that."

"Really, Frank," said his mother, laughing, "I don't know how Miss Elton may take such a speech, but I should demand a written apology."

"Mary knows, and I hope Miss Elton also knows perfectly well, what I mean : I mean, that it 's no merit to admire Miss Elton," said Frank.

This lucid explanation produced a general laugh, and even Miss Elton turned her eyes on him with a look of merriment, not quite unmingled with surprise, which added to the dilemma of the poor fellow.

"I hope you do not also pretend to misunderstand me," said he to Miss Elton.

"Upon my word," said Fanny, "I presume your meaning is, that you don't think the better of any one for liking me."

"Well, that is exactly what I meant," said Frank.

But the expression of politeness in his face so much contradicted the apparent meaning of his words, that Miss Elton could not herself help joining in the renewed mirth of the table.

"Ah ! Frank, my boy," said Mr. Elton, "you are a bad courtier, but I don't think the worse of you for that."

"If that's the way you pay compliments!" said his mother—

"You never heard a gentleman, or a person pretending to be a gentleman, speak his mind so plainly to you before, Fanny," said Mary.

"Frank in name, and frank in nature," said Emmerson.

"You are all very dull, if you really do not understand what I meant to express," said Frank.

"Nonsense!" said Harry, "they understand you very well, Frank. They are only laughing at you for being so unsophisticated."

"No, upon my soul!" said his father, "I don't understand you at all; and I beg you to explain yourself at full. Come, we are all attention."

"They were praising Mrs. Wilmington," said Frank, "for a variety of virtues. She speaks the truth. Well, that is a virtue. She is of a gentle disposition. Well, that also is a virtue. She is charitable, graceful, handsome. Well, it may be said, we like her the better for those merits. But her friendship for, her attachment to, her admiration of, Miss

Elton, is a thing which, since everybody—*who—as—*”

The burst of laughter which greeted his confusion, appeared to distress Frank as much as it offended him. He coloured, pushed back the chair, and was apparently about to leave the table.

“Frank!” said his father.

“Sir.”

“Stop!” To that voice he had ever been taught to yield implicit obedience.

“Sit still. Whither are you going?”

“You can scarcely be surprised,” said Frank, striving to put on an appearance of gaiety, “if I withdraw from a circle where I have not the power of making myself understood.”

“Hold your tongue. Sit still. You are not a boy.”

“I don’t know,” said Fanny, archly looking at him, with an expression of almost affection, which at least compensated for her share in bringing down on him this reproof; “I’m afraid he is still a boy!”

“How will you get through life,” said his father, “with such a quick temper as

yours? You should remember, that it is the first duty and the highest accomplishment of a gentleman always to preserve his temper, particularly in the presence of ladies."

Frank did not appear altogether to relish this lecture, especially before Miss Elton; but there was something in his father's manner at once playful and firm, which took off the asperity of command, without lessening its power.

"I tell you what, Frank," said his mother, "we must lay a penalty on you for this outrageous attack on Miss Elton!"

"Fifty years ago," said Elton, "you would have been obliged to drink a gallon of wine, or brandy, perhaps; but that time is past, I hope."

"Let him explain his meaning to Miss Elton herself in a poem," said Harry, generously coming to the aid of his successful rival (as he now considered him, for he had seen the look cast on him by Fanny).

"Excellent," said Mary; "you are condemned to write an impromptu."

"Yes," said Mr. Lennox, "an extempore metaphysico-tragico—"

"Comico," interrupted Miss Elton, with another look.

"—Explanatory poem," continued Mr. Lennox, "before we leave this house for the theatre."

"Frank," said Mary, "you can go into the next room; you will find my desk, and pen, ink and paper."

"If Miss Elton will accept such an expiation for my unfortunate attempt at a compliment," said Frank, "I will do my best; but she must pity and forgive me."

"Do so," said Miss Elton; "you have my forgiveness, but not my compassion. I can never pity a gentleman in any dilemma caused by attempting a compliment."

"Why, what a horrible little tyrant you are!" said Mr. Lennox, pinching her cheek, as the company rose.

"Oh, you hurt me," said she; "you're worse than Frank, a great deal."

"And they have even had the impudence," said Mrs. Elton, who had been

all this while talking away upon various subjects not in the least connected with that which occupied the rest of the company,—“they have even had the impudence, my dear Mrs. Lennox, to say that he did not know how to spell—”

“He !—who ?” said Mr. Lennox.

“Why, General Washington! Notwithstanding there are manuscripts of his own which certainly ought to put the question—”

The company at length retired. Frank remained alone, and Mrs. Elton's voice no longer delighted his ear, like the unceasing gurgling of some persevering little mountain-stream which for ever fills the wood with its music. To him, indeed, her voice was music; not only because she was one of the kindest-hearted, most excellent women in the world, full of benevolence to every human creature, and every other creature, too; not only because she talked well and always generously of every one, and particularly of the absent; but, because, still handsome and stately in her person, and really beautiful in counte-

nance, there could be traced in her face some resemblance to the young lady, who, just at this moment, monopolized all his thoughts.

As soon as his tormentors had fairly left him, and his gay, audacious father had dared to "touch that cheek," which had any one else touched, the enamoured boy might have been induced to throw him out of the window at least; and as soon as he found himself in quiet and solitary possession of the apartment, and had spent some moments, envying the carpet which had been pressed by her foot, wishing himself the air she breathed, and indulging in other sentiments, which all that part of our readers, who have actually felt true love in early youth, will understand without further description, and all that part who have not will set down as the most absurd nonsense possible, and the mere idle invention of fancy,—he began to reflect, that, the sooner the poetry was commenced, the sooner it would be finished, and the sooner it was finished, the sooner he would stand a chance of gladdening his

trembling heart with one more of those looks which made it ache with happiness. Seizing, therefore, pen and ink, and a sheet of paper which happened to be at hand, without waiting to go into the next room, which his sister had designated, he began to rack his imagination to comply with the conditions of his forgiveness. Harry knew he wrote poetry with ease and feeling, and had made the proposal in the hope of at once extricating him from the rebuke of his father, and the merriment of the company, and of affording him an occasion, if indeed he had not yet found one, to declare to the object of his love the state of his mind.

An impromptu would have been no difficult matter under any other circumstances, or even now, perhaps, if it were to be read by Fanny alone. But the desire to do something particularly fine was a heavy drawback upon his inspiration; and the wish to say something significant to her, and to say this in a manner in which the uninitiated should be able to find only a common-place piece of politeness, was indeed a hard task.

he, erased, wrote again, tore off, up, and filliped out of the window the shape of ingeniously formed, several invocations of uncomeliness and deep pathos, but whose effect was impaired by the peculiarity of going farther than the two first

“ah!” He at length turned the leaf down, and commenced on the fresh page in a new metre.

When Beauty speaks the sweet command
To pour the glowing line;
When mischief, and when malice, and,
Sweet maid, the look divine—the heavenly
Tall wine—shine—refine—mine—whose soul

“Bah! was ever anything so stu-

mischievous, and when malice, and (ah! ha!)
In innocence combine
To force the feeble poet’s hand”

“The poet indeed!”

“Upon the trembling lyre—”

“I’ll never do—heigho! Let us
begin.” And, as if caught by a new
went on writing for a few mo-
ments fluently.

“There!” said he, after having finished something which he liked better; “that’ll do. But, bless me! the theatre commences at seven. It’s now six o’clock, and—Hollo!—What the devil’s that?”

The last exclamation was called forth by the discovery of something on the floor. It was a glove. He rose and approached it. He recognized it in a moment. It was Miss Elton’s, and it still wore the shape of her hand. With a not unnatural impulse he raised it to his lips, and printed upon it an impassioned kiss.

“This, at least,” murmured he, “sweet girl! I will bear away, in spite of fate.”

A slight rustling behind him caused him to turn suddenly, and Miss Elton herself stood before him, fully betraying, by her look of embarrassment and surprise, that she had been the witness of his tender folly. She would have withdrawn hastily, but the bold and ardent youth placed himself between her and the door, and seized her hand with the gentleness of a lover, but the firm determination of a man.

"Stay! dear Fanny! stay!"

"I beg you, Frank—what nonsense is this? Give me my glove and let me go. They are waiting for me."

"No, Miss Elton. Why should you avoid what I wish to tell you? and why should I conceal what you have already discovered?"

"My dearest Frank, what a child you are? Give me the glove and let me go. You don't wish to make me angry, I hope?"

"Fanny! I love you. I am serious. I am sincere. Be so yourself. I love you to distraction, and can never be happy without you."

"What folly!—what a freak is this!—Frank! Mr. Lennox! indeed—let me go—."

"One moment, Fanny, hear me, and, as you value my happiness, answer me. Can you love me? will you be mine?"

"My dear Frank! love you?—Let me go.—To be sure I do. Most sincerely. No friend, no brother, could ever be dearer."

"No brother! you cruel girl! Can you trifle with me at a moment when—"

"You astonish and distress me, Frank. Consider! if any one should come; what do you mean by detaining me so?"

"I mean that I love you, seriously, passionately; that I am about leaving New York for many years, and that I will not go, without learning from your lips whether the long and ardent attachment I entertain for you is, or can ever be, requited."

"Frank, this is foolish — ridiculous — impossible! I request you to release me."

The blush faded from her cheek, and she lifted her eyes gravely, almost coldly, to his. Startled by her tone, the reserve, the dignity, of her manner, and the expression of her face, the young man released her hand, and bent his eyes inquiringly and reproachfully upon her.

"Let me leave you, Mr. Lennox; and forget this moment, as I shall."

"No, Miss Elton," said Frank firmly; "I shall neither forget this moment, nor suffer you to leave me willingly, without,

at least, once earnestly repeating the declaration I have made and the question I have asked."

"You are a foolish boy," said Miss Elton, "and have been taking too much wine, I believe."

"I have told you I love you," said Frank very seriously. "I am not trifling, and I request a reply. It is important I should know. I have no right to coerce your affections, but I have a right to ask, if they are mine."

"I feel for you so much friendship, such a sister's love, my dear Frank," said Fanny, "that I cannot, without both pain and embarrassment, answer you seriously, or believe at all, that a demand so unexpected is intended to be seriously answered."

And then she added, in a different tone, and extending her hand, while moisture glistened in her eyes,

"You foolish—foolish boy! How came you ever to have such a thought? You are too young, ardent, and susceptible to know, what will be ultimately your choice. Leave

this subject for ever. Your friend I hope always to remain ; your wife I can never be !”

“ Miss Elton,” said Frank haughtily ; but tears gushed to his eyes, and grief choked his words, and he murmured in accents of deepest tenderness,

“ Dearest Fanny ! do not inflict upon me the agony you are now causing me. If you have never felt towards me any return for the enduring and tender love I shall never cease to entertain for you, wait and see whether time and my devotion may not inspire you with it. Answer me : but pause before you do so. I am young, I know ; but who, capable of loving, will count a few months ? You have several times called me a boy. I am not one, believe me. If years can ever bestow upon me strength to love, and passion to suffer, believe me, I possess them now.”

“ Mr. Lennox,” replied Fanny, after a pause, “ you take this too seriously. Hear me calmly.”

“ I will, I will ; but whatever you have

to say of the present, oh ! leave the future to decide for itself. Give me one beam of hope that you may hereafter become my wife, when, at least, I shall have made myself worthy of you."

"You are worthy of me now—more than worthy," said Fanny, greatly affected ; "but I never can be your wife, and I have listened to you so long, dear Frank, only to put an end for ever to all such thoughts. I sincerely value your friendship. Do not withdraw it because I cannot requite your love. Hope nothing from the future. I never can love you. I never will—I never can become your wife!"

Much affected by her gentleness, her beauty, her grace, and her tears ; subdued, over-mastered, he lifted his pale face to her, and presented her his hand.—"I bow to your decision, Miss Elton. I will never address you as a lover again. Simple friendship I cannot certainly render you ; but, while I shall always love you devotedly, you shall find me as circumspect in my demeanour towards you, as if you were," and his voice trem-

bled as he spoke—"already the wife of another."

"Noble, generous Frank!" said she, giving her hand, "you merit a better and a happier heart than mine."

"Go, then, Miss Elton! for I check the terms of endearment which rise to my lips; go! may God bless you! I shall never cease to love and respect you; and should you ever stand in need of a friend to shed his life's blood in your cause—"

—"I should not hesitate a moment, dear Frank, to call on you. And be sure, on my part, no recollection of this scene shall remain but the admiration of your magnanimity. Goodb'ye! dear Frank." She left the room, and then Frank, relieved from the presence of her beauty and the enchantment of her manner, gave way to feelings engendered by indignation and wounded vanity.

He sat down, lighted a cigar, and lost himself in contending reflections. At length, puffing away, with his eyes occasionally full of tears, which glittered through heavy clouds of smoke, he brought

his cigar to a premature conclusion, just as Harry entered the room:

"The deed is done," exclaimed Frank.

"What deed?"

"My deed! I have offered myself to Miss Fanny, like an ass."

"Well?"

"And am rejected, as if I had indeed been that elegant and long-enduring animal."

"You don't mean to say," cried Harry, with a singular feeling,—not of joy, but certainly not of grief,—“that Miss Elton has refused you?"

"I don't mean to say it, if I can help it, to any one but yourself; but I mean to say it to you, and I hereby make the satisfactory disclosure, in return for the little confidence you have been so obliging as to show me. It seems Miss Elton is, I fear, coquettish, and I think we've been jilted, Harry. Why! where the devil is the fellow? He's gone!"

CHAPTER X.

FRANK'S character was lighter than his brother's. What affected the latter to madness, and almost drove him at first to the brink of suicide, and afterwards made him seek to deaden the sense of his boyish, but nevertheless keen, despair by intoxication, only touched Frank's heart with grief and then awakened in it new hopes. He had received a dismissal too, but of a very different kind from Harry's. It was gentle, affectionate almost, confidential, and good-humoured. He was well convinced that Fanny had never thought of such a thing as his being in love with her. Her surprise, her pain, her earnest desire to save his feelings by throwing over the whole affair the character of a boyish frolic, and, at last, the unequivocal, explicit manner of her rejection of his addresses, left him no

room to doubt that the young girl had acted in good faith, and that, at present, there was an end to his fine dreams.

"But what then?" thought he. "Now she *knows* I love her, this, at least, is an advantage gained. I have five or six months before me; if I can't in that time succeed in changing her opinion, why then it will be time enough to despair."

These reveries were enjoyed in the pit of the Park theatre, whither Frank had gone to behold the countenance of Miss Elton, before he took his place by her side. The pit of the theatre has been the resort of many a mournful lover to gaze on the bright star of his worship, without boldness, or the fear either of observation or interruption.

Frank was aroused from the train of thought, suggested by Miss Elton's presence, by a touch on the shoulder. On turning, he recognised Mr. Ernest—a young lawyer with whom he had a slight acquaintance. The individual who addressed him was a little, overdressed, con-

ceited fellow, with large black whiskers, and piercing eyes. Although Frank had met him once or twice at his father's house, where he occasionally presented himself, he scarcely considered him among his friends, and he was rather surprised at his perfect familiarity of manner.

"Ha! Frank! How are you? How do you come on? What a devilish stupid thing this opera is! Since I have returned from abroad, I can't put up with the same fare as others. I'm not to be fobbed off with such trash as this."

"Were you long abroad?"

"Six months. I made the whole tour. I saw everything and everybody."

"Really."

"Oh yes. I went to see and I did see. I found the character of a stranger, a traveller, and an American, a passport everywhere."

"You must have some delightful recollections?" said Frank.

"Yes. But they have spoiled me for home. Everything here seems little, mean, and vulgar. I really think there

is here no excellence of any kind. Our great men all strike me as provincial actors do those accustomed to a metropolitan theatre. Our statesmen make long-winded, declamatory, schoolboy speeches, and take two days to say what a clever member, what indeed any member, of the House of Commons would say in ten minutes."

"Why it seems to me," said Frank, "that such men as Webster and Clay are rarely equalled. I would not do our distinguished men such injustice as to attempt to enumerate them in a short conversation."

"We have had one or two clever fellows, but I think our greatest men of the present day would be only fifth rate in England."

"Well, I won't debate with you," said Frank, not sympathizing with the blind admiration of foreign things which rendered his companion unable to see excellence abroad, without denying its existence at home—the sure indication of a small mind.

"Then, look at our society," continued Ernest. "What a mere trumpery collection of heterogeneous material! a mere *mélange* without a standard of manners or any systematic principle of exclusion or organization!"

"As to exclusion," said Frank, "if report and books speak truth, the highest society in Europe is not, with all its exclusiveness, free from vulgar people."

"But then I feel here, as the saying is, like a cat in a strange garret," said Ernest. "I see nothing of the splendour and gorgeousness that I've been in the habit of being surrounded with. Where are our public walks? our magnificent shady parks? our picture and sculpture-galleries? Where our stately equipages? our chasseurs? our footmen, with powdered hair and gold-headed canes? our men of science? our beautiful women? Going abroad has ruined me for ever as an American."

"Then, I think," said Frank gravely, for his love of country was not only a principle but a feeling, "it is a great pity

you did not remain at home. As for our comparative inferiority in some things, it is undeniable; in others, our superiority is equally apparent. There are no royal parks, because there are no kings, expensive governments, and wealthy aristocracies! I cannot feel less happiness because I don't see chasseurs, and footmen with powdered heads and gold canes! I believe Providence ordains that the English should love their country, as we should ours; and if travelling only impairs our patriotism, then travelling is an evil."

"I don't agree with you at all," said Ernest. "I go for truth, and I embrace the truth wherever I find it. Society exists as it is, and man, if a philosopher, wishes to see it as it is, and not under any delusion or prejudice, amiable or unamiable. It is travel which has opened my mind. Before I went abroad I don't think there was a greater fool to be found anywhere than I. Perhaps you remember me?"

"No! I do not."

"I was badly dressed, bad-mannered,

and backward ; without any confidence in myself, and blushing like a red cabbage when any one, particularly a lady, spoke to me. Now, egad ! I have seen the world ; but I am wrong. It is not travel alone which has opened my mind."

"And what else is it?"—"Love!"

"Love?" said Frank, almost with a start.

"Love," repeated Ernest. "You've no idea how you get on in that way abroad. I was in love with three married women. You know, no one falls in love with any but married women on the Continent. I assure you this sort of thing has rather steeled my heart against home attacks."

"Home attacks?"

"Yes ; the Yankee young ladies."

"Really?"

"Yes. Dark eyes, bright eyes, tall or short, fair or brown, tender or haughty, are pretty much the same to me. I don't mean to marry unless I get something very superior. Now, your cousin yonder—Is she not your cousin?"

"She ; who?"

"That devilish pretty Fanny Elton."

"Miss Elton is not my cousin."

"No? I thought she was. She's a devilish nice girl; though, I say, you've no intentions that way—have you?—hey?"

"I? no; certainly not."

"So I thought; otherwise you wouldn't be here in the pit while she was sitting in the boxes with a vacant seat beside her. Well, then, I wouldn't say anything to hurt your feelings; but since you're not carrying on operations in that quarter, I will candidly confess that I myself, at one time——" Frank turned his glance so sternly on the speaker, that most men would have observed it, but Mr. Ernest was too much occupied with himself to pay much attention to others. "You see, my friends wanted me to marry. The old gentleman is getting rather rickety, and the mamma is anxious the hopeful son should be settled. So I did allow myself to be persuaded to look about me; and she, on the whole, appeared to be about the best article in the market. I called to see her several times; but——" he twisted

up his mouth to express the total failure of Miss Elton in her desires to please him—"it was no go! I did not exactly think she bore a close view. She's pretty—at a little distance; but her manners are not precisely — besides — matrimony — when one is brought to the point, you see, hey? so I rather shied. In short, I withdrew without committing myself; though I fear she, poor girl! must think my abrupt clearing out very odd."

Much disgusted, Frank turned away, scarcely preserving his temper sufficiently to avoid openly insulting the little puppy, whose perfect satisfaction with himself was most provoking.

The curtain now rose, and the occupants of the pit, with their usual dogmatical commands of "Hats off!" and "Down in front!" arranged themselves to enjoy the drama on the stage, few dreaming what a drama was going on on their side of the orchestra. For one moment the awkward possibility had flashed across Frank's mind, that there might be some truth in the representation of Ernest. Miss Elton might

have refused himself and Harry in consequence of a passion for another, and that other might be Mr. Ernest. He was—at least some people thought him—good-looking. His features, though irregular, were rather intelligent in expression (or Frank fancied them so at this moment), his complexion was clear and fine, and his eyes were unquestionably good. He had travelled, was rich, and reputed “a young man of talent.” He certainly was a clever lawyer, a ready speaker, a spouter at public meetings, and a decided ladies’ man, though his inherent pertness and self-conceit could scarcely fail to repel persons of discrimination. Was it within the range of possibility that Miss Elton had—for love does sometimes play such curious pranks—fancied this youth worthy her attention? He watched her face with renewed interest, vexation, and delight, as its expression changed with the incidents on the stage—now overcast with the sadness of a tender scene, now lighted up in the enjoyment of a sweet song, and now, alas! pensive, with an abstracted look, as if she had for-

gotten all around her, and was relapsing once more into her own apparently not happy reverie. As the curtain fell, at the conclusion of the first act, Ernest said to Frank :

“ I say, my boy, do you know those gentlemen that have just come into your folks' box, and are sitting exactly behind Fanny ? ”

“ No.”

“ They are English officers stationed in Canada, here on leave of absence. I knew them in London, and have renewed my acquaintance with them. The younger is Captain Glendinning, the other Captain White, — first-rate fellows, high bred, the very tip-top. They 're here almost incog. on a sort of frolic, go no where, though if they chose only to present themselves they would be bored to death by our toad-eating fashionables. That Glendinning is the greatest devil that ever breathed. In London he is always getting into the most astounding scrapes. Such is his passion. I should not be in the least surprised to see him walk

up the aisle of a crowded church on a Sunday, take the clergyman by the nose, and walk out again. It would be just like him—exactly. And his friends have got him into the army, and sent him over to Canada, to keep him out of the way of temptation, or at least to avoid disgrace in England. One day he rode a spirited horse directly into a crockery shop; slap! dash! crack! and nearly killed an old woman who was sitting behind the counter, and, when the owner came out to remonstrate, he knocked him down senseless with the butt end of his whip, and left him for dead, for he's as brave as Cæsar!—a magnificent fellow!”

“Really!” said Frank, “he has not the appearance of being such a desperate rascal. What were the consequences of all this to him?”

“Oh! by Jove,” said Ernest, “don't apply quite such a plump expression to him, or he'll knock you through some third story window, one of these days. The consequences to him were nothing. He was fined five pounds, I believe, by the

magistrate ; he paid it of course—he has a thousand a year!—winked to his worship, and left the room. I heard, however, he made, of his own accord, a very handsome present to the poor crockery people, for he is an excellent-hearted fellow, and just as generous as he is wild.”

“ I should doubt the excellence of his heart as much as I do that of his head,” said Frank coolly.

“ Oh ! it’s nothing at all ; only a frolic. Boys must sow their wild oats. ‘ We young men must live,’ as Jack Falstaff says. One day he was at the races in England, when he saw a man walking with a pretty girl. He went up to him in the politest way and said, ‘ I say, sir, that’s a d—d pretty girl ! where did you pick her up ? ’ The stranger, who was a merchant’s clerk, replied, ‘ She’s my wife, sir, and you’re a puppy, or you would not address me in such a way,’—upon which Glendinning knocked him down as flat as a flounder ; for he’s a capital boxer. When the clerk, a Mr. Heckson, or Hickson, or some such name,

got up, he refused to box with Glendinning, because he saw he was a bruiser, but he calmly offered to fight him with pistols. 'Your rank,' said Glendinning's friend, (for he was of course, some low fellow!) 'Your rank, Mr. Tapeyard, does not permit you to invite a gentleman to meet you.'—'If the gentleman, as you call him,' said the stranger, 'has the baseness to insult a man beneath him in rank, he ought at least to have the courage to meet him.'—'You're perfectly right,' said Glendinning, 'I'll meet you whenever you please.' They did meet, and Glendinning, had he chosen, could have killed him just as easily as kiss his hand,—for he's a first-rate shot; but he only winged him, broke his arm, I believe, or something of that sort. Now I want to know who could behave more handsomely than that? I like him amazingly. He's just after my taste. Don't you agree with me?"

"No; on the contrary, I think your friend must be a desperate blackguard!" said Frank, without trying to soften, by his manner, the bluntness of his remark.

Ernest appeared to feel that this was intended as an offence, but not liking the idea of quarreling, changed the conversation. "Well, I swear, Fanny is looking sweet to night, I've a great mind to go up into the box with you."

"When *I* speak of that young lady," said Frank, "I always call her Miss Elton, and if you were a gentleman you would do the same."

Frank then quitted the side of his companion, without deigning him any further attention.

CHAPTER XI.

ERNEST was now insulted, yet he dared not resent. Although he professed to have found truth, he had not been so fortunate in respect to courage. He was a coward. But in proportion to his fear of the flashing eye, and manly arm, of the indignant young soldier, were his vanity, and his hatred of him who had wounded him. When men are in this state of passion, the Father of Evil is generally ready with opportunity to gratify it. The young man saw the departure of his enemy, and presently perceived him seated almost immediately behind Miss Elton, and occasionally interchanging a remark with her. Jealousy added force to his revenge, for the reader need scarcely be informed, that his withdrawal from addressing Miss Elton was in consequence of the cool dis-

like discovered by the young lady, too unequivocally, to leave him the slightest hope of success ; he bore, therefore, in fact, no more friendly sentiments towards her than towards Frank.

The opera was at length concluded, and Ernest left the theatre in no enviable mood. As he was passing into the street, he felt a friendly, though rather emphatic, slap on his shoulder ; and a " Halloo ! my little fellow ! where do you come from ? " showed him Glendinning at his elbow.

Their greetings were warmly interchanged, and, with Captain White, they agreed to go in next door to Windast's and take supper together before the farce.

While Ernest was congratulating himself that his English friends had not been witnesses of his recent humiliation, Glendinning enquired, if he had been to the theatre. " Yes. I saw you there. How do you like the opera ? "

" Don't talk to Glendinning. He 's crazy, as usual," said White. " I always wanted his old man to put him into a mad-

house. Do you know he has fallen monstrously in love to-night, poor swain ! with a girl he never saw before, and never will see again. ‘ Here, hold your glass, young Romeo ; we jest at scars that never felt a wound ! ’ ”

“ Did you find out who she is ? ”

“ She ’s a very beautiful Yankee girl, that sat before us this evening,” said Glendinning. “ You ought to know your own townspeople.”

“ There were two,” said Ernest, “ both pretty enough, and both old friends of mine.”

“ The one with a rose in her bosom ! ” said Glendinning.

“ The one with a rose on her breast—is a Miss Elton.”

“ A Miss Elton ? Thou speakest like a withered lawyer. Miss Elton ! *The* Miss Elton—the only woman I ever saw in my life.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Here ’s a man to have under one’s care,” said White. “ His old gentleman committed him to my prudence, and I ’d rather drive an un-

broken colt before a park of artillery. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Who is she? What is she? Will you make me acquainted with her?" said Glendinning.

"No, not I! she's a demure coquette. She has jilted me, and I'll have no more to do with her. I rather think she's consuming the youth behind her—the one next you. He's one of her flames, too, I suspect."

"A coquette, is she?" said Glendinning, "I should like her to try me."

"Oh, you'd have to fight your way through two or three fellows! This chap has a brother; both would be cocks-of-the-walk. The one with her to-night is a lieutenant in the army."

"What, a militia lieutenant? of the Jefferson Guards, or Tompkin's Blues?" said Glendinning.

"No. A regular lieutenant, a proud, conceited, free-spoken, upstart sort of a fellow; very rich, very saucy, and, by the way, no great admirer of you."

"How 's that?" said Glendinning, in whose face the effect of the wine was already visible—"what has any Yankee lieutenant the audacity to say of me?"

"Nothing, but that you 're a desperate blackguard," said Ernest.

"What!" said Glendinning, laying down his knife and fork.

"Just now, in the theatre, I heard him say so. I would have knocked him over, if it had not been in the theatre."

"Waiter!" said Glendinning.

"Now you 're for a row!" said White. "Don't go back! What do you mean, Ernest, by such a statement as that, from a man who does not know either of us, and can know nothing but what you must have told him?"

"I?—I told him only some of your frolics," said Ernest sturdily, "and that was his reply. I'll take my oath of it."

"Waiter—the bill!" said Glendinning, mildly.

"And where are you going from here?" said White.

"Back to the theatre, to see the farce."

"Yes—to act in it, perhaps! Glendinning! you shall not go," said White.

"Nonsense."

"I know you perfectly well, and you've taken too much wine."

"Look at me," said the young *rout*; "am I drunk?"

"I don't say you're drunk, but I say you're quarrelsome. If you wish to notice the—I must say, ridiculous—statement of Ernest, do it at least in a proper way. Send a message. Ernest may take it, if he like."

"Oh no! not for the world. You must not betray me. I told it you in the strictest confidence," said Ernest.

"Well, I wont send him a message."

"Then you shall not go back to the theatre!" said White, grasping his arm.

"White," said Glendinning—"I give you the honour of a gentleman, I wont disturb this Lieutenant Hancock."

"Lieutenant Lennox," said Ernest. "His name is Lennox."

" Well, Lennox then. I don't want a row any more than you."

" Your word of honour?"

" My word of honour. I want only to see this girl, because she's so pretty."

" Well, then, for half an hour, let us go back."

" I have my seat in the pit," said Ernest; and he sneaked off to resume it.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK sat with his party during the interval between the play and farce. When White and Glendinning left the box he felt relieved, for their admiration of Fanny had been so apparent as to inspire the susceptible young lover with some not very placid sensations. His gratification, however, was of short duration, for after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, which he had spent talking to his mother, the two officers both returned. Thinking, perhaps, that the sight of a gentleman conversing with the object of their rude attention might either abash or intimidate them, he moved nearer and addressed her.

"I've been looking at you, Miss Elton, from the pit," said he, "and considering what a fool you must think me."

"To be sure I do!" said she, smiling,

and extending her hand. "But we are friends, for all that."

"I really am inclined to doubt it," said Frank.

"You're a spoiled child," said she, "and I shall tell your mamma of you. How do you like the opera?"

"Not much. It's very good. I haven't heard a note of it."

"Lucid being! your ideas are so clear!"

"And you have the cruelty to laugh at me."

"I must answer you in your father's style. 'Hold your tongue, sir! How dare you have the impertinence to address me in that way?'"

He was about to reply, when the younger English officer leaned deliberately forward and took the rose from Miss Elton's bosom.

For a single moment, amazement kept Frank motionless, till he saw the two strangers rise as if about to leave the box, when, with a deep exclamation of fury, his large eyes flashing sparks of fire, he leaped upon the aggressor, and struck him

a fearful blow in his face. There was a shriek of horror, a shout of wrath, and Frank and his foe were linked together in a deadly struggle. The audience rose *en masse*, supposing the house on fire, or that some part of the building had given way. The truth, however, became immediately apparent, when a vociferous burst of voices rose from all quarters, with "Hustle 'em out!" "Turn 'em out!"

But the combatants were already in the lobby, which was closely thronged to suffocation. The terrified family of Frank shrieked after him in vain. They could not even get a sight of him.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY had also stolen into the pit of the theatre to look at Miss Elton. He had beheld the incident above related, and the effect upon his high-wrought temper may be easily imagined. Exerting all his strength, he forced his way, not out of the theatre, but through the crowd towards the box, and, leaping over the balustrade, he hastened into the lobby. It was, however, too late. The combatants were already gone, he knew not whither. The family had also disappeared.

"Where are they?" demanded Harry of a bystander.

"A lady fainted, and they have taken her home."

"But the combatants?"

"Oh! gone off in one coach, four of them; but where, is more than they men-

tioned. The police are after them, but I wish they may catch them. Ha! ha! ha! one of those young chaps will be made cold meat of before sunrise!"

"Where, indeed," thought Harry. Which way to go was now the question. To the police? to Hqbroken? At length he sprang into a hackney coach and proceeded home. On arriving, he rushed into the house. He could not rationally expect to meet Frank there, but he felt a shudder of horror on finding he had not yet been heard of. The family were in consternation; his mother was walking up and down the room wringing her hands in despair, his father was pale, but calm. The supper was laid out, but, as may be imagined, was untouched. The servants were running to and fro, peeping into the room, and slamming the doors in haste and confusion.

"My son! my son! where is he?" cried Mr. Lennox.

"Then he has gone?" said Harry.

"To the police! Oh, go to the police!" cried the women.

"No!" said Lennox. "He must go through with the affair."

"I will go to the police," said Elton.

"I beg, I command," said Lennox, "that no one interfere."

"Pardon me," said Elton, hastening out, "I must not desist from my duty."

He went.

"God have mercy on him!" murmured Fanny.

"They must meet, and they will meet. Between military men a duel is the only alternative after such provocation. I trust he will lay the scoundrel low, and teach a bully and a blackguard a manly lesson. I hope to meet him presently safe and successful from his stern duty, and to clasp a hero and a gentleman to my arms," said Lennox.

"And I, too, father," said Mary firmly, but with streaming eyes. "I would have loaded his pistols for him rather than he should have failed to act as he has done."

"And hear me, too, Almighty God!" cried Mrs. Lennox, falling solemnly on her knees, "rather than my son should be

a murderer, let me see him brought back a corpse !”

“ Catherine !” cried her husband.

“ I could better bear, oh ! Eternal Father !” continued she, without paying any attention to the interruption, “ I could better bear to see him taken by Thee. Take him ! his mother asks it ; let him die in his youth, in his beauty, rather than—”

“ Dear Mr. Lennox,” said Miss Elton, “ should you not go out, and see what can be done to stop this dreadful affair.”

“ No, never !” said Lennox.

She then turned to Emmerson, but on finding him taking some refreshment very quietly in the back room, she appealed to Harry.

“ And will you see your brother murdered, or become a murderer, when perhaps you might prevent it ?”

“ I fear the matter must take its course, Miss Elton,” said Harry gravely. “ The police are already informed of it. I could in no way aid them.”

“ Then go to the ground,” said Miss Elton, “ whither you think they will re-

pair. Make at least an effort to find them."

"Were I on the spot," said Harry, "what could I do? They would not obey me. Nor, in fact, could I advise Frank to do anything but go through with the affair."

"You may reach the place in time to receive his dying breath,—perhaps some last request," said Miss Elton.

"You are right," replied Harry, shocked and rebuked.

"Go then."

He hastened out of the house, when a police officer stepped up to him.

"All we can do is quite useless," said the officer. "The gentleman's name is Captain Glendinning. He lodges at the City Hotel. We have sent there, and also over to Hoboken. It is too late, however. The meeting cannot be avoided. It is now two o'clock, day breaks at three, and they will not probably wait for much light, for they are in earnest. The mischief, whatever it may turn out to be, is now done."

Harry feared that all exertion on his part would prove fruitless. The chance was very slender of his being able even to find the parties. But the idea suggested by Miss Elton had given him a new impulse. His affection for his brother was warm and tender. He might find him, perhaps, wounded, gasping his last sigh, alone, abandoned, or deserted by all but strangers and hirelings. This new thought seemed to fire his soul with lightning. He directed the coachman to drive instantly and rapidly to the foot of Courtlund, or any of those streets leading to the Hudson, where small boats might be procured. The man obeyed, and he presently reached the Wharf. Boats were there, indeed, but no boatman was to be seen. He leaped at length into a boat, in which, fortunately, a pair of old oars had been left, and in an instant dashed from the Wharf.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE night was clear and calm. The water stretched itself peacefully out, till its gently heaving surface was lost in a dusky shadow. The strongly-marked, heavy shapes of the receding town, lay indistinct and black on the flood; while here and there were scattered a few dim forms of vessels at anchor. Harry rowed with all his might into the broad stream, and was soon surrounded only by sky and waves. Unaccustomed, however, to this violent exercise, he presently found himself breathless and exhausted. Agitated, and impatient beyond endurance, he was obliged to cease from his exertions, and suffer a considerable interval to pass away in passive despair. At length he seized the oars with renewed energy, and was making way, when a pale grey light from the east began to steal upon

the long, sleeping clouds, and to touch with a deeper transparency the tender sky.

At daybreak, the antagonists would doubtless meet. Perhaps, by the aid of the sun's soft and slowly strengthening beams, the brother whom he loved, was presenting his heart to the deadly aim of his enraged enemy. It was now morning, and the green, pellucid waves heaved and broke with their gentle, soothing sound, and streaks of rosy red shot in arrowy lines up to the mid-heaven, and the now distant city began to be unveiled beneath its light covering of smoke and mist and shadow, and the green, delicate shores of New Jersey grew nearer, more distinct, more lovely, and he could hear the birds warbling in the woods, while the meadow lark shot upward with its joyous scream ; presently his ear caught the report of a pistol, and then another. He paused and listened till his blood grew cold, and his breast heaved with intense emotion.

Nothing more could be heard but the

ordinary sweet sounds of nature, the dash of the waves, as they broke on the pebbly beach, the carol of the lark, and the warbling of other birds.

For a few moments the little boat shot swiftly on towards the land, when, in the eagerness of his efforts, one oar broke short off, and the other fell into the stream.

He had not remained long in this state, endeavouring, in a very inefficient and clumsy manner, to propel the boat by the aid of one of the board seats, when he perceived three figures hastily approaching the water's edge. Disappearing behind a little cove, they presently reappeared in a small boat, which began its rapid flight across the stream towards the city. They came near enough for him to observe that they were strangers. He fancied, however, he could recognise among them the person who had taken the rose from the bosom of Miss Elton. His brother was, then, killed! He shouted to them to arrest their attention, but the little boat held on its way and was soon lost to his view.

With great difficulty, he neared the land, and, leaving the boat to take care of itself, he leaped ashore and plunged into the thickets and lanes, shouting his brother's name, and expecting to behold on every green-sward, his body extended and weltering in his gore, or dragged along by some trembling, blood-stained, and guilty-looking friend, to be huddled out of sight like something worthless and vile.

After a long and unavailing search, he returned to the city, by an early ferry-boat, in a dreadful state of doubt and suspense, with throbbing temples and fevered veins.

CHAPTER XV.

AT Mr. Lennox's all was yet despair and confusion. It is needless to attempt to paint—what cannot be comprehended, but by unhappy sufferers in such painful scenes,—the horror, suspense, and anguish of a family while waiting news of a duel, in which a beloved son and brother is engaged! Lennox, although at the outset so obstinately determined to allow of no interference if he could help it, had long since yielded to his feelings, and had despatched several messengers in search of news and to prevent the meeting if possible. Mary wept incessantly. Mrs. Elton, whose loquacity had been silenced by exhaustion, had gone home ill. Mrs. Lennox and Fanny alone were calm. Both had the support of communion with their Maker, and in humble prayer had found strength and resignation.

And now, in the broad morning, the whole city was awake, and the roaring streets gave notice that the business of the day had commenced. News of the result, whatever it might be, could not be much longer delayed. Several friends and neighbours came in to inquire, and to console ; and knock after knock seemed to carry the trial of the poor expectants to the highest pitch of anxiety. At length Mr. Ernest arrived with a countenance highly expressive of pleasure.

"I come," said he, "to bring good news. I have just heard a report, from a person who came direct from the City Hotel, that your son had met and killed his man."

Another knock was heard. It was Mr. Elton. He was pale as death.

"You know the worst, then," said Mrs. Lennox, wildly.

"Yes, yes ; I heard it at the Wharf."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" said Mary.

"Heaven have mercy on him!" said Mrs. Lennox, with ashy cheeks and quivering lips. "I could have borne any calamity rather than this."

“He fell at the third fire,” said Elton, “and never breathed again.”

“Who fell?” said Ernest.

“Frank; poor, poor Frank.”

The wild shriek of utter horror which this intelligence produced from Mrs. Lennox, and which showed how little she knew the strength of her feelings, was scarcely attended to in the general tumult of grief it occasioned. Mary threw herself into the arms of her friend, and Mrs. Lennox upon the bosom of her husband, as if for protection against the awful scene which was to follow. The servants wept aloud, and wrung their hands. Cries of despair, and half-uttered prayers, were heard.

“He is gone. He is dead—my son! my son!” said the distracted mother wildly.

“But let us be calm, in all cases,” said Mr. Elton. “If this heavy grief have fallen on us, we must try to meet it in a becoming manner; but we have yet only contradictory reports.”

Here Harry entered, his clothes stained

with dust and water, and looking more like a corpse than a living man.

"Your news?" asked Miss Elton, for the rest appeared to have lost the power of speech.

"Mother, you should retire from a scene like this," said Harry.

"No!" said Mr. Elton, "if you have to tell the worst, tell it. And may the Almighty strengthen our hearts to hear it! Is your brother dead?"

"Don't answer, Harry," said Mr. Lennox, covering his face with his hands, "give me a moment—"

At this instant there was another knock.

"My wife, my poor wife!" murmured Lennox, as she sank gasping on his bosom.

"Ah, Frank, my son! my son!" said Mrs. Lennox.

"My poor, dear brother," sobbed Mary.

A rapid, light step was heard on the stairs, a crowd of servants rushed into the room, with exclamations of "Here he is! here he is!" The door was flung forcibly open, and—

"Frank!" "My son?" "My brother?"

"Oh, thank Heaven!" broke from every quivering lip; for Frank,—no stiffening, bleeding body; no murdered, mute, senseless corpse; but Frank himself, the living, triumphant Frank, his cheeks glowing, his eyes beaming with delight, in all the reality of youth, health, and, as it seemed to them, most transcendent beauty—stood laughing before them.

Mrs. Lennox was for a moment forgotten; but she was engaged in fervent prayer.

"Why, what's the matter with you all?" said Frank, as the rest pressed about him, embracing him, and almost distracting him with their joyful affection.

"Frank! my boy! let me look at you. Get out of his way. Come here! God bless you my noble-hearted son!"

"Why, anybody would suppose,"—began Frank, in the most careless manner; but the affectation of indifference was too much for him. He could not conceal his emotion, as he clasped each one in succession in an affectionate embrace; as he pressed to his own the white and trem-

bling lips, the cheeks from which terror had drained the blood, and grasped hands, he scarce knew whose, which shook with the tumult of feeling. He could only in broken words exclaim: "I came as soon as I could; but I was arrested on my way back by a rascally police-officer, and I'm only this instant released. See, my mother!" and, after tearing himself away from those who were still clinging around him, he knelt at the side of Mrs. Lennox, who, reaching out her hands, and laying them on his head, could only murmur—

"Oh God, I thank thee!"

"Welcome back, Frank," said Harry, after a moment's pause, and with an effort struggling to preserve his indifference, "welcome back, my boy!"

"You are ill," said Miss Elton, addressing the latter, her eyes swimming in tears.

"No, no," said Harry. "I only want air. I shall be well again in a moment."

"Miss Elton," said Frank, "Captain Glendinning will never insult you again."

"Is my son, then, a murderer?" demanded Mrs. Lennox, shudderingly.

"No, mother; but I did my best. I would have laid him low enough, if I could."

"I hope at least you have winged the scoundrel," said Lennox.

"Oh no, sir, he is no scoundrel; but one of the noblest fellows that ever breathed. I love him almost as a brother."

"Just like Frank!" said Mary, smiling through her tears. "I should not be surprised if they become bosom friends."

"Last night he did not know what he was about," said Frank. "He had been drinking freely."

"Intoxication!" said Mrs. Lennox, "is a poor excuse for a cowardly action."

"No; he is no coward," said Frank, disentangling himself from the hands and arms which still grasped, and were wound around, him, "but a capital fellow. Five minutes after he had dared to touch Miss Elton's rose, it was arranged we should cross immediately to Hoboken, in two small boats, and meet at the earliest daylight. I found Sussex, by a lucky chance ;

that excellent fellow stood my friend in the affair. We fired and missed, but I had the pleasure of spoiling a very handsome new hat for my antagonist. Glendinning had coolly discharged his pistol in the air. Our friends here interfered, and said the affair had gone far enough, particularly as Glendinning had wasted his shot. While these gentlemen were disputing what sort of apologies ought to be made on either side, Glendinning stepped forward, against all rule, and superior to all selfish calculation, and said : ‘ I require no apology. Lieutenant Lennox has done nothing but what any gentleman in his place would have done : I have been exclusively in the wrong. I should have apologised long ago, but that I could not do so without a previous meeting. Now, I trust,” he added, (showing his hat with a smile,) “ the reconciliation may take place. I, therefore, make a full apology for an offence of which I am heartily ashamed.’ ”

“ A noble fellow ! ” said Lennox.

“ We here shook hands ; and then stepping to his second, Captain White, Glen-

dinning took from him this rose, returned it to me, and said he should be happy if the lady from whom he had taken it in a moment of excitement, could be persuaded to pardon him. 'Tell her,' said he, 'I throw myself on her magnanimity, as I do on that of your friends and family!' This rose," continued Frank, with something of a proud air, "I believe belongs to you, Miss Elton!"

Fanny accepted the rose with an enchanting grace, and said, "Frank, I can scarcely tell you how much I admire your manly courage, how sincerely I feel that you would never shrink where duty called; but you know, for we have often spoken on the subject, that I cannot approve—"

"Come! come!" said Lennox. "You are a little Puritan, and I won't have any sermons on my boy. He has risked his life for you, and if there is anything wrong in the matter, it must be borne by the shoulders of society at large—which are good broad ones you know—not by any individual, and, most of all, not by my Frank."

"Breakfast ready, sar!" said Simon, an

old attached black servant of the family, throwing open the door, his cheek wet with tears.

“Come on! take Miss Elton’s hand. Lead her in!” exclaimed Mr. Lennox. “You have won the honour, and I hope she will not refuse to bestow it. Come along! We’ll kill the fatted calf, for the young prodigal has returned.”

The well-ordered domestic arrangements of Mrs. Lennox’s hospitable family moved, in their various operations, almost instinctively, and an abundant and tempting breakfast had risen up with the agreeable facility of Aladdin’s palace. English travellers have already informed the European reader, that, although the Americans are marvellously good-for-nothing creatures, with unfortunate institutions and a bad government, they do know how to serve a good breakfast. There were tea, coffee and chocolate, hot rolls and Indian cakes, toast, sausages, steaks, and broiled shad, with other dainties, to suit the demands and various tastes of the somewhat large company which sat down to enjoy them.

It would have made a good picture, the breakfast of this family, on the present memorable morning. Joy had burst upon them like the sunshine after a stormy night, and shed upon all but a few hearts the sympathy of happiness. Mrs. Elton had recovered her appetite, her health, and her radiant smiles, and was talking away for dear life's sake, without any one having the least idea what she was saying, though each person to whom her pleasure-beaming eyes were successively directed nodded understandingly with his mouthful, and said: "To be sure!" and "Certainly! certainly!" Fanny, relieved from the harrowing apprehensions of the night, had forgotten all her own annoyances. Mr. Elton, inclined to be a grave observer of the scene, which, however gay, had its origin in a principle shocking to humanity, and in violation of the laws of God and man, was still unwilling to disturb the charm of the hour by solemn debates or animadversions which could have had but little chance of being listened to. Frank was in the seventh heaven of triumph and

hope. He had given to Miss Elton a testimony that he was not quite "a boy"—a term for which he began to have all the hatred of Coriolanus,—and besides, he rejoiced in the *eclat* with which, he well knew, the duel must surround his name; for, let moralists muse as they may, the public opinion yet deals leniently with the offence, and very frequently delights to honour the offender. Harry was happy in the escape of his brother. So far was his from being a selfish heart, that his own happiness was, for the time, merged in that of once more beholding Frank, not only alive and well, but covered with glory, and in witnessing the vivid happiness of his delighted home. Perhaps no face showed more clearly the traces of mental suffering, for he had been exhausted by the emotions and exertions of the past night, but he was even contented to be miserable himself, while he saw around him others whom he loved relieved from their misery. One countenance alone had a strange discontented look. It was Emmerson's, whose naturally cold and selfish

heart felt little real sympathy with either the anguish or the joy even of his best friends. He seemed really to look a little darker after Frank's return than before. Keenly and morbidly alive to whatever related to himself, he regarded the affairs of others with the calmness of a philosopher. Had Frank been brought home a corpse, he would not have failed to manifest, and perhaps to feel, all the decorous sentiments of grief and horror; but sorrow would not have broken his sleep, nor in any way impaired his enjoyments; and he would perhaps have worn the dark face, which now struck like a discord upon the general happiness, with something more of an effort.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WELL, my boy," said Lennox, after an interval of silence, "this is better than a bullet through the head."

"What a frightful thing is the practice of duelling!" said Mrs. Lennox. "But for the mercy of God, Frank might have been either murdered, or himself a murderer. Oh, Frank! if Christianity is true you have this day committed a crime."

"Pooh!" said his father; "I doubt whether we should ascribe every such event to Providence."

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" said Mr. Elton; "and yet not one of these falls to the ground without His will."

"Ah, that's a figure of speech, sir," said Harry. "One is surely not expected to believe that so extremely accurate an

account is kept of such unimportant matters."

"No, certainly not," said Lennox.

"I don't see how it would be possible," said Harry. "And, if possible, I don't know what good it would do. Even a father in this world, who is the most strongly interested in the fate of his children, would not wish to keep an account of the exact number of their hairs. He would not concern himself about such minute affairs."

"It is easier to ridicule holy subjects than to understand them," said Mr. Elton mildly.

"But you cannot ridicule Shakspeare, or Newton, or Euclid so."

"Supposing that to be the case," said Elton. "Do you thence draw the inference that the Scriptures are untrue?"

"Oh, no! Only that they are too rigidly interpreted."

Harry felt it impossible to conceal the thoughts and opinions which had been lately stirring in his bosom. His decisive character loved to take a course at once,

and to do whatever he meant to do, immediately and openly. The whole table listened to the conversation.

"I think the scheme of Christianity," said Mr. Elton, "must be doubtful to many who have not carefully examined it, which I perceive you have not done, and I like to see a man honest in expressing his opinions on proper occasions. Only have opinions one way or the other. There is hope for all but those who pass the subject over as not worthy of attention. I have been a doubter, and some of my friends, now very firm Christians, have totally disbelieved in all revelation."

"Then," said Harry, "without being flippant, or meaning to wound the feelings of persons who think differently, I confess I believe all religion is only indirectly revealed from the Creator."

"That is, not revealed at all," said Elton.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennox.

"The claims of Christianity upon the belief of a man of sense are not, at least, without serious objections," replied Harry.

"Christianity has been two thousand years in the world, and it has not yet effected its purpose. Men are no better, and some of the wisest and best don't believe in it. Of the many millions who inhabit the globe, not one fifth even profess it. Of that small proportion, a very great one, and among them men like Gibbon, Voltaire, Hume, Byron, reject it. Marvelous things are not easily credited by thinking men. I find it difficult to believe that Joshua made the sun stand still. Modern astronomy has thrown a new complexion upon that story. I confess I can hardly believe in the miracles of Moses and Aaron."

"My son," said Mrs. Lennox, with an air of alarm and grief, "if you do not wish me to leave the table, have the goodness to proceed no further in this discussion."

"Why, I am only a rationalist. All I ask is, that Christianity should be made intelligible, and that men should not be called upon to believe impossible things, or to be governed by impracticable precepts."

“Let me give you, my young friend, one piece of advice,” said Elton. “I do not mean to discuss the truth of Christianity in so light a way as this. I am a very poor debater, nor have I much faith in debates on this subject. Belief will come to you, at the proper time, or it will never come. But I recommend you not to lay aside frankness in your remarks and meditations on this head. Rationalism, if I understand it, is infidelity under a milder name. Christianity is either true or not true. All ingenious theories of explanation are unworthy men of sense and piety. Whoever pays the least attention to the Bible will see, that there can be no half-way point between faith and scepticism. God revealed himself in the Messiah. Christ was born of a virgin. He performed miracles, and rose from the dead, or he did not do what is affirmed of him. One of the two opinions you must believe. You have chosen the latter creed. Take to it. Cherish it! Carry it through the world with you. Test its strength and truth, and see if you can go through life with it.”

"Many wiser and greater than I have done so," said Harry.

"You cannot know what goes on in the bosom of another. Have you ever examined all the arguments in favour of Christianity?"

"Have you ever examined all the arguments against it?"

Mr. Elton was silent, and Harry felt as if he had the best of the debate.

"Come, come," said his father, "you are discussing subjects too grave. In these matters I have always left my children to themselves. I don't think the topic a proper one for the breakfast-table. In Frank's course, this morning, he has his own approbation and mine. He will also have that of the world."

A youth, in rather a country dress, here entered respectfully, and somewhat awkwardly. He held a newspaper in his hand.

"What do you want, sir?" said Lennox.

"I wish to ask you," said the lad, apparently embarrassed on finding himself speaking before so large an assembly, "if

the declaration is to be filed in the case of Green *versus* Thomson?"

"A fig for the declaration in the case of Green *versus* Thomson," said Mr. Lennox.

"My dear father," said Mary remonstratingly.

"Do you know what has taken place this morning, sir?"

The boy, who had a good intelligent face, but who appeared very bashful, looked extremely grave, then suddenly smiled, and immediately looked grave again. This curious habit which had often occasioned the remarks of the family, now set every one laughing.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a still deeper blush, which overspread his whole face with crimson, but at the same time with a look of pleasure, for he well knew Mr. Lennox's roughness was but the eccentricity of a kind heart, "and I thought may be you 'd like to see the paper."

"What! the declaration in the case of Green *versus* Thomson?"

The boy looked graver than before, gave

a short laugh, and resumed an expression of immoveable seriousness.

"No, sir, the newspaper."

"Why so, sir,"

"To show you this," said Seth, as he stepped up and handed the paper.

"What have we here?" said Lennox.

"AFFAIR OF HONOUR. We stop the press to announce, that a meeting took place, this morning at daybreak, between Lieutenant Francis Lennox, son of the distinguished lawyer of this city, and Captain Charles Glendinning, of His Majesty's — Regiment, at the duelling ground, Hoboken——"

"And do you, sir," said Mr. Lennox, suddenly stopping and putting on a magisterial air, "with such a newspaper in your hand, and the knowledge of such an event in your pericranium; do you dare to come to me in the bosom of my family, with the son that is thus saved sitting at my very side, and talk to me about a paltry declaration in the case of Green *versus* Thomson?"

"My dear father, you are so wild. The poor boy is half frightened to death," said Mary.

But Seth only suffered one of his overflowing laughs to escape him ; and then looked his master seriously in the face, with such an expression, however, as if he intended to laugh again presently.

"Come here, sir !"

The boy obeyed. He was a plain-looking lad of sixteen, badly dressed ; his complexion was good, his eyes were intelligent, and his manners indicative of a high degree of anxiety what to do with his feet, and in what nook to stow away his hands.

"You are a young villain, sir. Go round to Edgecombe and Radley, No. 12, Maiden Lane, immediately, and get yourself measured for a gentleman's suit of clothes, to be charged to my account. Go out and find, moreover, a hat, two pair of boots, a dozen pair of stockings, and a dozen ready-made, respectable, dandified linen shirts, with very high collars. Add a pair of gloves, and, if like you, a cane,

and have the bills sent to me. Do you hear, you little scaramouch?"

The laugh of poor Seth was now heartily joined by all present.

"And when you have got them, Seth," said Mary. "Come to me. I want to speak to you."

"Now tramp—march—vanish into the air!"

The boy obeyed the spirit, though not the letter, of this mandate, and Mr. Lennox recommenced the perusal of the "Affair of Honour."

"We stop the press to announce that a meeting took place this morning a little before daybreak, between Lieutenant Francis Lennox, son of the distinguished lawyer of this city, and Captain Charles Glendinning, of His Majesty's —— Regiment, at the duelling ground, Hoboken. The dispute arose at the theatre; Captain Glendinning having offered a rudeness to a lady in the presence of Lieutenant Lennox, which the latter punished by a blow. The parties

repaired almost instantly to the ground, and, after one fire, which on the part of Captain Glendinning was discharged in the air, the matter was terminated amicably by the mediation of the seconds. The most ample apologies were offered by Captain Glendinning, and the gallant gentlemen parted on the best terms, and with mutual protestations of friendship. Captain White of the British army acted as the friend of his countryman in this rather peculiar affair, and Mr. Sussex of this city for Lieutenant Lennox. Nothing could exceed the coolness and courage manifested on the occasion by both the gentlemen, and a ball, it is said, took effect in the hat of Captain Glendinning, who received the awkward indication of skill with immoveable composure.

“ We must be permitted to remark, however, that, if we have heard the matter correctly represented, it has been reserved for our chivalric young townsman to teach his opponent a *valuable lesson*, which we trust will not be wholly thrown away upon him, or upon the country to which he

belongs. Impertinent English travellers may write slanderous books with impunity, but there *are* insults which can never fail to meet their *just reward* ! ! ”

“ Expressive *italics* ! and a double note of admiration ! ” said Lennox. “ Why Frank ! you ’ll be a bit of a lion for six weeks to come.”

“ I am very sorry for it,” said Mrs. Lennox.

We have not attempted to give all the conversation which took place, as, in the general agitation, three or four were nearly always speaking at the same time, and as for Mrs. Elton, she did not stop at all. At length, however, they separated. The visitors returned home to spread through the town all the particulars of the interesting affair. Emmerson, having heartily shaken every one by the hand, and reiterated his inexpressible joy at the termination of a calamity which had such a threatening commencement, went down stairs into the office to his business duties. Mr. Elton shook his head, in the pur-

suance of his own grave thoughts. Harry and Frank retired together to talk the matter over, and Mrs. Elton, who had been relating a story to Mrs. Lennox, Mary, and Fanny, of a shipwreck, of which she had read an account sometime in her early youth, where the poor sailors were obliged to remain out seven days and nights in an open boat, without food, was obliged to break off just as the unfortunate people had discovered a sail in the horizon, but she treated her husband and Fanny to the *dénouement* on her way home.

And so the fierce hurricane, so sudden, unexpected, and alarming, subsided into calm sunshine, and he that was mourned as dead was restored.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FEW days subsequent to the events just narrated, Mr. Lennox gave a dinner to a few friends. Although he humbly professed himself "no Cræsus," it may be asserted that the Lydian king, whatever armies he might have raised, or whatever splendid gifts he might have presented, could not have inhabited a more comfortable house, or given a better dinner, at least according to the tastes of modern palates. He had a light and generous heart, with an unambitious character; and he cared little for the world, save as it ministered to his pleasure, or gratified his love of hospitable display. His home was one of those sunshiny retreats which few are so fortunate as to possess. Blessed by a large inheritance and a lucrative income arising from his profession, he enjoyed the delights of a lavish expenditure, unac-

accompanied by any of its usual cares or apprehensions; for, while nothing can be less like happiness than expensive pleasures to a man who suffers the haunting consciousness of living beyond his income, and of revelling in advance on the portion of his widow and orphans; to a person of Mr. Lennox's lively disposition there was a hearty delight, long become habitual to him, in a generous profuseness which prudence itself could not censure.

His home was, therefore, the scene of all kinds of agreeable pleasures, and his children were educated fully to appreciate them. A beautiful country-seat on the Hudson, about sixty miles from the city, was the usual summer retreat of his family when not engaged in excursions to some of the numerous and interesting points in which the neighbourhood of New York is so singularly rich; and in the winter, music, dancing, the opera, the theatre, balls and dinners, made them look back upon the glad, bright months of summer without regret.

From his youth Mr. Lennox had been favoured with an unbroken course of prosperity, and an almost total exemption from the misfortunes which so generally afflict mankind. Health smiled upon him and his. No death had ever interrupted the affectionate happiness of his family. His children were growing up all that his efforts had striven to make them. He was beloved and honoured by his friends, and had no enemies but such as envy and malice, and his independent course of life, had made him. His life had resembled some of those fabled climates where wind, rain, cold, and clouds, never disturb the softness of the air or ruffle the serenity of the sky.

How far a long career of unshadowed prosperity is favourable to the development of virtue, the formation of superior character, or the knowledge of real happiness, is a question for moralists to determine; but it had certainly not, thus far, apparently diminished the excellency or the cheerfulness of the Lennoxes. All acknowledged the warm virtues of their

hearts, and the charm of their manners. They were generous without pride, and affable without condescension. There is not in America, as in most other countries, a class of poor who live avowedly on the bounty of the opulent, and hold from the munificent charity of the rich what, but for the perhaps unavoidable errors of government and society, they would owe only to their justice. But whenever misfortune did come in contact with the Lennoxes, it was sure of unaffected sympathy, and, if possible, effectual relief; and while this family were accustomed, silently and benevolently, with the discrimination which marks true charity, to relieve the distresses of the poor, many a helpless client, without money to defend himself against oppression, or to meet the accidental demands of the law, had found in Lennox a bold advocate, a fearless defender, and a generous friend. Many an innocent man accused had been saved from punishment by the outspoken eloquence which asked no pay but the pleasure derived from doing good, and many a

poor debtor, clutched by the hand of some merciless creditor, and consigned to a dungeon, found in his aid not only present relief, but owed to him subsequent success in life.

Under these bright auspices his two sons had grown up as boys, and were about entering into life as men. Frank, as we have seen, was already a distinguished graduate from West-Point, and Harry had been admitted to the bar, and had become a partner in the lucrative office of his father, with the intention, on the part of the latter, that he should as speedily as possible take the responsibility of it on himself, with Mr. Emerson as his assistant, and if things went well subsequently, as his partner. But Harry's triumph at overstepping at length the limits of boyhood, however mingled with grand visions of the future, with noble resolutions, and an innate love of the right, was crossed, as we have seen, with some influences of an opposite nature. He loved virtue and hated vice; but he had no distinct knowledge of the

nature and requisites of the one, nor the dangers, illusions, and insidious character of the other. The peaceful and alluring advantages in the midst of which he had passed his life thus far, the succession of pleasures which he had enjoyed, his father's wealth, his own attainments, which were remarkable, his very virtues, and perhaps the not unthought of advantages of his person, filled him with self-confidence, and gave his reflections a leaning towards infidelity, caught from the superficial view which youth takes of life and nature, and confirmed by the study of Byron, of Gibbon, and similar authors of fascinating genius and profound attainments, who appear at the bar of history as the representatives of irreligion, and the bold scorers of the Bible. Thus, his note-books were scribbled over with memoranda of Voltaire and Volney; and with his memory stored with splendid passages from Cain and Childe Harold, while he never read the lofty, noble, spiritual, and unanswerable arguments in support of revealed religion, young Lennox was about to launch forth

into life, on that mysterious sea, whose glittering, treacherous bosom has engulfed so many a "tall ship." Destitute of any belief in the future, of any reverence for, or confidence in, God, regarding his own soul as nothing more than the vapoury tenant of a perishing form, his hopes, wishes, and plans were all confined within this life's bounds,—bounds which, to youth, seem vast and endless, but which, in a few fleet years, contract to a narrow span, and vanish like a morning dream.

Mr. Lennox had educated his children, with the utmost care and expense, in all the graceful accomplishments, as well as the necessary branches of learning. In all the essentials of worldly honour they had been carefully instructed, and perhaps none could be more open to the noble influence of virtue, more incapable of anything paltry or mean. In short, all things but one had been done for them. Like thousands, in all parts of Christendom, their lives had flowed quietly on in peaceful satisfaction with the things around them. Happy and communicating happy-

ness, loving and beloved, contented with the practice of virtue and a horror of vice, they lived in this world, with it, and for it, without a thought beyond it. And thus had fled (and to Mrs. Lennox, how short and dream-like did they appear !) the twenty-one bright, unclouded years since the birth of her eldest son.

On the evening previous to the dinner-party to which we have alluded, the family had taken tea, Miss Elton was passing the evening with Mary, and Mr. Lennox was, in one of his silent moods, enjoying a cigar by the open window, when Frank, who had several times determined to say something to the assembled party, at length delivered what he appeared to have been labouring with.

"I have a favour to ask of you all," said he, "and, moreover, I give you notice beforehand, that it may be attended with some important consequences if granted."

"I don't think there can be any necessity for such a very formal preface," said his mother.

"Don't be too sure !" said Frank laughing.

"I cannot be too sure of that," replied she, "my dear, wicked boy!"

"Now, let us see," said Frank, "how far ladies really mean what they say. So you positively promise to grant my request before you know what it is?"

"Yes, I do."

"And father?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word, I am afraid to name it."

"Why, what is it?" said his father. "You would not ask, I am sure, anything which ought to be refused."

"I suppose," said Mary, "you want to go abroad, and father is to give his permission, get you leave of absence, and allow you a couple of thousand dollars a year, or so, till you have seen the world, and fought some more duels?"

"Would you grant that?" asked Frank.

"I hardly know," said his father.

"But—" said Mrs. Lennox.

"I know," said Frank, "the dangers I should have to encounter; shipwreck, fire, water, lightning, plague, pestilence, and famine. I know exactly what you

are going to say, my dear mother. Then I should probably die several times during my long absence, or you would all die before my return; and I should be robbed in Spain, and murdered in Syria, corrupted in Paris, and killed in several duels, as Mary says, and all that!"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Lennox; "if you wish to go abroad, you can go with the next packet; or as soon as I can arrange with the War Department for your leave of absence."

"My dear boy," said his mother, her eyes filling with tears, "to lose you for two, three, four years, at my time of life! I should never see you again."

"Of course," said Frank laughing, "of course I should never return; who ever did come back safe from a tour in Europe? It could hardly be expected."

"Ah, yes! you may laugh! It's a fine thing to be young and thoughtless," said Mrs. Lennox. "And how would you go? without any companion, too?"

"I suppose you're like Miss Elton, and think I ought to have my mamma

with me all my life to keep me from being run over, or from taking cold. Well, come! I won't go abroad at present," said Frank, taking his mother's hand, and pressing it tenderly to his lips. "I'll compromise with you for another favour, a very trifling one, which will be begun and ended in a day. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes."

"We have a dinner to-morrow."

"Well?"

"I wish to add two particular friends to the party."

"It is easy to invite them. What a ridiculous request!"

"As if the dinner were not for you," said Mary.

"Pray what objection can any of us have to your asking whom you please to my house?" demanded Mr. Lennox.

"Who are your friends?"

"The first is — Captain White," said Frank, making a face aside to Mary, like a man who touches a match, and stands expecting an explosion.

"What! the second of Captain Glendinning?"

"Yes, my dear mother."

"You're mad, Frank," said his mother, "or else you're jesting!"

"Really, sir," remarked Mr. Lennox, "it seems to me you choose your associates in rather an eccentric manner."

"Oh, very well!" said Frank. "It would have gratified me very much—that's all."

"Well—well," said Mr. Lennox, "we have already granted your request. We cannot retract. Though, I must say, you often really surprise me, Frank. Captain White is the friend and boon companion of that Glendinning. Men who frequent profligate society must themselves expect to be thought profligates. Glendinning has insulted you and all of us in the grossest manner; and, I must say, I do not think the companion of such a person a proper associate either for yourself or your family. Fanny, too, and her mother and father also, dine with us to-morrow, and I really think it would be better to withdraw your request."

I should like to know what you will propose next, you unreasonable creature !”

“Why, as to what I could propose next,” said Frank, with a frown upon his brow, softened, however, by the half-suppressed smile which lurked around his lips, “there is only one thing which I could propose next, consistently, under present circumstances.”

“And what the devil’s that ?” demanded his father, somewhat sternly.

“Why,” said Frank coolly, “to bring Glendinning himself ?”

“You’re trifling with your mother.”

“No. I assure you, I never was more serious in my life. That is the request you have granted in advance, and I think, if you’ll hear me speak a moment, I’ll persuade you, convince you, that I am quite right.”

“Well, Frank,” said Mrs. Lennox, with obviously serious displeasure, “if you bring Captain Glendinning here to-morrow, I have nothing more to say—but *I* shall dine in my own room.”

“You do injustice to Glendinning,”

said Frank warmly. "I've several times met him since our affair, when he rendered me all the satisfaction that a gentleman could render, or a gentleman could require. His offence was an act of delirium, committed in a moment of intoxication, for which he nearly atoned with his life. I can't forget, nor should you, that he magnanimously refrained from killing me, even while the blow I had given him was yet burning on his forehead. Is that nothing? It was done, too, at the moment when I was striving my utmost to kill him. I have always been taught that it is the Christian's virtue to forgive and forget. On a nearer acquaintance with him, I find him a noble, capital fellow; and I have reason to know that the stories that fellow Ernest told me of him are gross exaggerations. There is something really delightful and fascinating about him. He is free-hearted, generous, brave, totally without malice, full of wit, fun, and intelligence, and the most agreeable companion you ever saw. He is an accomplished musician also. As our affair is

settled, I see no reason, since *I* like him very much, why I should not show him the hospitalities due to a stranger. Do, now, my dear mother, do oblige me."

"Well!" said Mr. Lennox, "I'm sure, I've no objection. There is some truth in what Frank says. The fact that they fought yesterday is no reason why they should not embrace to-day. Come, wife, let us invite him."

"You are as bad as Frank himself," said Mrs. Lennox. "Here comes an Englishman to New-York, that goes about day and night seeking quarrels, and raising riots; is occasionally in a state of intoxication, a duellist, in short, a professed *roué*. He insults a modest young girl under our protection, in a coarse and ungentlemanly way, and, instead of treating such a character and such conduct as they deserve, and avoiding such an example for our own sons, you propose to bring him into your family, because Frank, whose liking is a mere caprice, finds that he sings a good song, and plays the piano. I should like to see my sons select their associates for

their moral and intellectual qualities. For my part I cannot consent to anything of this sort."

"Keep cool! keep cool! Katey, my dear!" said Mr. Lennox; "be assured Frank will not do anything contrary to your wishes. A dinner-party you know, Frank, my boy, in order to be agreeable, must contain no discordant materials. As the Eltons are to be here, it seems to me, — and as your mother is so serious in her views of your new friend, and, therefore— Eh! my son? let the matter rest. Yet, at the same time, Kate, let me make a remark. As to the offence which caused the meeting between these two mad-caps, that has been fairly and honourably settled—that subject ought to be now dropped. As for Glendinning's wildness, many a sober, correct youth turns out a paltry, selfish, sneaking scoundrel in the end, and I believe there's just as much to censure and to despise among irreproachable men who stand fair before the world, as among the frank and careless fellows, who take no pains to conceal

their faults and follies. Many a young rip, like this Glendinning, is all the better for his wildness in his after years. I myself—What are you laughing at, miss? How dare you laugh when I 'm talking?"

"—At the curious illustration of your last proposition, my dear father. You are not going to cite yourself as an example, I hope."

"Yes, I am. I was as hot-headed, wild, and impudent a young rascal as ever breathed. Yet, look at me now! Young men will be young men, and we must take care to distinguish between the mere outbreaks of a merry soul, like Harry the Fifth, and inherent vice. Now it seems that this Glendinning is, after all, a noble fellow, and that his tricks are the result of mere wildness and high spirits. The only way for a man is to go into the world and take it as it is. He didn't make it, and can't reform it. If people treat him well, let him be civil to them. If a man is rude, call him out, kill him, and he not be insulted again."

"You make my blood run cold, Henry,"

said Mrs. Lennox, "to hear from a father's lips such wicked principles recommended to his son."

"Bah! what do women know of these things? Frank never did anything in his life which does him more honour than going out with that man. Men, and women too, love unflinching courage; I have no doubt this circumstance will open to him a brilliant career in life. In the next place, it will make him formidable to the scoundrels by whom one is surrounded in all ranks and classes of life, who are ready to slander and impose upon you, or bully you, just as far as you'll let them, and no farther. Why Frank himself, ever since the meeting, has looked, walked, acted, thought, and felt, more like a man and a gentleman than ever he did before."

"But not like a Christian," said Mrs. Lennox.

"What has that to do with it?" said Mr. Lennox.

"You know what pain you cause me my dear husband, by expressing yourself

in this way at all, and particularly before our children. Oh! Henry, you have a fearful thing to answer for. Mary is without religion, and Frank and Harry turn it into ridicule."

"Pooh! pooh! They are not monks, that's all! They're well enough. They believe all they can."

"As for Captain Glendinning," continued Mrs. Lennox, gravely. "I detest and abhor the character and the man. I do not believe, with all my desire to oblige Frank, I could receive such a person in my house with ordinary courtesy."

"Oh, very well!" said Frank haughtily.

"You'll allow your mother to judge, I hope, what companions are proper for herself and her daughter; if you don't deign to let her choose yours," said Mr. Lennox, a little sharply.

Frank had a face which betrayed every emotion of his soul; his large full eye generally had a very sweet expression, and around his mouth there played a smile almost invariably when he spoke; but, in the silence which followed the last

remark, every trace of this gentleness had disappeared. His brow darkened, the sternness of his countenance was heightened by a streak of red which shot burning into his cheek, and his eyes fell upon his mother with an expression, which she, at least, had never seen in them before. There was something new and different in his demeanour, since the late duel. The first hot days of summer scarcely work greater changes in the tender vegetation, than had taken place in this young man, within the last few weeks, through the influence of passion and action. Love, vengeance, danger, pride, had been busy in his nature, and if strength of character and manly self-dependence had been increased, it was at the expense of meekness, modest humility, and the lowly spirit of true wisdom.

“Come!” said Mrs. Lennox, recovering herself, and holding out her hand, for she, too, had been touched with a moment of passion (perhaps a peculiarity in the family disposition), “leave the subject, my dear Frank, and don’t be ashamed to yield to your parent.”

"Oh, certainly!" said Frank, almost rudely pushing back the proffered hand; "if I cannot be gratified in the simple wish to invite a friend to my father's house, I shall not press it. I can tell Captain Glendinning that—that—indeed I shall tell him nothing, but let him take it as he likes."

"Why, what necessity is there to speak to Captain Glendinning about it at all?" said Mr. Lennox.

To this no one replied.

"Only that I have learned," continued Frank, after a pause, rising as if about to leave the room, "I have learned what respect to attach to the professions of ladies, and I shall not ask another favour, I can tell you. I did not expect to be treated like a boy all my life."

"Stop, sir!" said his father.

There was something in Mr. Lennox's voice and frown to which, despite his careless lightness of character, every one in the family had long been accustomed to yield implicit obedience. His son now, with ill-concealed anger, but without hesitation, remained at his call.

"What do you mean by that? In becoming a man, have you ceased to be a gentleman, and a son? Whatever may be your feelings or opinions, you will be pleased to govern them in my presence; and remember, in this debate, your opponent is your mother!"

"Very well, very well!" replied Frank, "that is a point she is not likely to suffer me to overlook, as she proposes, I perceive, to keep me to her apron-strings. I beg, therefore, to yield! I withdraw my request."

"Her apron-strings, sir?" said Mr. Lennox, rising. "Upon my word, your expressions are as decorous as your conduct is sensible. I am surprised at your forgetting the respect you owe to your mother. If, however, the wishes of so insignificant a person as your father have any influence with your highness, you will perhaps condescend to dismiss that thunder-cloud from your brow, and deign to remember who and where you are!"

A month ago Frank would have burst into tears at such an address from one

whom he loved with the deepest sincerity and tenderness. But he had now new views. How can the duellist, who has triumphantly outraged society, humanity, and God, preserve his respect for minor things ! He who can recklessly present his bosom to the murderous weapon, without adequate motive, or regard for consequences, will scarcely be affected, in the moment of proud passion, by the tears of a mother, or the frowning reprobation of a father. He only replied, therefore, without at all lowering his lofty manner :

“I obey you, sir. I perfectly agree with you. I should be the last person in the world to lay myself under obligations to any one. I will write Glendinning a note this moment. I will tell him, that circumstances prevent my renewing our acquaintance as I wished,—till at least I have a house of my own ; when—certainly—I presume I shall be at liberty to—to—”

“Hey-day ! sir, what ’s all this ?” said his father. “How dare you, you young dog ! address your mother or me in such

a style as that ? Why one would suppose you were the Great Mogul, or the Sublime Porte, at least !”

“Sir, this jesting is—” began Frank, with flashing eyes, as if about to say something which might have made matters more serious, when an arm gently stole around his waist and drew him affectionately to the sofa, and a gentle voice completed the daring sentence he was about to utter.

“Is your father’s, Frank !”

It was Mrs. Lennox who had affectionately interfered, her eyes full of tears, to prevent the dispute from proceeding too far.

“I beg—” said he.

“My son, my son !” interrupted she, “what wild, bad passions have taken possession of you ! World-worship, heathen pride, and the evil spirit himself, unchecked by the precepts of your Bible, your Saviour, your God !”

“Forgive me ! my mother !” said the young man, turning away his face, which he still covered with one hand, while with the other he grasped hers, “I am a fool.”

And see, my son, to what this leads. I don't know to what it may lead hereafter. I cannot bear to see you enter the world of manhood with such principles as you and Harry possess. It is not right. It will lead to something dreadful. So young, and already so high and haughty, giving way to passion on every occasion and against every body; fearless of death yourself, because you don't know what it is, and reckless of shedding the life-blood of others, or of breaking hearts that depend on you for their happiness; without prayer, religion, any fixed belief in God or a hereafter, and frowning on your own mother with a sternness which actually makes me tremble! How many times have I carried you when an innocent child in these arms! and watched by you the whole night through, and prayed to God over your sleep, that your future course might be pure and holy and in the path of righteousness!"

There was a pause.

"Frank, I fear, you too are an infidel!"

"I do not wish to be one, my dear mother."

“ But are you one?”

“ I cannot control my opinion. I believe what I can believe—” said Frank, a little impatiently. “ I am young. Perhaps hereafter — but now I cannot be master of my opinions.”

“ But you can control your actions, and your opinions I trust will change more slowly. You know my opinions on duelling. Your death in a duel would break my heart, I solemnly believe, and bring me to a premature grave. Were you so unfortunate and guilty as to kill another, I should find the blow still more intolerable. I am your mother; my health, happiness, and life are at stake. I have a right to speak and a right to be listened to. Hear me, therefore, bring your new friend, Glendinning, to dinner to-morrow. I agree to the request, and was, perhaps, wrong to refuse it. I grant it unconditionally, and I will so far overcome, or at least command, my own feelings, as to treat him as you would wish a friend of yours to be treated. But I am going to make a request. You have now established your

character beyond cavil as a brave man. Now, then, my son, I beseech you to make me a solemn pledge—as a test of your affection, a mark of your gratitude, and a recompense to me for all a mother's pain and a mother's care. Give me your word you will never, under any circumstances, fight another duel."

"What even if—"

"No condition!" said she. "It is, perhaps, a sacrifice I ask, but recollect who it is that asks it—that implores it; my life may depend upon your acquiescence. You will not hesitate, Frank!"

"My mother," said Frank, greatly affected, but smiling through his tears—"You make me feel like another Coriolanus."

"Do not be, then, less human than he."

"Well, you have succeeded. I do here, in the most solemn manner,—"

"Hollo!" said Mr. Lennox, who had stood very quietly regarding this scene, sometimes himself affected, sometimes shaking his head doubtingly. He had just lighted a cigar, and was blowing out

a long wreath of smoke as he spoke. "Hollo! What is all this? Stop, my boy! Katey, dear! Don't take advantage of his innocence and affection for you, to extort a promise, the nature of which you do not understand, and which he will possibly hereafter have many reasons to regret, perhaps even to violate. I never knew any good yet come of over-virtuous resolutions. If a man is not good without them, he won't be much the better for making them, and to the sin, whatever it may be, which he commits, they only add perjury, and a double sense of meanness and guilt. How often have I sworn that I would not smoke! and yet, here I am, you see! What drawback do you suppose such a resolution would be to a man if he received any galling, sudden, scorching insult? By Jove! in such cases, men don't think of old resolutions. I don't wish Frank, nor any son of mine, to entangle himself with resolutions, and promises, and oaths, on any subject. Then, as to duelling, I approve of the practice; I wish him to fight; I'll load his pistols for

, and go out with him, rather than he
uld show the white feather. Society
st be dealt with it as it is. The Chris-
doctrine of forgiveness of enemies is
racticable on certain occasions. A
n smites you on one cheek you are to
n the other. He takes your coat, you
to offer him your cloak also. What
uld society become under such circum-
nces? A wild Indian breaks into your
ne, and murders your wife ; you stand
etly by, when a manly defence might
e her ; and, when she is destroyed, you
itely show him the way to the cradle of
ur infant child. Captain Glendinning
ers an insult to Miss Elton, and Frank
nds aside, with a meek smile, and
ints the drunken scoundrel to Mary and
u—”

“ O my husband ! this is not the right
terpretation of the words of Christ.”

“ Well, can we interpret them differ-
ntly? You interpret them your way,—
e ours. You fancy yourself bound to
ake no distinction between friend and
oe, and when you see a servant stealing

your diamonds, hand her, if you choose, the key to your plate. We will forgive our enemies also, but, by Jove! we 'll teach them to behave themselves first. But, by the way, my dear Kate, it seems to me you and Frank are changing ground here. It is Frank who forgives Glendinning, and you refuse pardon!"

There was so much truth in this remark, that it occasioned a general laugh, in which the differences in the happy family generally ended.

"Well, I'll confess," said Frank, "that I have not been exactly honest with you, and that's one reason, perhaps, why I have been more hurt by my mother's refusal than she thinks I ought to have been. To say the truth, I have already asked Glendinning. I have committed myself thus, too far to retreat; otherwise, although I do think the fellow very agreeable and clever, I should have never made a point of having him here, if it would cause you any annoyance."

"There, now! that's just like your father!" said Mrs. Lennox. "Go and

do a thing first, and then ask permission !”

“ But, Miss Elton—” said Mr. Lennox. “ Don’t you think she has some right to be consulted ?”

“ Oh, I am sure, sir—” observed Miss Elton, who had hitherto been so distressed at the altercation in the family, that she was too much pleased to behold its amicable termination,—“ I have no right, and no wish to form an opinion.”

“ There ’s an angel for you, you young dog,” exclaimed his father, who little dreamed how far matters had gone between them. Frank blushed, but Fanny appeared unconcerned at the observation.

“ Of course, I ought not to have invited him, without announcing it to Miss Elton, and begging her consent ; but I was so sure of that—”

“ Oh ! let us have him,” said Mary ; “ perhaps it will be of service to the poor fellow, to see what kind of family he was about depriving of its pride and ornament.”

Frank bowed at the compliment.

"Well done, Molly!" said her father. "You're more forgiving than more pious folks!"

"I must not take too much credit," said Mary, "or I should be dishonest. The truth is, I am dying with curiosity to see this young gentleman. Frank says he's agreeable, clever, and handsome. Mr. Emmerson says he's vulgar, coarse, and ugly. Mr. Ernest told me he was the greatest genius that ever lived; and father thinks his conduct is only the effervescence of such noble qualities as those of Henry the Fifth. What people talk so much about, and what gives rise to such contradictory opinions, of course becomes an object of interest; and, as I am of the fairer sex, and curiosity is one of our allowed foibles, I propose that the youth should be invited, if it's only to have a good look at him."

"I had one look at him," said Mrs. Lennox, with a shudder, "as his face turned on Frank, after he had received the blow. His countenance was that of the very spirit of darkness and fury him-

The fierce glance of his eye seemed threaten destruction to Frank.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Lennox, "when you are struck, you must not expect them to look amiable. Eyes don't kill quite so easily; at least," turning to Fanny, "not in the case of the male gender. Now, there are no orbs—"

"—Mine, I presume," said Fanny. "If you think them so dangerous, you had better get out of their way."

"You're an impudent little witch," said Mr. Lennox, "and for all the trouble you have caused in this family you must make me some reparation."

"What reparation, you horrid being? Do you think you're going to scold me as you do poor Frank?"

Mr. Lennox approached her, and she started off to the corner of the room, for she had been subjected to these reparations before, in the company of her audacious, light-hearted host.

"You must submit, Fanny," said he. "The laws of the Medes and Persians were

mere weathercocks to my determination. You may as well yield."

"Well; I'll capitulate on honourable terms, rather than endure your impertinence," said Fanny blushing, and looking so provokingly pretty, that poor Frank began almost to think it his duty to interfere.

"Take care!" said Lennox. "I'm coming."

"Well, then, stop, and I'll capitulate."

"How can you be such a child, Henry?" said Mrs. Lennox.

"'Silence, good mother, hear the embassy,'" quoted Lennox. "'Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?'"

"Well!" said Fanny laughing, "I will come and kiss you, and I'm not to suffer such an extortion again—at least for a month."

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

She advanced from her place of refuge and fairly kissed Mr. Lennox on his cheek.

Upon which, he smacked his lips, in such a way that Frank's dark eyes flashed, and Mrs. Lennox cried out,

"If I were Fanny, I'd box your ears for you."

"But, unfortunately, you're not Fanny, my dear," said Lennox.

"You're always ready to order everybody else to be horsewhipped," said Fanny; "what do you think you yourself deserve?"

"To hear you, Frank, and Mary sing a glee as a punishment," said Lennox. "Come, we have had no music since Frank's scrape."

She sat down at the piano, and ran her fingers rapidly over the keys. Frank drew near with Mary, and they commenced a favourite glee, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox joining, for both sang well.

Harry came in, for it was late, while they were singing. Had they paid attention to him, they would have noticed the pale, thoughtful, and moody sadness of his countenance; but they were all too much absorbed in their harmonious occupation

to observe anything else, and the young man entered unnoticed, if not unperceived, and stood in the embrasure of a deep window, half concealed behind a heavy curtain, with folded arms and gloomy brow, leaning against the wall, gazing at the group as on a picture.

"Miss Elton's servant!" said a domestic opening the door..

"Why, what does Miss Elton want with a servant?" said Mrs. Lennox. "Is not Frank here?"

"Oh, I thought, perhaps, my dear Mrs. Lennox—I am so troublesome to you, and, besides, it's cruel to take Frank out at this time of night."

"Really, Miss Elton," said Frank, "you and everybody else seem to think me a very delicate child!"

"Certainly!" said she laughing. "Poor little fellow! He looks as if he ought to have been in bed an hour ago!"

Contrary to his resolution, Harry tried to catch her parting glances, but she went off laughing, and without looking at him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE hour, which was to introduce Glenning and his friend, Captain White, the Lennoxes at length arrived, and the whole family were assembled in the drawing-room to receive the guests. First came the Eltons, the old gentleman looking rather grave; Mrs. Elton, her face as usual radiant with pleasure, making the whole time from the moment she entered; Fanny, arrayed in all the charm of that youthful beauty which exercised such an influence over the two susceptible young men, and which was destined to influence the subsequent career of more than one of the persons present. Then Mary went down stairs and led in, almost by force, little Seth Pease, whose face was covered with blushes, partly caused by the dread of appearing for the first time in society, and

partly by the lively consciousness of having on a very new suit of city-looking clothes.

"Come in, Seth, come in," said Mary, whose kind heart took a great interest in this friendless boy, and who had arranged, by the aid of her taste, what would else have been imperfectly done, various points of his toilet, brushed back his locks from his forehead, and put a neat brooch, a present from herself, into the folds of his stock. "What can he be afraid of? I do believe, if I had not gone down stairs and brought him up, we should not have had the pleasure of his society to-day."

"Walk up here, you young Lothario," said Mr. Lennox, "and let us look at you! What are you twisting your waistcoat button off for? Have you any conscientious objections to buttons?"

"He is really a very handsome little fellow," whispered Mrs. Elton, loud enough for him and everyone else to hear her; "and such expressive eyes! I'm sure, one of these days, those eyes will—"

"How do you expect to become a lawyer and a gentleman, sir?" continued Mr. Lennox, "if you bury yourself in an ice and do nothing but read and copy? The law is the noblest profession in the world. It offers you a brilliant career, and demands knowledge not only of books but of men. That's the reason why I have asked you to dine with me to-day. You must begin to accustom yourself to society, to meet men and women without flinching, or being flustered. No more of that blushing, sir! Now do you think you'll ever be able to perform the high functions of President of the United States,—as I presume you will have to do one of these days,—if you can't enter a room without obviously wishing you could leave your hands and feet at the bottom of the Red Sea!"

"Come here, Seth," said Mrs. Lennox. "You'll learn all these things by and by. You shall sit next me, my dear little boy, and I'll take care of you, at dinner."

As the poor fellow went awkwardly whither he was bid, glad to escape the

boisterous benevolence of his master, visitors were announced in quick succession.

The usual salutations had scarcely passed, when the conversation, by general consent, appeared to fall on the two expected English guests. Various opinions were expressed as to the character of Glendinning, who was warmly defended by Mr. Lennox, Frank, and Mrs. Elton, against the rest of the company. Frank praised him enthusiastically. His father declared himself against the principle of putting a man in Coventry because he had exhibited the follies of youth, and Mrs. Elton was sure that he was a noble fellow, from his magnanimous conduct on the field, where he had risked his own life, and, by wasting his shot, had saved that of Frank; and where he had made all the reparation possible. "Any one," she said, "was liable to do wrong, but only the good were ashamed of it afterwards; and we ought to recollect that there was more joy in heaven at the recovery of one lost sinner, than for the ninety-nine who had never gone astray." She was going on to

relate an occurrence, which had come under her own observation only two years previously, when she was interrupted by the opening of the door and the servant's announcing Captain White and Captain Glendinning. They were received by Frank with great cordiality, and led by him, first to his mother, then to his father, who shook them warmly by the hand. The kind greeting of Mrs. Lennox was rendered much less difficult than she had supposed it would be, by the agreeable surprise she felt at seeing in Glendinning a person so different from what she had expected. The two strangers were presented to all the company including the Eltons. At the sight of Fanny, the embarrassment and shame of Glendinning were so obvious, as to considerably soften the sentiment of repugnance which had been generally felt at his entrance. Fanny at first turned pale, but her natural colour presently returned in all its brilliancy. There was a moment's awkward pause, which Glendinning broke, with equal grace and frankness, by

touching boldly and successfully the chord then vibrating in every breast.

"I should think myself at this moment even more censurable than I really am, if I hesitated to express, my dear Mrs. Lennox, at the very earliest opportunity, my shame and regret at what has happened. My appearance before you, indeed, would be a new insult, if I did not come most deeply repentant, and desirous to obtain your pardon!"

"Quite unnecessary, my dear fellow!" said Frank. "Don't give yourself any trouble."

"You are the first, sir," said Mrs. Lennox, "to touch upon a subject which I should not have alluded to, as it cannot but awaken in a mother's breast emotions far from agreeable. But your frankness merits equal frankness in return, and I will confess I did not think, ten minutes ago, that any circumstance could make me forgive you. I hope, however, I am too much of a Christian to withhold from true repentance the pardon which we all ourselves require."

"Bravo! my dear mother!" said Frank, with high glee at the smooth manner in which affairs were going on.

"If Miss Elton also," rejoined Glendinning, "knew how I detest myself for the incident which has distressed her, she also would forgive me."

Miss Elton bowed her head without speaking.

"I assure you," said White, "my friend has changed more since the little affair with your son, than I could have believed possible, and, upon my soul! I hav'n't the slightest doubt that he will go on improving famously."

"Say no more!" said Lennox, "you will find my boys always as ready to grant pardon when asked, as to—"

"Certainly," interrupted Mrs. Lennox, who saw that her candid husband was running upon breakers. "If the affair has had such a favourable effect upon what, I hope, is but the thoughtlessness of youth, I shall regret it the less."

"Since it has made us acquainted with Captain Glendinning and his friend, I

don't think we can regret it at all," said Lennox.

Dinner was announced, and the company were soon seated. The manner and appearance of Glendinning, as well as every word he said, gained him the good opinion of all present, who, like Mrs. Lennox, had expected to meet a very different sort of person. Instead of a coarse *roué*, he was a slender, handsome young man of six-and-twenty, in manners mild and modest, with a prepossessing and handsome countenance, and betraying, in various ways, ingenuousness, delicacy of feeling, and kindness of heart. Mrs. Lennox felt singularly interested in him, and resolved to inquire into his history. As she sat near White, she was enabled to do so, and privately learned from that gentleman all she desired.

"Glendinning," said White to Mrs. Lennox, "has a constitutional peculiarity. His temper is as quick and his blood as hot as his judgment (which though good when exercised) is slow. With the best heart in the world, and the very best in-

ensions, he has always been in difficulty. He lost his mother, whom he tenderly loved, at the age of thirteen, and his father immediately married again, by which he brought an accession of two thousand a-year to his fortune, a woman of a sharp, peculiarly disagreeable temper and character into his house, and a world of trouble to poor Charles. The step-mother hated him of course. The father, likewise, played into the hands of the lady. Charles inherited from his mother an independence of his own, which, perhaps, made him less patient than he should have been. There are half a dozen step-sisters and step-brothers, who all hate him, and he detests them as heartily. His hot temper, perhaps, has carried him too far in his relations with them. Considering his own mother's memory insulted by the sudden union of his father with his second wife, he deemed the feeble affection which his father bore him, not enough to protect him from certain annoyances at home, and he was therefore driven into a course of dissipation. He then shunned society, and

sought only companions of questionable character. A commission was purchased for him, principally with the view of getting him out of the way, and his father, after recommending me to keep an eye on him, so that he should not disgrace his family, shipped him off, and I believe I have been his best friend ever since. I assure you a more affectionate, generous, warm-hearted young man never breathed. Since the little affair with your son, he has apparently devoted some time to sober reflection, and I have no doubt he will become as fine a fellow as heart can wish. In short, I think his interval of recklessness is over. He has gone through his transition-state, and I now consider him to be a reformed man."

"You have greatly interested me in him," said Mrs. Lennox. "Do you remain long at New-York?"

"Some weeks, I think."

"If your friend and yourself can be induced to visit us sometimes, I should like to see more of him."

"Oh! he will, I doubt not, be happy to

do so, and I must assure you, the magnanimity you display in forgiving him will not fail to make a deep and salutary impression on his character."

"I hope so; he appears to possess a fine mind."

"And a very grateful and warm heart, I assure you."

The hope of being able to exert a beneficial influence on such a disposition, inspired Mrs. Lennox with the resolution to make the attempt, and there was something in the face of her proposed pupil which caused her to think the undertaking neither hopeless nor difficult.

While this conversation was going on, in subdued tones, between Mrs. Lennox and Captain White, Mrs. Elton was talking so busily to Glendinning, as to preclude the possibility of his attending to anyone else, and Mrs. Henderson was stating to Mr. Brigham the very disagreeable impression both the strangers made on her, and her astonishment on finding such improper persons at table with her.

"Mr. Lennox is, I am quite disposed to allow," said the lady, carefully lowering her voice so that Harry, who sat near, could catch nothing of her communications, "a most excellent man. To me he has been the most devoted friend, but it is curious to perceive what ideas he has on some subjects, and how his wife yields to him on all occasions."

"And should not a wife yield to her husband?" mildly asked Mr. Brigham.

"Well! I don't know," said she, fixing her envious black eyes on the persons of whom she spoke, while a shade of sharp discontent passed over her forbidding, sallow countenance. "Mrs. Lennox is an amiable woman, and I ought to be the last person in the world to say anything against her, since she is my husband's only sister, and both I and Mr. Henderson have received one continued series of hospitalities from them, and they have, with their princely fortune, as you know, been the means of establishing my husband in his prosperous business. I am sure they love us with

their hearts, and never lose an opportunity of showing their regard. One can't use one's eyes and ears, you know.

I ought to be the last person——"

"Your kind heart," said Mr. Brigham with a gentle irony, "instructs you wisely to be silent respecting the weaknesses of our friends."

Certainly; if there is one thing in this world which I hate more than another, it is backbiting. I am as sensitive as a quail in this respect; my heart always goes to the better of my head. What a lovely girl Fanny is grown?"

"Yes,"

"I think her character has improved as much as her person."

"I always fancied Miss Elton the gentlest of beings."

"Yes, she has that look."

* * * * *

"The whole family are perfect," said Mr. Elton to Glendinning. "There isn't a fault in one of them. Two such noble young men were never before seen. Mary is an angel out of heaven, and Mr. Len-

nox the most delightful of men, while, my dear Mrs. Lennox — Ah !” and tears actually came into her eyes, “if you knew her as I do, Captain Glendinning, you would love her with all the devotion of a son.”

* * * *

“It is all very well,” said Harry to Elton (who had designedly led his young friend to the subject of religion again); but duelling is and ought to be sanctioned by public opinion, and society could not hold together without it.”

“You will allow, I think,” said Elton, “that Christianity forbids it?” — “Yes.”

“That it regards it as a crime?”

“Yes.”

“Then you cannot fight a duel without violating the spirit and precept of Christianity.” — “No.”

“The question, then, narrows itself to a small compass ; that you must permit the institution of duelling and dismiss Christianity, or embrace Christianity and denounce duelling?”

“You state the question fairly.”

"And yet you advocate duelling?"

"I do."

"Then you are willing to see Christianity rejected by mankind?"

"That is a grave question," said Harry, after a pause. "But no man shall make me a hypocrite. Christianity is a useful institution. I do not wish to see it destroyed. Its precepts are beautiful, but not practicable; they cannot be applied to practice, nor am I singular in thinking so, however I may be in confessing my thoughts. Other people think as I do; but they do not say so. Only a few enthusiasts, or men not fairly brought into the currents of active life, pretend to make Christian precepts really their rule of action. I would not express these opinions to the world, not even to my own friends generally. But to you, who are not a bigot, I speak freely."

"I honour your frankness," said Mr. Elton, "as much as I regret that you entertain such opinions. Most men, particularly the ardent and self-confident, if possessed of thinking and cultivated

minds, are liable, not only to doubt, but to disbelieve, at some period of their lives. If it had been the intention of Providence that the Christian doctrine should be evident to the world at large, then no one could have doubted. Religion is the most solemn consideration which can engage the attention of a human being, and as life glides away, its solemnity and importance increase. But it requires, for the generality of mankind, attention and study like any other of the various advantages which are placed within the reach of human creatures. If it pleased you flippantly to deny the truths of astronomy, you might do so, and deep study alone could place you in possession of them. The earth does not seem to us round, or to be in motion ; neither are we conscious of being whirled through space at the rate of so many thousand miles an hour. To the ignorant you may even successfully deny these facts, and even appeal to reason, sight, and common sense. Study and examination are necessary to make you

properly acquainted with the subject, which, by scientific investigation, is proved to be very different from what it appears to ordinary understanding. So it is with yet more abstruse spiritual truths of christianity. From your love of right, from your powers of mind, and the virtues of your heart, I hope when you have discovered the insufficiency of infidelity to bear a human soul even to the verge of eternity, when you have had time fairly to detest the empty errors which now wear in your eyes the aspect of truth, I hope you will consider this subject and change your opinion. My object in eliciting from you the present distinct avowal of your complete unbelief is, to let you yourself see clearly what your own opinions are. Don't pass through life with unsettled notions on a question of such consequence—without either belief or unbelief. Irrational animals may do this, but a rational being is formed to acquire opinions, by reason and in study or reflection. Excuse me for sliding into a sermon at dinner. This is not the proper place, and you are not

in the proper mood for serious discussion. I should be glad to speak with you oftener, alone, coolly, and with only truth for our object. Now, however, all I wish is to establish one point. You are an infidel ; that is, you do not believe the Bible. It is certain, as you say, that Christendom is full of professing Christians, who do not believe more than yourself. You are young ; life is before you. You will have time for observation, if God please to prolong your days. All I ask of you is—do observe."

"I appreciate the interest you take in me," said Harry. "But to him who has not yet chosen any religion, it is necessary, if he be resolved on adopting one, that he should study all religions. I should spend my days and nights in comparing Fetichism with Sabeism, the claims of Mahomet, Brahma, and Confucius. My professional studies must be neglected while I am engaged in these researches ; and I fear I should waste my life before I had succeeded in ascertaining what true religion is, whence it came, and to what it tends?"

"You are young and happy," said Elton
rely. "You will not always continue
There are years when the mortal
nds, or seems to stand, in no need of
gion. But years pass away. If you
se, we will resume the subject at
e future time."

"I fear it will be of no avail, though I
ll listen attentively to the advice
ch comes from such a friend."

The debate between these two speakers
s probably not overheard by any one
e. Elton was surprised to find the
ady determination with which his young
panion adhered to opinions so dan-
ous, while Harry secretly congratulated
self on having always the best of the
ument, and regarded his friend as a
y worthy puritanical gentleman, who
ieved implicitly all he had been taught,
d he almost envied him his self-satisfied
edom from doubt.

* * * *

"What a delightful painting I could
ake of this circle," says Brigham to
arry, "in this light! Upon my word I

have a mind to sketch one as a sort of continuation of your family history."

"You have painted us all so many times before," said Harry, alluding to several pictures on the wall, "that I should think you would be nearly tired of us."

The paintings to which Henry referred, were various portraits, in oil and water-colours, of the children, in as many attitudes and costumes. There were Frank, when two years old, with his papa's hat and coat on; Harry, a boy of thirteen, looking you directly in the face, with an expression of sunshiny, careless happiness, which formed a striking contrast to his present countenance; and Mary, somewhat younger, as a shepherdess, tending a lamb, and Frank again, still earlier, with a rattle and coral.

"I have heard your father speak lately of a tour in Europe," said Brigham, "and Frank is going off to Prairie du Chien; your sister will be getting married next, and, what say you to a small painting, but sufficiently large to preserve portraits,

to produce all the effect of reality, representing this company just as it is."

"If it could be done soon," said Harry, speaking of his own plans of travel, "I should like it of all things; and, seriously, give you the commission to do it. You take portraits of every person. I'll see even little Seth in."

"I'll do it," said Brigham. "I'll set out it immediately. I should scarcely dare to alter an attitude. Miss Elton in the foreground, and those two English speakers, your father and Emerson, your mother and Frank. We must talk of this hereafter. Your father, especially, will make an admirable head."

"We will talk of this more particularly tomorrow," said Harry.

"Emmerson's is a singular-looking countenance. He's a clever man, I believe?" asked Brigham.

"Oh! very. The apple of my father's eye. His history is interesting."

"I think I have heard of a service your father rendered him."

"Ten years ago," said Harry, "my father had occasion to visit, several times, one of the prisoners in the old gaol. While there, he observed a man of three or four and thirty, of quiet manners, and not unpleasing exterior, shabbily dressed, pale, thin, and evidently unhappy. He was informed that the person was an attorney, who was imprisoned for a small debt, and seemed to suffer in health as well as spirits, particularly from want of good food and clothing. The old Roman law which gave to creditors the dead body of their debtor, was less barbarous than that of our enlightened land, which, at that period, plunged the living into a cheerless dungeon, deprived them of the means to exercise their industry, and yet, while the felon was fed, made no provision to supply the debtor with the necessaries of life."

"Yes, it is startling to observe," said Brigham, "what abhorrent forms of error are so long allowed to exist, with the daylight shining full upon them, and yet exciting no notice, because we are used to them."

"Well," said Harry, "my father sought the acquaintance of this person, tendered his services, sent him the best of food from his own table, supplied him with books, newspapers, &c., till at length, learning his history, and finding that he had been practising law for a year in New-York, or, rather, endeavouring to practise it, without the least chance of obtaining any business, offered to pay his debt, which was only three hundred dollars, and to take him into his own office to assist him in business. He found him well-informed, keen, and intelligent; perfectly cool and steady, and a careful, infatigable student. I believe he often sits up the whole night to study, and he has now got to be such an able lawyer, that, although he has not the talent of oratory, he really takes the lead in the business of the office, and is a most invaluable assistant. He is a silent man, very quiet, modest, and amiable. He never alludes to the circumstances under which we made our acquaintance; but I presume he feels them not the less deeply, and he

devotes himself to the business of the office with such indefatigable zeal and fidelity that we all see in it the evidence of a mind not the less grateful because somewhat reserved and silent."

"You spoke of his history. What is it?"

"He is the son of an honest farmer, who, although himself poor and uneducated, discovered the intelligence of his son, and sent him to school, and thence to college, where his severe application acquired for him a respectable standing. He afterwards taught Latin and Greek, as an usher, in a day-school, while he was studying law; and when admitted to the bar, and obliged to abandon this means of support, his cold and silent manners not being of a kind likely to procure him friends and clients, he languished for some time in obscurity and indigence, necessarily running in debt, till at last, although one of the very cleverest men at the bar, he found himself in gaol. Now, the scene is changed. My father loves and trusts him like a brother.

Everything is committed to his hands. I, so much his junior in age, and so much his inferior in instruction and in habits of study, am very glad of an opportunity to learn under such an able master. We all love him as a superior being. He is, indeed, everything to us. If my father is at a loss for an opinion, he goes to Mr. Emmerson. If he thinks of purchasing a house, or a horse, he consults Mr. Emmerson. If Frank wants anything, he applies to Mr. Emmerson. If I am at a loss, and my father is not at hand, Emmerson is my man. And, I believe, my mother, who thinks him perfection, would, if she were hesitating whether to have mince-pie or plum-pudding for dessert, send for Mr. Emmerson and ask his advice !”

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! I suppose his fortune is made, then !”

“I believe my father considers it to be at least secure. He received at first a salary, which was subsequently raised. When I entered the office as a partner it was agreed that we should, after the third

year, make a new arrangement, putting him on an equal footing. My father, you know, has scarcely need of his professional income, either for himself or any of his family, except me, and is too happy in being able to bring forward so clever a man as Emmerson ; we are, in fact, going to arrange the matter this very summer."

"He must be a great treasure to you all."

" 'He is,' as my mother often says, 'perfection,' and at the same time, in business, I never saw a keener, more watchful, far-seeing eye. In fact, there is something remarkable about him."

"And the young country-looking boy, farther down—who is he?"

"What, poor little Seth? Ha! ha! ha! Another of my father's *protégés*. The little fellow is from Vermont, well-descended from the Green Mountain boys; he resisted every attempt, *vi et armis*, to make a cobbler of him, and declared he would be nothing but a scholar and a great lawyer. He was whipped at the plough, they say, worse than the oxen which drew

it, and sent into the barn to thrash corn, only to be much more thoroughly thrashed himself; till at last his father kicked him neck and heels out of doors, and told him to go and be a gentleman. His mother, however, sent after him a small yearly supply of cash, which he made the most of. My father met him by chance during an excursion into Vermont, and you know his enthusiasm for anything striking, and out of the common routine. He ordered the young lad into his room, examined him a little, and, finding that he had picked up a good deal of learning in the rough, offered him a place as clerk in his office, with a pittance sufficient to live on. We have had him now some years. I like him much. So do the rest of us; but Emmerson finds him rather untractable. Nevertheless, my father, who you know never does anything by halves, tries his best to bring him out. It is his happiness to do good, to help along young people in the world, to find out hidden merit, the more unsuspected the place the better, and to call it forth.

He fancies he sees in little Seth a certain excellence of nature, and a certain moral and intellectual capacity, which circumstances and time may ripen into something very remarkable. I don't know how it is, but Emmerson, whose opinion has such great weight with us, says, he's a stupid, obstinate little mule, and that nothing can be made of him worth the trouble we have bestowed on him. This judgment of Emmerson has put poor Seth lately rather under a cloud, and nobody but my father, whose heart shines on all alike, continues to have any high hopes of him. He has now invited him to his own table, hoping, as he says, to form his manners, and make a gentleman of him. Poor Seth !”

The eyes of both the gentlemen here turned on Seth, who, attired in his gay suit of new clothes, presented rather a ludicrous figure. His long shirt collar, which threatened to cut his ears off, at the same time interfered with the ingress of food into his mouth. He said nothing, and, when spoken to, only blushed deeply,

and stammered an answer that made him appear all that Emmerson had declared him. He formed a striking contrast to that individual, who, although his manners were peculiarly quiet and unassuming, was frequently drawn into the general conversation, and discovered extensive information, displaying a mind stored with facts, the result of long study ; and the respect with which he was listened to by all the members of the Lennox family communicated itself imperceptibly to the rest of the company.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABOUT a week after the foregoing scene, on a morning which seemed to have assumed its brightest looks for the occasion, the bell of the steam-boat, Chancellor Livingston, advertised to start at eight for Albany, rang the notice to dilatory passengers that the moment of departure was at hand. It wanted but two minutes of the appointed time of starting; the captain had just shouted "All aboard!" in that vociferous voice peculiar to persons of his profession, and a couple of men had stooped to draw in the plank, when two carriages were seen rapidly approaching, and the already revolving paddles were checked. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Elton and Fanny, with Frank, Mary, and little Seth, all in high glee, and in a very great hurry. They were speedily shown

board by the polite captain, who waited a moment to see that the luggage followed in safety. Under his superintendence, and to the silent amusement of the crowd of passengers, and of various miscellaneous groups collected about the piles, barrels, and piles of pine-wood, on the wharf, three or four stout fellows soon transferred to the deck the large hair trunk and the little leathern one, the three portmanteaux, and the five bandboxes, besides an indefinite number of valises, hat-cases, canes, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and umbrellas: this effected, the captain breathed again. He once more shouted "All aboard!" and the wheels again commenced their violent rotation, when another carriage was observed thundering down Courtland-street, with a directness of purpose sufficiently indicating, on the part of the occupants, determination to transfer their persons from their vehicle to the boat, if possible. The majority of the passengers gathered on one side of the deck to watch the *dénouement* of this little drama, which

they appeared unfeelingly to regard as a comic performance; while the driver of the approaching carriage, the horses thereof, the people within, and the desperate and indignant captain, all seemed affected with emotions more or less approaching to the tragic. The latter gentleman, in a tone of voice rather animated than otherwise, ordered the plank to be hauled in; muttering, at the same time, something which might possibly have resulted from a ruffled temper, and which threatened great danger to his own eyes or those of the rapidly-arriving strangers. Despite these inauspicious circumstances the said travellers reached the wharf, and proceeded forthwith to leap on board. Their luggage was pitched after them in an unceremonious style, by a man who first stopped, however, to decipher the inscription "Captain Glendinning" on the plate of a valise.

"All aboard! Will you haul in that plank?" shouted the captain, now full three quarters of a minute after his time.

"All aboard !" echoed half-a-dozen voices. The bell gave one more deafening toll, which caused many ladies to place their hands against their ears, and draw up their faces into the prettiest and drollest expressions imaginable; meanwhile, the Pennox family were heartily shaking White and Glendinning by the hand. The plank was now drawn in with a force bordering on ferocity, to the imminent danger of the feet and legs of some forty or fifty bystanders. The broad wheels made plunge after plunge as the huge engine began to heave and pant with its great labour, the cables were cast loose, the surrounding green water grew white and distracted with foam, the shore, with its crowded admiring spectators, receded from the eyes of the throng of smiling travellers, who began to inhale more freely the cool air of the open bay, so refreshing after the hot dust of the town; and, as the immense boat put airily off into the river, and turned her prow up the Hudson, the band, stationed beneath the broad awning on the upper

deck, began to play such a soul-stirring air, that everybody looked as bright and happy as if there were no such thing as care in the whole world.

The meeting of the Lennoxes with their two English friends was as unexpected as it was agreeable. "Who expected to see you?" exclaimed Mr. Lennox, "and where in the world did you come from? I thought your engagements prevented your leaving: and now we've got you, we shall carry you off to Rose Hill!" Glendinning explained to Mr. Lennox how they had been unable to resist the pleasure of taking the trip with them, and how they had successfully pleaded to be let off from other engagements, while Mrs. Elton was launching out into a glowing description of Rose Hill and its resources, addressed to no one in particular, in which the words boating, shooting, fishing, riding, flowers, moon-light, home-made bread and butter, poetry, and many others, followed with such earnest rapidity that her eyes were half full of tears, and glittered

through her continual smiles like an April sun-shower. Lennox insisted upon keeping the English officers at least a month, and, when something was intimated of "leave of absence" being expired, and a "very strict Lieutenant-Colonel," he said, they might lay all the blame on his shoulders, and if he could catch the Lieutenant-Colonel at Rose Hill he would serve him the same way, and, if they chose, they might tell him he said so. Never was there such a merry party, such superb weather, such bright things to see, and such a wonderful growth of familiarity and friendship. There was more seen of each other's minds and hearts in a day than would have been the case in a year anywhere else. No kind of travelling can be more cheering than this way of starting from New York up the Hudson. What with the crowd, and the movement, and the noise, and the voices, and the shaking of hands, and the bidding of friends to bid good-b'ye, from back to shore; and the bracing sweet air, and the beautiful women, and the

jokes and the laughter at everybody and everything, and the sharp appetite occasioned by all this, and the savoury odour of the very nice breakfast you are going to get presently, and your rapid flight by the great, red, smoking, dusty, magnificent, brawling, crowded city, with the black wharfs and old meal stores vanishing in double quick time, and the sloops, and ferry-boats, and barges, and ships, and the green woods, and shores, and rocks, and sand beeches, and farm houses and villages, and villas and leaning hills, and broken perpendicular precipices, all floating behind you like a perfect vision of enchantment, all as fresh and new in the tender morning light, as if just finished on the painter's easel, all steeped in radiant colours and perfumes, and grateful silence. In short, to a person, like most of our present party, healthy and happy, with plenty of money in his pockets, and hope in his bosom, — emancipated from business and care, such a trip, under such circumstances, is almost enough to make him think that human life has been grossly libelled by moral philosophers.

The next memorable incident of the day, was another deafening peal from a large hand-bell, mercilessly rung by an honest negro, his face shining with delight at the noise he made, and the importance he was performing, who announced in a magisterial voice—"Them gentlemen as hasn't paid his passages, will please to walk to the captain's office and settle it!" A piece of rhetoric which brought the gaiety of our little party to its highest possible point, and made even Fanny, who was inclined to be pensive, give scope to her old girlish laughs. Seth was actually in convulsions of delight.

Then came a black lady, very ingeniously, and no doubt in her own opinion tastefully, dressed, with a variety of ornaments and elegances peculiarly patronized by our sable belles, who quietly and mysteriously selected the ladies by a freemason-like sort of nod and gesture, and thus caused most of them to vanish before the great mass of single gentlemen knew anything of what was going on. She was then announced to the male rem-

nant of the ravenous assemblage, that the hour of breakfast had arrived, and that, by transferring their persons below, they might partake of the same.

There are various sights in this world calculated to awaken intense emotions, but few more so than that which burst upon the individuals who brought up the rear of the procession into the cabin, as they beheld the splendidly-furnished saloons, and the long, endless tables smoking with every delicacy which could provoke the appetite, if indeed any stimulus were necessary to effect that object. The Lennox party had been obligingly placed in possession of one end of the principal table; where, Lennox at the head, and leading the attack, such an onset was made upon the enemy as never was seen. The effect of the motion, the excitement, the sharp morning air, had been irresistible. A most extraordinary disappearance of the various surrounding edibles took place, the four gentlemen, like gallant knights hovering around their "ladies fair," and anticipating their wants.

Once more on deck, the crowd of passengers, with spirits attuned to tranquil enjoyment by the increasing beauty of the scenery, began to yield to those affinities which attract "like with like." A large number were, of course, acquaintances. Such as were strangers were duly presented, and the delights of social intercourse could scarcely be anywhere greater than on this occasion, under the broad awning of the upper deck of the immense steamboat, and floating through scenes which recalled the valley of Rasselas.

In this assemblage, the presence of the two young duellists occasioned a considerable sensation. The affair had by this time become universally known, and the part Frank had borne in it rendered him an object of universal admiration and interest. Not only is the unthinking multitude dazzled by a display of prompt and manly courage, but there is in it something fascinating also to the soberest and wisest. It seems to redeem, to a certain extent, even a bad cause ; but how

much more brilliant is it when manifested in the punishment of aggression, and in the protection of women? Even they who were opposed in principle to the custom of duelling, were silenced by the general approbation bestowed upon Frank. Had a British officer been permitted to leave the United States unpunished after such an act; to have displayed ostentatiously the rose thus rudely snatched from an American lady, with an American officer at her side, what would the whole world have said? There was so much force in this argument, that they who had nothing to oppose to the practice of duelling but the word of God, were but slightly listened to; so difficult is it for pure Christian principle to contend successfully against the passions and illusions of life.

On the present occasion Frank was the lion of the day. When it was whispered about who he was, all eyes were fixed on him (and some of them, as Mr. Mantilini says, "d—d handsome ones too!"). He had entitled himself to the applause of his native city. The newspapers had been

all of compliments to him. Judges, statesmen, and public magistrates, shook him heartily by the hand, and, among the ladies, a young hero who had just saved his country in some brilliant battle could scarcely have been more openly admired. Mr. Lennox and Mary enjoyed all this, and Mrs. Elton, who, being occupied the whole time in talking, did not think much the way or the other, shared in the triumphs of her favourite young friend. But Mrs. Lennox looked on with regret, and apprehension lest a dangerous impression might be thus made on her son's character.

Glendinning, too, against whom, at first, the general indignation had run high, began to be regarded, not as a libertine who went—

“his rich opinion

For the name of a night-brawler;”

but as a mere frolicsome young madcap, who had firmly and magnanimously atoned, with his sober senses, for a boyish freak. White, who, it was understood, had done all in his power to prevent the occur-

rence at all, was also praised for the officer-like firmness with which he had pressed it through to just the point where his thoughtless friend might withdraw, in a chivalric way, from an affair of which he had become justly ashamed.

In the meanwhile everybody was introduced to everybody else, and everybody talked to everybody else about all sorts of things, and each individual would have thought him or herself as happy as possible if he or she had not felt they were growing happier every moment.

We wish we could record the light and agreeable conversation which beguiled the swift hours of this delightful day, and also pourtray the thoughts which passed through the various minds of the Lennox family and their friends. Mrs. Lennox, as she led on White to new communications respecting his friend, felt it more than ever her duty to avail herself of his present visit, which seemed a providential opportunity, to awaken in his volatile mind some serious religious impressions. She recognized in him an ingenuousness of

character, quite in keeping with his engaging manners and prepossessing countenance. The enterprise of redeeming such a person from infidelity, and from the dangers and misery consequent upon it, appeared to her justly worthy of a Christian. Facility of disposition, which allowed him to be led away by bad example, and impetuous impulses and passions, which he had not yet learned to govern, were obviously his principal faults. Of the great and beautiful scheme of Christianity, its history, and the evidence on which it stands, he was totally and singularly ignorant; and she promised herself the pious pleasure of unfolding to his view its sacred truths.

Glendinning was pleased with the prospect of passing a week at Rose Hill, and White was too much charmed with his new acquaintances to interpose objections. Miss Elton was glad to have any one to occupy Frank's thoughts and time. She saw that his duel on her account had given him new hopes, although the delicacy of his heart caused him to betray

them only in an indirect way. She did, indeed, begin to regard him as no longer a boy, and the admiration and friendship which she really felt for him, she was too artless to conceal, and he too inexperienced to understand. He evidently hoped that time might effect a favourable change in her sentiments towards him, and trusted everything to the future, which looked so bright and cloudless.

But of the whole party, perhaps none were so completely wrapped in enchantment (though of a very different kind) as Mrs. Elton and Seth. The former, who in the darkest hour was surrounded by an atmosphere of sunshine, now that orb did really pour forth his full splendour, beheld in the earth only a scene of uninterrupted bliss. All nature, and every individual, wore, in her happy eyes, a colour of brightness. To her everything was beautiful. Everybody was charming; the ugliest physiognomy had some attraction. A cross temper was honest roughness, and a pug nose *spirituel*. She gave White and Glendinning such astounding

accounts of the excellence of everything and everybody, that they began to fancy themselves figuring in some bright vision of the Arabian Nights.

Little Seth, now for the first time in his life going up the Hudson, and arrayed in all the splendour of his new suit, was almost struck dumb with astonishment and delight. He said nothing, except when spoken to, and then generally answered only with a huge blush and an abrupt laugh. Mr. Lennox, who saw how offensive he had become to Emmerson, though he could not understand why, had resolved to take him with the family to spend a month in the country, as much for the gratification of Emmerson, by his temporary removal, as of the boy himself. He noticed him a great deal, made it a point to introduce him to everybody, as if he had been his own son, never failing on such occasions to pronounce in full his three names, Seth Jacob Copeley, and to add, that he possessed talents and attainments which would inevitably one day

place him at the head of his profession, if not in the Presidential Chair.

Poor Seth had heard these astounding eulogies so repeatedly, that he began to be used to them; he felt deeply the kindness that prompted them, and his regard for Mr. Lennox continually increased. All treated him with a gentleness and consideration, which sank into a heart not without warmth, although rarely displayed, and into a mind, though slow, both thoughtful and observing. His old, uncomfortable bashfulness had begun to give place to a feeling of greater ease and satisfaction. He saw that where Mrs. Lennox's mild, sweet face was, he had always a friend to help him out of the embarrassing dilemmas into which he was frequently plunged by the thoughtless good nature of Mr. Lennox, and as Mary took as much care of him as if he had been her brother, he got along tolerably well. Frank quizzed, and Glendinning mystified him, sometimes in a mere spirit of fun; but Mary was an excellent champion, and Frank met in her an ancient and formidable foe. In

short, Seth, somehow or other, found himself strangely happy. Of all men on earth, he most disliked and feared Emmerson. Now he had escaped from the dark face of that gentleman for a time, he found, to his joy, that his representations had not injured him in the opinion of his benefactors, and, with the facility of youth, regardless of the future, he gave himself up to the pleasing impressions of the moment, watched the easy and elegant manners of the three gentlemen, and delighted to bestow such attentions as he knew how upon the ladies, each one of whom he loved with all the unbounded fervour of boyish gratitude and admiration. Strange and sweet impressions, too, began to influence his mind from the varying and resplendent scenes of nature which were so rapidly flying behind him. He listened, too, with mute wonder to the conversation of the rest; to remarks on other shores and other rivers; to allusions to the scenes of Europe—that great dim vision of imagination to his young American mind—and to the thousand interesting topics

which he now heard discussed for the first time. The exquisite scenery which brought forth various exclamations of rapture, (for all else sank into his soul silently, but not less deeply,) and the poor little country boy, thus introduced, almost by accident, into a sphere of life so much above his own, began to feel within him the developement of new thoughts and the stirring of new emotions. The beautiful countenance of Mary Lennox had a sort of unaccountable attraction in his eyes. He could have sat gazing on it for hours, and so he did, quite uninterrupted, for no one looked at him. If the young girl herself sometimes caught his eyes with her own in these encounters, she only smiled so kindly and good-naturedly, that, as we before observed, somehow or other, this passage up to Rose Hill was the most enchanting, delicious day he had ever known.

Fanny Elton, who appeared to be only just recovering from her late indisposition, was on that ground held excusable for a certain reserve which seemed lately to

ave shed its influence on her mind and
emeanour. Her intimacy with Mary
esented the rare spectacle of a young
dy, decidedly prettier than her friend,
ithout believing so herself. While
ary, equal in character, if not quite so
countenance, knew it well, and unfeign-
ly rejoiced in it. Both were equally
ove the mean passions of vanity and
avy.

A glorious noon-tide brought the boat
to the Highlands, whose bold, gigantic
rms frowned darkly on the winding
ood, and exhibited their sharp angles in
rong relief against the stainless azure
y. This spot, the region of a thousand
mantic, as well as historical, associations,
d invested by Nature with such a start-
ng beauty, the fame of which has been
charmingly recorded by the chaste and
nder genius of Irving, never appeared
ore bright, still, enchanting, than on the
esent occasion. The sharp beak of the
boat went ploughing through the sleeping
water,—now close upon one shore, now
upon the other. Sloops, with their sails

fully spread, to catch every breath of air, stole silently along. The sturgeon leaped and fell heavily back into his watery home; and the eagle floated lowly over the rocky heights, balancing himself in idle enjoyment with his immense motionless wings, inspiring the beholder with envy at the possession of so glorious a power!

At last the bell, the clang of which a few hours ago had pealed through the hot and dusty streets of the city, now sent forth its deafening voice to die away among the echos of the mountains, and to summon the Lennoxes and their friends to land at B— point, upon whose beautiful and verdant acclivity Rose Hill stood. A very unsafe sort of ladder was the only means of approach to a still more unsafe-looking small boat, most perilously attached by a rope to the always rapidly-advancing steamer, all of which seemed to offer a reasonable chance of favouring the merry party with a ducking; but the descent was boldly and successfully made;

boxes, portmanteaus, umbrellas, valisses
came tumbling in, one after the other, and
sometimes two at once, and off dashed the
boat, in a style which there is no time
here to describe at all, only that there
were various wavings of white pocket-
handkerchiefs from the steamer to those
in the little boat, which signal they in the
little boat responded to with equal energy,
and Miss Elton sat quietly thoughtful in
the stern, while Frank wished with all his
heart she might fall overboard, that he
might jump in after her; still he would not
have her wet the sole of her shoe for
twenty worlds, lest she might take cold;
and—but stop!—here we are already
ashore. The little boat was soon emptied;
the steamer was heard puffing, and blow-
ing, and panting, and thundering, at a
great distance, and the whole party pre-
sently found themselves winding up a
most sweet and odoriferous road, shaded
with cedar, and oak, and sycamore, and
cistus, and wild roses, and all sorts of
trees and flowers that make the air smell

delicious. Ere long they were all standing on the portico of one of the most perfectly beautiful country-houses, that (at least, so thought Seth) ever were, or could possibly be, seen, or even conceived. It was a sweet place, Rose Hill ; but we are not going to describe it.

CHAPTER XX.

PERHAPS there never were any people altogether quite so happy as the party now assembled at Rose Hill. There never was such glorious weather; such capital creature comforts; such delicious butter, and honey, and marmalade, and preserves, and cherry-wine, and ice-cream, and home-made bread, and fruit-pie, and, in short, all sorts of the very nicest things imaginable. White and Glendinning were fairly fascinated; and even Fanny, although she had some reason not to be as gay as she had been formerly, even she could not resist the effect of the bright scenes, hilarious and inspiriting incidents, and very agreeable people around her. As for little Seth, he had got to be quite a different person as his true character developed itself. His stiff awkwardness gave place to more freedom

of manner, and the changes going on in his heart and mind began to show themselves on his countenance.

But, if Seth appeared to have undergone a favourable alteration, in Glendinning a much greater change was perceptible. He soon captivated his hospitable entertainers; and their obvious partiality for him, and complete forgiveness of his fault, had seriously touched his heart. Frank and he were become attached friends. In daring spirit and impetuosity of disposition, they were not unlike; but these qualities in Frank had been better regulated by education. Both were possessed of many of the faults as well as the virtues of youth. Hot-headed, thoughtless, passionate, and inexperienced, but generous, affectionate, noble, and impressible, it was no wonder that they soon learned to appreciate and esteem each other. Glendinning, sensible of his culpable folly, and heartily ashamed of his past life, evinced in various ways his sincere repentance and desire to reform; and it was not in the power of the amiable

family to see any one so truly inspired with good resolutions without entertaining for him both sympathy and friendship. There are periods when all that the earth affords of happiness seems gathered round us, and all its evils and cares disappear, just as some rare days break without a chill, a cloud, or a breath of wind. The brightness and repose of outward nature are reflected in our hearts. Our capacity for happiness is full. Not only the trees, the sky, rivers, and fields, bear an unwonted charm, but the people round us all appear invested with grace and love, awakening in us all our better feelings, as if they were so many radiant angels. Who has not come suddenly upon some such a happy valley in life's pilgrimage? where he would fain have lingered for ever, but that the dusky phantoms of Fate beckoned him onward, and the resistless and invisible current of circumstances, flowing with its turbid tide on and on, bears him away to other scenes, leaving only an enchanting recollection of these holidays of the heart!

And who has not felt, at such moments, the mysterious nearness, the viewless and noiseless presence of supernatural things? Who has not observed that these intervals of peace and joy come often just before some terrible crisis in life?

The week at Rose Hill was one of these periods of unusual delight, and the only drawback upon the general enjoyment at present, was the necessity which called Mr. Lennox back to town on the Monday morning, with the promise, however, to see them again on Friday or Saturday. Music, sketching, riding, gay and instructive conversation, poetry, and literature, and, on all sides, the unreserved confidences of the heart, formed the occupations of the party. Glendinning wondered that he had ever sought happiness in scenes so opposite to this.

They had arrived at Rose Hill on Tuesday, and it was arranged that they should remain there at least one week. The first afternoon and evening were devoted to an examination of the house and

grounds. There were an excellent farm, delightful garden, conservatories, promenades, &c.; a drive along a road following the river, and presenting a series of views remarkable for beauty; and then the family assembled in the drawing-rooms, which opened upon a balcony extending entirely around the house, and which was situated in so commanding a site, that the gorgeous and picturesque highland river-scenery was spread around like a superb panorama. Here the tea-table gathered together, not only the members of the party, but half-a-dozen distinguished strangers, either visitors at West Point, distant a short sail on the opposite side, or from some of the neighbouring seats. The costly and elegant style in which Mr. Lennox lived, the luxurious furniture and well-kept grounds, the opulence which made itself seen in all the details of the domestic arrangements, the opulence showing itself, however, in matters of comfort and genuine hospitality, rather than empty display,—surprised the two young officers, who had both been

impressed with the idea that English comfort was not to be found in such perfection out of the "sea-girt isle."

Seth saw in all this only a dream of perfect enchantment. He roamed about the grounds, peered into the garden, sat half stupified with delight looking at the magnificent landscape which lay beneath and above him; then, mingling silently with the persons who made up the evening party, he bore their jokes with immoveable good-humour, he listened attentively to their conversation, wondering all the time at the easy flow of their words, and the bold and sportive way in which they spoke to each other, and in which they did the most serious or the most trifling things.

Mary was his ever-faithful friend. She explained everything to him which he did not understand, told him where to go, and what to do and say, laughed him out of his bad grammar and country phrases, arranged his cravat and collar in a way so becoming that he himself was quite surprised at his genteel appearance, and was not likely to forget her

manner of tying the knot in front. Then she sometimes ordered him up to let her examine him, when she fixed her eyes on him with a scrutinizing look, gave him various instructions, put aside the hair from his forehead with her own soft, white hand, and arranged it around his temples : he said nothing, but he thought and felt a great deal. He felt as if he had entered into a new world, and as if a new soul had entered into his body.

Glendinning thought he had never seen a spot of the earth where he should like to spend his life, nor people with whom his days would glide more pleasantly away. He had no family or home. His father, his only living relative, had discovered so little consideration for, or interest in, him that, however a sense of duty might modify his sentiments, he could not look forward to a return to the paternal roof as an event either possible or desirable. Here, at once, all the best qualities of his mind, the finer feelings of his heart were called into being. And, as he became more acquainted with Mary, a dream of

happiness rose up in his imagination, which, however immature, added weight to the maternal counsels of Mrs. Lennox, and gave a new impulse to his schemes of reformation and self-improvement. In short, if Mary had given him the least encouragement, he would have fallen in love in the same off-handed, headlong way, in which he did everything else.

During these days devoted to enjoyment, Mrs. Lennox by no means neglected her serious plan of turning Glendinning's attention to the subject of religion. The hope of convincing a young officer of such a disposition, and with whom her acquaintance had originated in such a singular manner, would have been thought by most persons rather Quixotic.

But her genuine piety did not suffer itself to be discouraged by any ordinary objection, and she was delighted to find her task infinitely easier than she had dared to hope. Glendinning's facile nature was now softened by happiness, and the novelty of pure and rational attachments. Mrs. Lennox's sweetness of man-

er and expression, which truly reflected her kindness of heart, sensibly affected him. He was so completely ignorant of the nature of our Divine religion, and the evidence by the aid of which it resisted the stormy shocks of so many centuries, and she was so well acquainted with the subject, and was able so clearly to explain that which she so clearly understood, that she soon succeeded in raising in him both astonishment and curiosity. By frankly appealing to his good sense and calm reason, she had the gratification to see that he was sufficiently generous to confess when her facts were new to him, and her arguments unanswerable. He listened, at first with respect, and afterwards with unfeigned attention and increasing interest, laid candidly before her all his ignorance and all his objections, and soon perceived, that the ground he stood on was taken by her earnest and pious eloquence and superior knowledge, inch by inch, from beneath his feet. He promised her at last that he would make a full study of the subject the first duty of his future life; that,

if doubts continued to obstruct his way, he would apply to her before he yielded to them, and that he would correspond with her after his departure, and let her know the progress of his opinions. There was in this no affectation. He had been very much impressed by new views of what he saw he had never understood or even taken the trouble to examine. His nature was not wanting either in the purity requisite in a believer, but only in stability, strength, and seriousness. But what he would never have sought himself this best of friends presented to him with disinterested anxiety for his welfare. She began to love him almost as a mother, and her gentle, affectionate, and intelligent character, had not failed to awaken in his breast reciprocal sentiments.

After one of these long conversations, during a ramble through a neighbouring wood, when she had purposely withdrawn him from the rest of the company to pursue, without interruption, her plan of awakening his attention to the subject of religion, the whole party returned to the house, where, after a slight repast, Mrs.

Lennox reminded them they might expect her husband and Harry by the noon boat. It was accordingly proposed that the whole party should go down to the landing at the proper hour, and receive the expected visitors with all suitable honours. Accordingly, at about one o'clock, they repaired to the spot in high spirits. A few moments after their arrival, they discovered a light cloud of ascending smoke and steam, peering over the summit of a green hill, then the plunging strokes of the wheels and panting of the engine, and immediately the large and stately vessel, more like a floating palace than a boat, darted from behind a projecting angle of black, broken rock, with the well-known barge cleaving the foamy flood at its side, and containing the three figures of Mr. Lennox, Harry, and Mr. Emmerson.

The new comers were presently amongst them. After cordially exchanging salutations, Mr. Lennox and Mrs. Elton opened a conversation likely to continue, and the attention of the rest of the Rose Hill

party was now bestowed on Harry and his companion. Emmerson's face was all smiles and blandness, though his congratulations, like everything else he did, were performed in a quiet way.

"But what's the matter with you, Harry?" said his mother. "You don't look well."

"Oh, yes, perfectly. Never so well and so gay in my life," said Harry, rousing himself from a reverie.

"Where's Fanny?" demanded Lennox.

"Here she is—at least here she was, or I thought she was here."

"Didn't she come down?" asked Mary.

"No. I don't think she did," said Frank, "I observed she was not with us."

Up the steep, fragrant footpath they wound, and met Fanny just coming down, looking quiet; but Mrs. Lennox thought it was not altogether a natural tranquillity. She had observed, when she spoke of the arrival of the party by the boat, a certain change take place in her expression and manner, which revived a thought not altogether a stranger to her mind.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. LENNOX had brought up with him newspapers, magazines, caricatures, and others. He was besides full of town news, and rattled away faster than ever. He met White and Glendinning with the hearty, hilarious hospitality which belonged to his character, kissed Fanny whenever he could catch her, and seemed in high glee. The dinner-hour arrived before they had time to ask and answer all their mutual questions, and champagne and caviar upon the beautiful flower-entwined table succeeded.

The piazza extended entirely around the house, so as to form a most agreeable promenade. It was at this time that Fanny, who had withdrawn herself again from the family, (as the cold, melancholy manners of Harry, only relieved at times by a forced gaiety, oppressed her with a feel-

ing of painful uneasiness,) was surprised by the sudden and silent appearance of Emerson close at her side, so close and unexpected, indeed, that the sigh which happened at the moment to escape her was perceived by him.

"Does Miss Elton sigh?" said Emerson, with a more than usual gentleness.

"Did I?" said Fanny blushing. "I really was not aware of it."

"Miss Elton, I am going to ask your advice."

"Advice! my advice! Oh, Mr. Emerson," she replied laughing, "on what subject could I pretend to advise you?"

"And why not me?" said he smiling blandly.

"Oh, because you, of all men, know best how to act on every occasion. I might ask advice from you, but to give advice I am hardly worthy."

"My dear Miss Elton, do your words really express your sincere sentiments?"

"Why, certainly."

"Your good opinion makes me happy. To say the truth, I do not exactly so

uch propose to seek your advice, as to
er you my confidence."

"Well, if I can serve you by receiving
' replied the young girl, both pleased
d flattered by the respectful attention
one so generally esteemed.

"Listen to me, then. § Mr. Lennox, you
ow, has long desired to retire in some
gree from his profession. He yesterday
de me an offer of one half the income
the office, which cannot amount to less
n five thousand dollars, and may con-
erably exceed it."

"I congratulate you with all my heart,"
d Miss Elton.

"But I have an objection to receive this
igation."

"What! from Mr. Lennox? What
ection can you have? You accept only
at you are entitled to. I have fre-
ently heard him say you have been of
e greatest service to him. He is rich
ough himself, and in retiring has cer-
nly the full right to choose his suc-
ssor."

"But there is his son, Harry."

Miss Elton was silent.

"I have already told you, Miss Elton, my secret opinion of this young man. He can never himself make a good lawyer, or a good man. He is too light and fickle; too—too—yet, nevertheless, ought I to accept a share of what it may possibly be considered should, of right, fall to him alone?"

"If his father found your assistance necessary, it is not likely he could dispense with it."

"It is not exactly that I am under a great embarrassment in communicating to you what I have now to say; but, as your old friend and your father's, you will allow me, wont you, to speak frankly?"

"You cannot offend me," said she, although a colour overspread her face as she spoke, "because I know whatever you say will be the truth, and because you have already, with the disinterestedness of real friendship, rescued me from a great danger."

"Then, it is this. While the slightest possibility remained of your yielding to

that will probably be the serious wish of his family, in receiving the addresses of Mr. Henry Lennox—”

“Mr. Emmerson,” said Fanny, “let me assure you there is as little danger of his referring, as of my accepting, any such proposition.”

“I breathe again,” said Emmerson, extending his hand to hers, which she did not refuse. “I should, in fact, be doubly distressed at the possibility of your union with him. First, because he is unworthy of you, as I have already told you; and, secondly, because, my dearest Miss Elton, I have, after much painful resolution to the contrary, and a deep sense of my own presumption, determined to throw myself upon your generosity, your good sense, your excellent understanding—to—in short—to ask your advice respecting my own future prospects.”

“In what way?” Mr. Emmerson.

“I am now in possession of an independent income, and I have moreover an opportunity, by a fortunate speculation, of turning it into a large fortune.”

"You really delight me," said Fanny, while such lively pleasure beamed from her eye, that Emmerson could not doubt either its strength or sincerity.

"May I, then, venture to hope, that the sentiments of unalterable regard with which you inspire me, and which, you say, I have had the happiness to inspire on your side,—dare I venture to hope, that the clear intelligence of Miss Elton—superior to the illusions of youth or the impulses of any mere girlish passion—may condescend to allow me to reveal to her the earnest and profound esteem which I have myself entertained for her? May I hope to find in her, not only advice on a temporary occasion, but an adviser to cheer and guide my future steps through life? In offering you my hand, I need scarcely say, my heart has been yours from the moment I first beheld you."

Miss Elton fixed her eyes upon her companion, as he closed this speech, with an astonishment and consternation which prevented her uttering a single word in reply.

"Consider the advantages a union with

ne would insure to you : a friend, soberly and unchangeably attached, who has passed the dangers of youth ; with me your days will not be clouded with doubt, or your feelings harrowed by dissipation. No rash duels, nor midnight brawls ! but our lives will glide peacefully on, without care to interrupt them. My dear Miss Elton, I have for years looked forward to this moment as the most important, the most delightful, of my life. Answer me, will you be mine ? Consider the advantages a union with me would secure to us both. Do not hesitate."

"I do not hesitate—" replied Miss Elton ; but, as she raised her eyes, she beheld Harry close behind Emmerson, his form drawn back in stern surprise, mingled with embarrassment. He had evidently, though by mere accident, overheard the last words of Emmerson and her own. Conscious of the impression he must have derived from them, she became so unusually agitated that Emmerson once more took her hand. Harry had already disappeared.

"I do not hesitate," repeated she, "or, if I did, it was only from amazement. Respect and esteem I shall always feel towards you, Mr. Emmerson; but I can never entertain any warmer sentiment."

"Let me at least request, Miss Elton," said Emmerson, after a pause, and with a look of deep mortification, "that you will consider my offer a profound secret."

"Certainly, sir."

"Have I your promise?"

"You have."

"Hollo! here; where are these run-aways?" called out Mr. Lennox.

"What! Emmerson, are you making love to Fanny?"

"I should hardly presume so far," said Emmerson, laughing in an easy way; which rather surprised Miss Elton, in one she had always considered so artless and sincere.

"We're going out in the boat to see St. Anthony's Nose. Bring along the young lady, and take good care of her, mind!"

CHAPTER XXII.

GLAD of an opportunity to get away, Fanny went in after her bonnet, and, in a few moments, the whole party were on their way down the steep winding path, talking and laughing together, Mr. Lennox occasionally rallying Emmerson on his having been detected in making love to Miss Elton, as if the very notion of such a thing were the most capital joke conceivable.

Emmerson received and replied to this *badinage* with a skilful duplicity which let Fanny still more into the peculiarities of his character, and awoke in her mind a train of serious reflections. In the first place, she recollected a thousand instances of kindness and delicate private attention on Emmerson's part, bestowed upon her as far back as she could remember, and which

she had always ascribed to a kind of parental regard for her. She recollected that it was Emmerson who had accidentally interrupted her interview with Harry, when that young gentleman had first made to her the offer of his heart and hand. When he next addressed her on the same subject, it was again Emmerson who, on the ground of paternal disinterestedness, came forward to warn her against him by repeated hints and innuendos, as one who, to oblige his parents, might profess an attachment, but who had confessed to him his hope that he might be rejected, and his sincere passion for another. In looking back from her present point of view, to her whole acquaintance with Emmerson, she could perceive how greatly he had influenced her, and how cautiously and *secretly* he had always carried his point. Every dark hint had been breathed in a whisper; every secret innuendo uttered in strict confidence. In short, from various things, she began to suspect that he was sly, and capable of intrigue, however irreconcilable it seemed with the

reproachable character which he bore. These new thoughts at length produced another, which at once overwhelmed her with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain. This was the reflection, that she had, probably without grounds, rejected and insulted Harry, whom she had sincerely loved till Emmerson had shaken her confidence in him. She had also been sincerely and honestly loved by Harry, and she had thrown him away for ever. The poor fellow little knew with what a changed heart she walked silently down the hill by his side.

The boat, which Mr. Lennox summoned them to enter, was large and beautiful, and had been built for Harry, who loved solitary excursions among the mountains. It accommodated the whole company besides two men to manage the sails. A fine breeze carried them swiftly forward beneath West Point, and within sight of the famous "Nose," which tradition has immortalised as that of the Saint. A great many bright things were said, as all were in high glee, except Fanny, who had

sunk into a silent reverie, and Emmerson, who, what with the entire failure of his scheme on Miss Elton, and his jealous displeasure at witnessing the happiness of little Seth, looked rather sullen and bilious.

At length the breeze died away, and the little sail hung idle against the mast. The general merriment, too, was rather checked by the sight of a heavy thunder-cloud, from which, too, projected a ragged, ink-black, island-looking edge over the outline of the green hill above their heads. This threatening visitor had been concealed by the mountain till it was just ready to burst. The ladies were alarmed, of course, for their bonnets, if not for their lives. Some spoke with dread of a squall, and others of lightning ; while the bravest acknowledged that a thorough drenching was inevitable. The oars were put out, and manned, each one by two, which made the boat advance with velocity towards the shore ; but scarcely so fast as the prodigious mass of pointed vapour above them, which, lowering with porten-

tous opaqueness, seemed pursuing them with ominous fury. Although little danger was to be apprehended through lightning, from which the high hills afforded a sufficient protection; yet the men were not without alarm lest they should be caught by some of the dreadful squalls which often forced their way down the high and narrow ravines. The lowering cloud, however, still delayed to pour down its contents, or to launch the terrible bolt, and the boat, happily, seemed destined to reach the shore before the tempest commenced, when a violent wind suddenly swept over the smooth water, and soon lashed it into a state of turbulent fury. Harry had taken the helm, and was using his utmost skill in endeavouring to guide the boat directly to the shelter of a steep, overhanging rock, projecting into the deep channel of the river. At this moment, a sudden shout sent terror into every bosom. A sloop, with all sails set, suddenly appeared turning the point at a fearful velocity, making so directly for the boat as to render the destruction of all on board

apparently certain. The danger was sudden and appalling. The helmsman of the sloop, startled by the fierce command of Harry, appeared stupified, and had not presence of mind to alter her course.

"Save the ladies!" shouted Harry.

"Save me!" said Emmerson. "Oh save me!"

"Each gentleman seized one of the weaker sex, ready to leap overboard with her, except Emmerson, who, regardless of every one but himself, clung to the stout farm-lad next him with so convulsive grasp, that he actually pushed Miss Elton into the stern of the boat, where her danger was imminent, both of falling overboard and of being crushed to death by the heavy and swiftly-advancing mass. Harry, who had just perceived that by the power of his own helm he had cleared the main body of the sloop, but that a piece of heavy timber projecting from her lower deck might come in contact with Miss Elton, who was standing in mute terror, leaped forward and bore her back, but at the peril of his own life; for, while he

succeeded in rescuing her from certain death, he stumbled himself, and, receiving a severe blow, fell headlong into the river. The ladies, whose voices actual fright had thus far restrained, now vented their emotions in piercing shrieks, among which those of Mrs. Lennox and Fanny were not the least audible. The sloop swept fearfully by, the little boat rocked violently in its wake, and Harry appeared to have hopelessly sunk beneath.

"My son!—save him!—Harry!—he's gone!"

"Don't be alarmed," said Lennox. "He swims too well."

A moment of intense anxiety now passed. Suddenly, the exclamation "There he is!" broke from every lip. Frank, in an instant, plunged into the stream; for, on re-appearing, it was perceived that poor Harry, instead of striking out with his arms, lay inertly like a corpse upon the flood, and then sank slowly beneath its surface. The next moment he was borne senseless into the boat by Frank, with his forehead stained with blood from a wound.

At this moment the thunder-cloud burst, the lightning seemed to set earth and heaven in a blaze, and a deluge poured down upon the unfortunate pleasure-party.

"He's dead; Harry's dead!" cried Mrs. Lennox.

"To save my life, which I would have sacrificed a thousand times for him!" cried Fanny, beside herself with grief and horror.

Even in that terrible moment, this remark, and the manner in which it was uttered, struck Frank, Emmerson, and Mrs. Lennox, and was afterwards remembered by them. Love, the most passionate and sincere, could alone have inspired it, and the poor young girl, covering her face with her hands, remained in a state of utter despair.

In a few moments they reached the shore, and the body was conveyed into a farmer's house, where, in a very short time, to the unutterable delight of everybody, not only was animation restored by a skilful and persevering use of the ap-

pliances usual on such occasions, but Harry was presently so far recovered as to be able to stand up, and array himself in a suit of farmer Smith's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. In the meanwhile, the carriage had been sent for, and the ladies, somewhat relieved from the conflicting emotions of grief, joy, horror, and amazement, had managed to attire themselves in various articles of Mrs. Smith's and Mrs. Smith's daughter's wardrobe, in exchange for their own wetted garments. On reaching Rose Hill, the comforts afforded at the well-stored mansion soon renovated them; and by the time that the storm had passed away, and the sunshine had re-appeared, they had all again assembled in the drawing-room in unexceptionable toilets. Harry was somewhat pale, but his appearance was advantageously set off by a large piece of sticking-plaster. Miss Elton endeavoured in vain to preserve her usual composure of manner; she felt that she had betrayed a degree of interest for Harry, which, whatever might be her real sentiments,

she had had no intentions of communicating confidentially to a whole boat-load of people at once. Never did she appear so beautiful, so timid, or with so little consciousness of her attractions.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

THE DOUBLE DUEL;

OR,

HOBOKEN.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTESS,"

"NORMAN LESLIE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE DOUBLE DUEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day was fixed on for the departure of the guests, and, on this their last evening, the family assembled on the broad piazza, their spirits subdued by the accident so nearly fatal to one, if not to all. The idea of danger escaped is agreeable and salutary; while it renders the sense of existence more lively, it excludes from the mind common-place thoughts, and prepares the heart for the tenderest emotions. The sun went down slowly, as if unwilling to leave such a beautiful scene, and the western sky was all bathed in hues of purple and gold. The moon rose serenely over the hill-tops; and every instant the sweet summer night produced some delightful change in the

soft landscape. The fire-flies flashed and floated in the black shadows of the woods and hill-sides; and the softened cry of the frog and kata were blended, from the distant shore, with the sturgeon's plash, or music from the deck of a passing steam-boat, or the barking of some farm-yard dog, or the occasional voice of a sailor from the sloops that stole around the point beneath.

A sadness, by no means unpleasing, but quite in contrast with the noisy mirth which had, till now, animated the party, appeared to have fallen over them. In some bosoms this sadness was not without a definite cause; while in the rest it was but the vague shadow of half-felt pre-sentiments or tender memories: each of them had peculiar thoughts which checked idle mirth. Mrs. Lennox had detected in Miss Elton the secret of her soul, and regarded Frank with sympathy. She was also but partly recovered from the shock of the late alarm, on Henry's account. Her maternal heart was absorbed in her children, and she felt, if she erred in

loving the earth too much, they were the cause. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Frank and Emmerson had both marked the emotion of Miss Elton, on seeing the supposed lifeless body of Harry; both formed the same opinion as to its meaning, although this opinion gave rise in their separate breasts to very different reflections. Frank felt a melancholy, despairing conviction that his attachment was hopeless; this did not, however, diminish his affection for both Miss Elton and his brother. In Emmerson, mean rage against Miss Elton, and a malignant envy of his successful rival, predominated. The character of this gentleman, however artfully placed before the world, and however carefully he avoided all manifestations, could not be examined closely, and tested fairly, without betraying its selfish meanness and his quiet perfidy. He saw that Miss Elton had detected him, and he trembled for the stability of his profitable position in the family of his benefactor. These thoughts made him wretched, and

were depicted on his pale and silent countenance. No one, however, but Miss Elton knew how to read there the workings of his bad heart, disappointed in a treacherous attempt to undermine and calumniate the son of his patron. By a mutual instinct, she appeared to have discovered him, and he to know that he was exposed.

Mr. Lennox attempted to turn the recent accident into a capital joke, in which he was reprov'd by his wife, who found in it food for serious reflection. Fanny was silent and subdued, and scarcely ventured to thank Harry for the life he had preserved. When she attempted to do so, she found, with a feeling like anguish, that, to her gentle words and purposely altered demeanour, he returned only cold replies. Since the interview in which she had so seriously insulted him, and in which he had sworn never again to resume the subject of his love, he had invariably met her with the same distant but guarded courtesy. This, while she scarcely addressed him in a different

manner, she could not be surprised or disappointed at. The suspicions she had now conceived of Emmerson, and the tender devotion Harry had betrayed in the moment of her danger, had entirely altered her feelings, and she knew not whether gratitude or love most actuated her in the words she addressed to her preserver, and in her manner of uttering them. But the unchanged tone of composed civility with which they were received, and by which her advances toward reconciliation were repelled, filled her with distress and astonishment. She could not know the delicacy, the pride, and the high character of her lover, and the various impressions of her which had been communicated to him. It was evident that his attachment was really chilled, perhaps destroyed for ever. The grief that this conviction caused her was mingled with indignation against Emmerson, the unworthy cause of her misunderstanding with Harry. It was not therefore without a certain emotion of hope, that she heard Mr. Lennox say Harry should not

return with him to town, but that he should remain a week at Rose Hill to recover from the effects of the accident, and to take care of the ladies. Harry strenuously resisted, until overcome by the general voice, he declared he would not consent unless Glendinning and White would also remain two or three days longer. This, they both declared to be impossible, on which Harry, who insisted that he was perfectly recovered, persevered in his intention to return to the city on the next Sunday afternoon.

While the majority of the company were laughing and talking over their ice-cream at one end of the piazza, Mrs. Lennox walked to and fro on the other, leaning on Glendinning's arm and engaged in earnest conversation.

"I hardly know how to account for it, my dear Captain Glendinning, as I am not, I hope, very superstitious, but I feel a painful presentiment on your account, now that you are about to return to Montreal."

"Such a confession of interest on my

behalf, gives me pleasure rather than pain," said Glendinning; "for, while it convinces me of your friendship, it does not alarm me for my safety. But what is it you fear?"

"You will not be offended?"

"Can you ask such a question?"

"I fear then yourself. I fear lest new scenes and influences hereafter, will prevent perseverance in your present mood of self-cultivation and self-government. I fear your compliance, even against your own sense of right, with the customs of the world. Your yielding to its passions, temptations, and illusions."

"Mrs. Lennox, you do me injustice. I can never forget the time I have spent with you amid these beauties of nature, associated with such hearts and minds. The formation of my character has been neglected, but I feel the stirrings of its better qualities. You have awakened in me a sense of religion, at least of the belief that it may possibly be true. It is no longer in my eyes ridiculous or impossible, and this sentiment will always coexist with the

recollection of my happy visit to Rose Hill. Do you think I can ever forget these scenes, this happy domestic circle, and the hours we have spent together? Shall I ever forget this delicious evening? and, more than all, touched as I am with your magnanimous forgiveness of a mad act, and with the generous attachments I have formed in your family, can I forget that you have returned good for evil, and endeavoured to rescue me from my worst enemy, myself?"

"I hope not; but you are young. A military life is not favourable to the continuance of the impressions you now entertain. If circumstances were to involve you in another duel, would you have the firmness to resist?"

"I think I should."

"Not so, I fear, unless supported by unwavering faith in Christianity. Nothing else can sustain you. That alone makes a man calm, lofty, and unselfish. There is no philosopher like the Christian. Neither his principles nor his reward depend upon this fluctuating world. You are not yet a

Christian, but you are destined to be one. Read the volumes I have given you. You are, I hope, destined to undergo an important change;—I mean you are to be converted. Do not smile at a term which is not, I am aware, quite free from common-place, perhaps ridiculous and vulgar, associations; but you must go on, despite those and other influences, with the study of religion. I am older than you. I have studied it. Believe me, no man—(I speak not only my own sentiments, but those of some of the greatest men, the most learned, cool, practical, and sensible that have ever lived: such men as Washington, Newton, Butler, and a host of others)—no man can examine all the evidences of Christianity without confessing them to be unanswerable. There is no equivocation; there is no possibility of escape. Hume, Voltaire, and Volney, never did examine them candidly. The work of the last-named writer, entitled ‘The Ruins of Empires,’ abounds at every page with proofs that he had not carefully read the Scriptures—that he did not know their

meaning; and as for Voltaire, he somewhere speaks of the 'Pentateuch and the rest of the Books of Moses.' The whole purpose of this life is to place man in possession of truth by means of his own free search, and the doubtful features of the Christian scheme are meant, as Grotius (another great believer) asserts, to try us. He says, that the proof given of Christianity is less than it might have been, so that it may be 'a touchstone for trying the docility and soundness of a man's mind.' You must read, and you will then see that Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

"I am, in truth, very ignorant on this subject," said Glendinning.

"Will you study it?" asked Mrs. Lennox. "Will you examine? will you hear what the believers in Christianity—such men as Grotius—have to say in support of their faith?"

"I will, I give you my word."

"And if I can be the means of awaken-

ing your mind to these truths; if, under Him who disposes of all things, I can be an humble instrument, I shall think Providence has conducted you in mercy under our roof."

Glendinning was touched with the interest she showed in him. He had no distinct idea that the religion she so warmly pressed upon his attention was true; but he was grateful for the almost maternal love she manifested towards him; and the memory of his own mother was the redeeming and purifying idea of his mind.

"Shall I trust you?" said Mrs. Lennox.

"As I am a gentleman."

"I had rather you had said, as I am a Christian."

"Perhaps, when I see you again, I shall say so!"

CHAPTER II.

GLENDINNING retired to bed at a late hour; for the night was so deliciously bright and tranquil, he could scarcely tear himself away, and the happy circle, remembering they might, perhaps, never spend another evening all together, was but too ready to postpone the hour of separation. The conversation took a confidential, and almost a romantic and tender, tone, sometimes interrupted by a remark of Mr. Lennox, which set every one laughing, or by a glee, which the young ladies were very fond of joining in with Frank. Harry coldly abstained from taking a part, but listened to the sweet voice of Fanny, as it sometimes trembled on words which might seem to bear a reference to her own position and feelings. Emmerson, whose presence, somehow or other, gene-

rally threw a chill over the group, had withdrawn early. This last evening spent by Glendinning with the Lennoxes often recurred in after times to his memory.

The next evening he was to start by the passing Albany boat.

The sorrow felt by all at the breaking up of their agreeable party was concealed by none; and, when they came out upon the walk before the door to exchange the parting salutations, (Mrs. Elton talking the whole time to each individual in his and her turn, her eyes swimming with tears; Mr. Lennox laughing and joking to hide his regret; Frank cordially embracing his departing friend, and even Miss Elton and Mary protesting that they should read no more poetry, have no more music, make no more excursions for a month,) Glendinning began to feel that he had formed attachments of a serious nature, and some, or at least, one which, had time and tide allowed, might have become more serious still. Mary had excited in him a certain odd, warm, cold, curious sentiment, which a more philosophical stranger

would have identified as an embryo passion. The gay young lady herself, (we must do her justice on this extremely delicate point,) had not dreamed of entertaining any other feeling for the warm-hearted, generous traveller than a sincere and friendly interest.

"There, there comes the boat!" said Miss Elton. "I see the sparks over the trees, on that broad part of the river; don't you see?"

"Yes, too well," said Glendinning.

"It will be here exactly in twenty minutes."

"And have all my joys, then, shrunk to this little measure?"

"Now you don't believe what a monstrous tender-hearted being this travelling companion of mine is," said White; "he won't be worth anything for a month."

"God bless you! God bless you!" broke from every lip as the general shaking of hands was renewed again, till all their hearts were beating double quick time in their bosom. "Write to us often, I'll always answer," and "Come down again

next summer,"— and "Don't forget to read Halleck, and Irving, and Bryant," and "We shall see the boat as you come under this point," and "I'll wave a handkerchief to you," and "I'll be on the upper deck, and wave mine," and "We shall drink your health to-morrow precisely at four, and then think of us," and "There's the bell, don't forget us!" These and various other phrases from all present were interrupted by

"We shall be too late, sir," in the quiet voice of the coachman, as the bell of the steam-boat sounded in impatient, quick peals through the trees from the river below.

"Good b'ye, and God bless you!"

And then some very hearty shaking of hands again, and White leaped into the carriage with Frank and Lennox.

"And now really good b'ye," said Glendinning, once more shaking each of the ladies by the hand. "Kind, dear Mrs. Elton, I shall never forget you. Miss Elton you have forgiven me like an angel, and I shall always recollect you as one."

Mrs. Lennox, I could call you my mother," and he pressed her hand warmly to his lips: "Miss Lennox, I should be even more unhappy than I am if I didn't think we should one day—"

"Come, make haste," said Lennox. "If you don't want to be left behind, young man!"—

Glendinning sprang into the carriage.

"Adieu, God bless you! and happiness be yours; and mind," said Mrs. Lennox, "Remember! you have made a promise!"

The coachman cracked his whip, and the carriage dashed down the winding road and was lost among the trees.

"There goes as fine a heart as ever throbbed," said Mrs. Lennox.

"And what does Mary think?" said Mrs. Elton. "He will not carry away a whole heart, poor fellow! Such expressive eyes! such a sweet manner! Do you know, really, my dear Mrs. Lennox—"

"Let us walk on to the point where they will see us in the moonlight."

The party repaired to the spot indicated by Mrs. Lennox. Where, after waiting

some ten minutes, they saw the steamer advance, flashing with lights; music was heard from her deck; the figures of people were seen passing to and fro; and, in the stern a single form, hardly recognizable at first, but soon identified as Glendinning by the handkerchief which was slowly waved towards them, till the moving mass disappeared behind a sudden bend among the mountains.

Thus they met, and thus they parted. How will they meet again? But as none of the gay folks of Rose Hill were gifted with the faculty of reading the future, the question, which presented itself to more minds than one, must remain as yet unanswered.

CHAPTER III.

THE charm of the Rose Hill circle was broken by the departure of their two gay and pleasant guests. Other thoughts and feelings now began to interest them. Harry, who, true lover as he was, despite his very unequivocal rejection, had all along clung to a hope that the whole was the result of error, and might one day be explained and arranged, until he conceived all doubt terminated, by the discovery he had accidentally made of Miss Elton's partiality for, or flirtation with, Mr. Emmer-son. He had therefore, in his own decisive way, entirely changed his opinion as to her character; he came to the conclusion, that this beautiful girl, with whom he had allowed himself to fall so desperately in love, for whom he had come so near blowing his brains out, from whom he had

tamely received an insult as cruel as it was unnecessary, that this lovely creature was neither more nor less than a heartless coquette. His opinion, however false, was not altogether without apparent foundation. Both Frank and himself had been led to declare their passion, each, as it seemed, drawn on by her arts, and both, at the proper point, instantly and unmercifully rejected. And now, Mr. Emmerson, cold and obviously unsocial man, old enough to be her father, was in his turn ensnared, and was either really honoured with her approbation (for the air and attitude which had struck Harry, appeared to warrant such an idea, or was led on to think so probably to gratify her love of conquest. If she should accept this last one of her adorers, Harry felt, that he should equally despise her heart and her understanding. But if Emmerson too had been encouraged to form and confide his hopes only to be in his turn rejected, the evidence of Miss Elton's proficiency as a coquette—a proficiency made perfect by so much practice—would scarcely require ad-

dition. In either view of her conduct, Harry saw that it was necessary for him to rouse himself from his own weakness, and to make the idle anguish of disappointed love give place to more manly sentiments and resolutions. "Like a dew-drop from the lion's mane," he resolved to shake off the boyish folly, and to meet Miss Elton with exactly the same polite regard as he was accustomed to bestow indifferently on other young ladies—a regard to be tempered, however, with considerable firmness, and a constant recollection of the character and charms of his fair and dangerous enemy. These were the reflections consequent upon his awkward interruption of the *tête-à-tête* on the balcony between Fanny and Mr. Emmerson. Nothing but the indignation and contempt which her conduct inspired, could have enabled him to sustain the pang with which he saw at last dissolved into empty air all his hopes, all his confidence, in Fanny Elton. It may be remarked, too, as among the proverbial caprices to which the destiny of lovers is exposed, that his

passion seemed to be extinguished at the very moment when, and by the very means by which, her confidence in him was re-established.

Frank had read the young girl's heart more correctly. He had seen her look of unutterable agony at the rising of Harry's apparently lifeless body. Even while he sprang to his brother's rescue, (so inconceivably rapid are the operations of the spirit,) that blanched face, those clasped hands, that fervid expression, from a tender, breaking heart, were distinctly observed. From that moment he abandoned all hope, all endeavour; and he felt a double triumph in saving his brother's life as he saw the value she attached to it. He now longed for the orders to repair to his post, once so dreaded. Seriously alarmed for his peace of mind, he saw that, if he were destined ever to master his unfortunate passion, it must be by tearing himself away from its object.

The selfish and wily Emmerson immediately perceived the course things were taking. At first he had yielded himself

to rage and mean envy, but now he began to think better of his prospects. Without any particular regard for Miss Elton, he had long fixed his eyes upon her large fortune, which the profound vanity he cherished in secret, beneath an exterior of seeming modesty, induced him to suppose might be brought within his reach by proper management. He saw Frank was for ever removed as an obstacle in his path, and that Harry had fairly turned the tables on his mistress. Among his peculiarities was a disposition to leave nothing unwon for want of striving to obtain it: this was always masked with the utmost slyness for whatever he did was silent and mysterious. It was by the aid, sought for confidentially, of Harry, on whom he had done his best to inflict a fatal injury, that he had brought about the very arrangement with Mr. Lennox, by which he was to possess five thousand dollars a year. His addresses to Miss Elton had been preferred prematurely; but the intoxicating triumph arising from his new arrangement, irresistibly impelled him to declare himself on that unlucky day

With his usual diplomatic tact, he took care to procure from Miss Elton (and he knew she would never break her word) an unconditional promise of secrecy. If he could not himself obtain the lovely heiress he was resolved Harry Lennox should not. He disliked, because he envied, all the family. Their services to him were welcome enough, but gratitude was foreign to his nature. He was one of those men who hate in proportion as they are obliged; and who, when it can be safely and secretly done, like to return an injury for a favour. Does the reader believe there are no such characters in existence? May he never be undeceived by experience!

But poor Fanny was the most wretched of all. She loved Harry, she always had loved him, with the whole ardour of her soul. Rashly yielding to the secret representations of Emmerson, she had acted under impressions which she could no longer entertain. Now that interested motives accounted for that gentleman's insinuations, a new light was thrown on his whole character. Harry was so deeply offended, and so far alienated from her

that she feared it would require more boldness and ingenuity than she possessed to explain her conduct. She soon perceived also that he was acting on the impulse received from her interview with him, when, stung with the idea that he was offering his hand in compliance with the wishes of his family, while his heart and his vows were in fact another's, she had expressed the indignation such conduct naturally inspired. From that time till recently there was in his manner, stern and distant as it was, something which made her conscious he was yet in her power, and something which made her hope she had done him injustice, and that the pure and disinterested Emerson might find he had been in error. But now Harry's demeanour was changed. A careless indifference, almost amounting to levity, succeeded to his grave, and obviously feigned, composure, and his guarded determination to avoid her. Now, he neither sought her society, nor withdrew from it. He seemed alike careless whether chance placed her by his side, or even

left him alone with her. There was no affectation, no display of forced indifference in his manner towards her. It showed, and her heart swelled at the thought, the unmistakable absence of any sentiments of regard. It was the coldness of indifference, or, rather, of contempt. She saw she had lost him. Not only lost *him*, but his respect. The idea was so painful, that she resolved to fix upon some mode of explanation. But how do this? Her ingenuous and inexperienced mind in forming such a resolution, overlooked the difficulty of carrying it into effect, which soon, however, became very apparent. She thought at first of obtaining the aid of her mother, or Mary, or Mrs. Lennox, but gave up the idea instantly, such a confidence involving a disclosure of her opinion of Emmerson, together with the grounds she had for his declaration to her, which she had promised not to reveal, and Harry's also, which she felt equally bound to conceal. Emmerson's charges and insinuations against Harry had also been commu-

nicated to her in strict confidence, which she did not feel herself at liberty to betray. No. Whatever was to be done, must be done by herself alone. Frank once rose to her mind ; but the impropriety and cruelty of making him a mediator between her and Harry, rendered the step impossible though, such justice did she render him that she felt sure, had he been aware of her position, he would have faithfully and nobly performed the task.

From various reasons the party at Rose Hill, lately so happy, began to consider that the country had almost ceased to be beautiful, and the fine weather agreeable. The shore, walks, and gardens were abandoned ; there were no more rides or long rambles through the woods, or boatings, or pic-nics. Little Seth's bright dream was already over. With Emmerson came the painful sense of a secret enemy, whose true character he could never hope to expose, or escape from its influence, and which broke like a discord upon the sweet strains of his imagination. From his low position he had seen fully displayed Em

merson's cold, selfish arrogance, and subtle perfidy; yet he saw that his opinion, if expressed, would only recoil upon himself, as Emmerson had the crafty skill to make what impression he pleased upon his friends and the world. He would not have feared him, notwithstanding all this, for Seth had a bold, lion-heart to meet open danger; but he found Emmerson so wily and silent, so full of management and petty tricks,—the very paltriness and baseness of which would have made an accusation appear ridiculous,—that the poor, artless, indignant boy, with all his honest courage, had learned to dread him as a serpent in his path.

At length Monday morning came, and Mr. Lennox, Harry, and Emmerson were to leave. Mr. Lennox had been duly informed by his wife as to certain ideas and discoveries of her own respecting Miss Elton, and he, in his turn, although he had expressly promised not to do so, (but men will tell their wives!) related to her the conversation he had once had with Emmerson, when that gentleman, to suit his

own purpose and break off the match with Frank, had stated his accidental but certain knowledge of Harry's attachment to Miss Elton. Mrs. Lennox having thus testified to the sentiments of the young lady, and Mr. Lennox of the young gentleman, Euclid could not well have demonstrated a problem more clearly.

"I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Lennox, on the morning of the day on which he was to return to town, "I'll tell you what, Kate, Harry sha'n't stir back to town this week. He's out of sorts. Emmerson, who observes everything, and, I believe, only lives to watch over our interests, has sufficiently ascertained that fact and its cause. What do you think? he caught my young master, one night recently, in the street, drunk, ha! ha! ha!—drunk as a piper."

"Harry! You astound me. You distress me."

"Drunk as Dick Dashall, singing 'Robin Adair,' ha! ha! ha! and holding on to the park railing for fear of falling on the ground, ha! ha! ha!"

"And you laugh! What would you say

if you were yourself to meet your son in such a disgusting state?" asked Mrs. Lennox, with a look of distress.

"Say?—Why slap him on the back, and say 'Go it my boy!' Call in and let us know how you feel in the morning! I've no objection to my son's knowing folly for once. He'll not do it again. It will all come right at last."

"How can you speak so lightly?"

"The fact is, Harry is in love, and these are the signs of it. Emmerson told me another curious circumstance; but, on reflection, I am convinced there he is mistaken. His fidelity to me makes him over anxious. But Harry is in love, and so, you say, is Fanny. Now I'll tell you what. He shall remain here this week."

"But if they have quarreled?"

"Pooh! nonsense! quarreled, indeed! Put two young pouting lovers for a week in a pretty country place, with nothing to do but look into each other's face, or watch each other go in and come out of the room, and all that sort of thing, eating currant pie, and home-made bread

and butter, and a glass of cherry bounce, now and then, and if they don't make up together, why let them separate. But in this I have a serious object."

"You, a serious object!" said Mrs. Lennox, "I should like to know what it is!"

"You must not be alarmed now; but Harry, a few days ago, formally requested leave to go abroad for a few years. Every person thinks he ought to go. I have no objection, But I don't wish him to go off in a pet with sweet little Fanny, if they really like each other. I have not fully consented, but he requested me to break it to you, and get your permission."

"It seems destined that we shan't have our boys at home!"

"Of course, and why not? Our boys, you know, are now become men, my dear Well, Harry shall remain here this week to take care of the girls and you, and steer you up against sloops and through thunderstorms, and, afterwards, it will be time enough to give him an answer if he wishes one."

This plan was in due time communi-

cated to Harry by his father, in the oriental style in which that gentleman was accustomed to make his suggestions to his family. As Harry could not offer any further resistance to the proposition without betraying some stronger motive than he desired to assign, he yielded without murmur to his father's wish.

Poor Fanny, not fathoming the motives of those around her, nor dreaming of the suspicions of Mrs. Lennox, and far less supposing that Emmerson had ever carried his double-dealing so far as to make such representations of her to Mr. Lennox; ignorant, too, that Harry was meditating a voyage to the opposite side of the globe, and that, perhaps, nay, probably, the few days she was now passing with him, would be the last for years, perhaps the last for life—poor Fanny, as she heard the final decision that Harry should spend the week at Rose Hill, felt her young heart bound with delightful emotion. She trusted, too, that, difficult as she found it to fix upon any definite way of explaining her apparently inexcusable caprices, all

would come right before they all quitted Rose Hill. There did not exist a being more modest and pure, or one less likely to contrive and manœuvre in order to win man's love, but her very innocence and ingenuousness prevented her from seeing any impropriety in attempting to undeceive Harry under the present peculiar circumstances. In an instant the perfect happiness, which had been a stranger to her for the last year, returned. The gaiety and charm of her past days once more appeared in her manner and countenance. Mrs. Lennox, an observer too affectionate and experienced to suffer any sign unintentionally to escape her, saw and correctly interpreted this happy change. She had before her a week's duty, by no means uninteresting to such a mother, of watching the progress of the little drama then enacting about her; particularly as, upon its *dénouement*, depended, as she thought, not only the question of Harry's proposed absence of several years in Europe, but his future happiness, and that of her beloved and lovely young friend.

As to Frank, her penetration had already discovered, that the attachment of Miss Elton to him was of a different nature from his to her, and the thoughtful mother, accustomed to consider all things for the best, and to "observingly distil out a spirit of good from things evil," found, in his youth, his elastic spirits, and his gay, and impressible character, a hope that this early and tender disappointment would not eventually interfere with his happiness; but might, on the contrary, not only keep him in an atmosphere of purity, now that he was launching off into the world alone, but might lead him to reflection and self-communing, favourable to the developement in his mind of religious truth. So commenced the second week at the charming, but now somewhat less gay and noisy, Rose Hill.

As the steamer, by which Mr. Lennox, Emmerson, and Seth, were to return, came in sight, they were accompanied down to the landing-place by the rest of the party. Mr. Lennox was in high spirits, and at the moment of departure exacted his cus-

tomary tribute from Fanny's lips, and, in two minutes after reaching the deck of the steamer, he had shaken hands with about a hundred people, and had seized an influential member of the legislature by the button, for the purpose of laying down some startling doctrines on the subject of Mr. Van Buren and the United States' bank.

Seth,—for Emmerson, in a spiteful mood at the idea of his being left behind, had expressed an opinion that the boy would be wanted in the office,—poor little Seth, with a heavy heart, and a certain indefinite shrinking from Emmerson, had gone to the stern, as far as he could get, and stood gazing back on the receding point on which Rose Hill stood, until it was no longer visible. The boy, although not generally thought susceptible, felt keen emotions in contrasting the kind, rosy, sweet, sunshiny face, of his young, charming friend and protectress, Mary, with the bilious, and to him repulsive, countenance of Mr. Emmerson. If he hadn't loved the whole of the Lennox

family to adoration, and Mary very much indeed more than the rest, he would very likely have taken summary vengeance, by flinging an inkstand or a ruler at Mr. Emmerson's head, leaving him to enjoy his advantages alone, in all his selfish greediness. But the recollection of the genuine kindness of his friends (to say nothing of Mr. Lennox's frequent prophetic allusions to the Presidential chair!) and Mary's good-natured, sisterly interest in his welfare, checked such rash impulses. Besides, he had no home to go to, or any other prospect of employment. No. He must continue to endure all that Emmerson could inflict in the meanness of power, and the pettiness of spite and jealousy, and endeavour to bear it patiently. That gentleman had once intimated to him the possibility of his being turned adrift to beggary and disgrace. Who would receive him with the odium of Emmerson's unfriendly opinion? Thus, before he was aware of it, two strong passions had taken root, unobserved and unsuspected, in this poor and obscure boy's heart—love and hate!

He did not strive to check them, but in his ardour and inexperience he abandoned himself fully to both. Hope, firmness, and determination, sustained him. Some of the brightest ornaments of his country had risen from an origin as humble as his own. Ridiculous as was his presumption in loving Mary, it refreshed and supported his soul, and while his evil genius, Emmerson, seemed an insurmountable obstacle in his path, the hatred he conceived for him strengthened and concentrated his intellect and character.

During the return of the family party to the house, after they had watched the steamer until it was out of sight, Mrs. Lennox had given Mrs. Elton an intimation of her own notions as to the mutual attachment of Fanny and her son Harry; and that lady, who seized with avidity every new image that was presented to her imagination, instantly pictured the dear happy lovers as dying to be alone. So, without making any particular mystery of her ideas and inten-

tions, but with sundry mysterious nods and smiles, when she saw Mary walking with her mother in advance of the rest, she put her arm within Frank's, and drew him on, so as to leave Fanny and Harry alone together.

The poor girl, who had ardently longed for an occasion to appeal to the good sense and magnanimity of her companion, and regain, at least, the respect which she saw, with unsupportable anguish, she had lost, now believed the fortunate moment had arrived. The party had strolled on a long way a-head, up the winding and deeply-shadowed road. But, alas! so far from being able to carry her design into execution, she found her heart beating so quickly, and so violently, as to deprive her of the power of uttering a word. She was so intimidated by the sense of her awkward position, and by the indifferent, passive manner and expression of Harry, that the very shrinking of her soul might have been accompanied by a corresponding movement of her person. Harry perceived this, and sup-

posed it to proceed from a fear, on her part, lest, "time and place agreeing," he might be tempted to resume his suit.

"She may spare herself the anxiety," thought he, "I shall make no more mistakes of that kind."

The civility with which he offered his arm, was, therefore, characterized by freezing coldness, and she accepted it with an embarrassment, and a timidity of manner, as little like love as his own.

For some moments they walked on at a pace which Fanny, in order to accommodate herself to the rather firm and rapid stride of her companion, was obliged to quicken, and which showed, at least, on his side, a sincere desire to regain the company. The silence was awkward for her, but did not seem to embarrass him, for he presently broke it, in the laughing tone of one perfectly at his ease, saying,

"How do you like this new favourite of ours, Glendinning, Miss Elton? Do you, with the rest of us, think him such a fine warm-hearted fellow?"

"Yes, I do."

"He interested me extremely. I like him better than White. His mind may be less matured, but his heart is fresher."

"Do you think him really reformed?" inquired Miss Elton timidly.

"I think that must depend upon circumstances, and upon the sort of society he falls into; he is sincere now, there can't be a doubt of it; but he's facile, I fear, and fickle."

"If he were fickle without being sincere," remarked Miss Elton, in the same sweet low voice, "I should fear much for him; but sincerity is a virtue so rare and so redeeming, that, where it exists, reformation can never be hopeless."

"Yes," said Harry, in a light tone; "I don't doubt he'll turn out worthily. We shall miss him as a companion, during this country week of ours, at all events. Ah! there is our party! Shall we join them?"

Fanny felt a sense of disappointment, and was conscious that she had deserved

it. The air of perfect carelessness, the firm, advancing step, the deliberate change of the conversation at the point where it might have become serious; the absence of his usual haughty distance of manner, and his haste to join the rest, struck her painfully. Her hopes were, for a time at least, deferred, if not quite crushed. She therefore left his arm, and joined Mary.

In the evening, the delicious weather again assembled the party on the balcony to tea. Harry was gay, and more than usually talkative; he was less distant than he had been for many months before, to Miss Elton. His courtesy was, however, merely that which any gentleman bestows upon a lady, simply dictated by good breeding. The tea was nearly over, and some of the party had already risen from the table, when Mrs. Lennox said,

“What is that very red volume in your pocket, Harry?”

“A guide-book.”

“An European one?”—“Yes.”

"You'll not want it, Harry. We shall not let you go. I cannot agree to it. You and Frank both! What! all my little ones at one fell swoop!"

"My dear mother, my mind's quite made up. Before I left town, indeed, I had completed all the necessary arrangements. This day week at farthest I shall be on the deep sea."

"What! all these decisive arrangements made before you had consulted us!"

"I did not intend to set out, of course, without your full permission."

"Like father, like son! You and Frank are famous for doing a thing first, and asking permission afterwards."

"But, my dear mother, if it is ever to be done, better now than later in life. There's Emmerson, now ready to take good care of the office till I return. Besides, the yearning I feel to see Europe has lately grown intolerable."

"Europe!" exclaimed Fanny, with her face looking much paler than she had any idea of, and trying, with obvious difficulty, to speak in a careless manner.

"Yes. He persists in his determination!" said Mrs. Lennox.

"What determination?" inquired Fanny.

"He has told you of his plan, of course. Has he not? To go off in six days—by the next packet—for London."

"You are jesting," said Fanny, trying to laugh.

"Why, he has told you, surely!" said Mrs. Elton.

Fanny was silent.

"I did not think of troubling Miss Elton with affairs in which she must feel so slight an interest," said Harry.

Her artless eyes were lifted to his for a moment, but fell beneath his cold, grave expression.

"And how long do you propose remaining away, if I may venture to inquire?" asked Mrs. Lennox.

"Three, perhaps four years. I mean to attend one or two courses of Lectures on the Roman Law in Germany, under Savigny, and to spend a winter in Italy. Then I can't give less than a year to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and I must

see Egypt, and Jerusalem, and Constantinople, and——”

“Mercy on me! my dear son,” cried Mrs. Lennox. “Why you’re laying out work for a lifetime. Can’t I persuade you to give it up?”

“Oh! nonsense! the time will soon fly away.”

“There, there’s your father’s son again.”

“I am dying to see a foreign shore,” continued Harry.

“Ah, I wish I could go with you,” exclaimed Frank.

“And I,” added Mary.

“What changes may take place here before you get back, and what changes may, nay *must*, take place in you!” ejaculated Mrs. Lennox.

“Not changes for the worse, I hope,” said Harry.

Here Frank, and Mary, and Mrs. Elton all exclaimed against any gloomy predictions or apprehensions, and united in declaring that every young man ought to travel; that it was a most delightful thing to see London, and Paris, and Rome,

and Greece, and Egypt, and all those outlandish places; and that it would, doubtless, be of great advantage to the intended voyager.

Fanny said not a word; but Mrs. Lennox, perceiving she was greatly distressed, began to think it might be the best thing after all for the young girl, as well as for her son, to get him out of the way for a year or two. She concluded, from what she saw, that the attachment was altogether on one side, and her sigh of tender sympathy for Fanny was not unmingled with surprise at the indifference of Harry to so much sweetness, beauty, and affection. "But thus it is," thought she. "'The course of true love never did run smooth.'"

The party, with the exception of Harry, who, according to his mother's statement, had resorted to his books and maps to study his route, now strolled out upon the lawn. The young man did not present himself till a late hour in the evening.

When Fanny laid her cheek that night on her pillow, she could no longer sup-

press her emotion, but burst into tears. To leave her uninformed of so important a resolution—a resolution which had been communicated to everybody else—she acknowledged was what she might have expected, but it, nevertheless, seemed a slight so marked, an evidence of a contempt so cold, that she scarcely knew whether it affected her more with anguish or indignation.

“If he really have ceased to love me,” thought she, “it is my own fault, and I will bear the penalty—the miserable penalty.”

She longed to confide to Mrs. Lennox, or Mary, the offer of Emmerson and her rejection of it; but that gentleman was too old for her, and the promise given, she never dreamed of breaking, even if Harry should leave his country under the conviction that she had accepted him, or had trifled with him. Time would set it all right. But time to such a young, tender, impassioned girl, was not the most acceptable medicine for such suffering. At length all her sad thoughts

by the force of habit, merged into one, as she closed the long train of her reflections with an humble prayer to Him who ordains all, that, wherever the object of her affection might go, he might be protected and led the right way, and that both he and she herself might receive either aid to avert calamity, or strength to support it. She had not, at least intentionally, done wrong, and she did not mean to do any. She committed herself and her sorrows, therefore, to His care who had promised to give rest to the weary, and, with a lightened heart, though tears were yet on her eyelids, she fell into a sleep—the blessed privilege of the pious and innocent—disturbed by no ungoverned passion or painful dream.

Harry's spirits seemed high, and everybody remarked how elated he was with the idea of his approaching voyage. Fanny had schooled herself into tranquillity; while Frank, whose sadness equalled her own, took lonely walks, often going out early with a gun, and returning late. Mary went on rallying her friends into

ood-humour, and Mrs. Elton had pretty much all the rest of the talk to herself. The spell of the party was broken.

Towards the end of the week, a letter came to Frank, and one to Mrs. Lennox, from Captain Glendinning. He described his arrival at Montreal. To Frank he gave a humorous description of his journey; to Mrs. Lennox he wrote in a more serious, and, even in an eloquent strain. Both were delighted at this mark of attachment. Frank read his epistle aloud, as it was obviously intended he should do, and it clearly recalled the writer, whose playful descriptions occasioned much laughter. Mrs. Lennox folded her letter carefully and put it away. She found its confidential and serious tone too sacred for the hour and scene.

With each day the distance between the hearts of Fanny and Harry had increased. He had now conceived such a seriously unfavourable opinion of her, that he often showed it unconsciously. Our sentiments towards each other manifest themselves by a thousand minute and

nameless details. Harry's manly and noble mind could receive from an artful coquette but one impression. Her dismissal of himself and Frank, and the scene with Emmerson, were constantly before him, and the passion which had raged in his heart was calmed, if not destroyed. He jested with her sometimes as if he had never seen her before the present week. He exhibited not the slightest disinclination to be alone with her, or to be interrupted when alone. He complimented her freely and flip-pantly when others did. In short, she began to feel, not only indignant at herself for longer thinking of him, but to be convinced, that their relations were broken off completely and permanently. Had she herself given him no reason to believe she did not love him, his present demeanour would have long ago cooled, and, perhaps, terminated her attachment to him; but when she reached this point, the recollection of the scornful words she had uttered, and of the attitude in which he had seen her with Emmerson, took

from her all strength and resolution, and overwhelmed her with fluctuations of hope and grief, of love and pride.

Friday came, and with it Mr. Lennox. At dinner they sat longer than usual to hear the city news, and chat of the past and future.

"So Harry is really off?" said Mrs. Lennox.

"He's his own master. I have no objection."

"Give me but three or four years," said Harry, "to see the world, and study what can be better studied in Europe than here, and I'll come back and turn man of business the rest of my life."

"It is but fair," said his father, to whom Mrs. Lennox had already communicated the result of her observations. "Go, my boy, when you please. I will prepare letters of introduction, and will procure others such as I think necessary. You have a letter of credit on Rothschild; and your other introductions will place you in the first society. Mr. B—— has pressed upon me a letter to the Duke

of G——, and another to the Earl of W——, not ordinary letters, but such as will throw open to you the most interesting, at least the highest, circles of English society. There you may spend what you like; for, without attempting display, I wish you to live like a gentleman, and to have every facility for acquainting yourself with the world. For Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Florence, Rome, and Naples, you will be amply provided with introductions. Enjoy yourself, my son; but you know that, without some serious, intellectual, daily occupation, no enjoyment can last long. I expect you to be back in three years, with your mind and manners much improved. Don't forget us. Take good care of yourself. Write often. Perfect yourself in the German and French. Remember we send you off with implicit confidence in your good sense and discretion. Your letters will be a great consolation, and your return the most joyful era the future has in store for us. Let me hear your opinions on the po-

litical state of the various countries you pass through. Send sketches of whatever interests you. Don't lose your temper when cheated. Take things as they go, cheerfully and quietly. Don't think yourself obliged to quarrel with a man because you discover him to be a scoundrel, or to swear eternal friendship to all who please you at first sight. You go to learn, not to teach. Of all things, come back a good American—a sensible, modest fellow, and without a *moustache*!”

The eyes of more than one person were a little moist as Mr. Lennox proceeded; but, as usual, his close set the whole party laughing.

They were a little startled, however, by his next words, which were,

“And now, sir, all I have to add is that, once resolved on going, you can't be off too soon. The next packet sails on Wednesday. I recommend you to go to town by this afternoon's boat. Do all you have to do coolly, and we'll be down to-morrow and see you off.”

“But, my dear, dear Harry,” cried Mrs.

Lennox, "you 'll want a thousand things. I had no idea you would really go—so soon to. I cannot believe it."

"Oh no. I shall want nothing but a single portmanteau. All my things are ready. I can renew my wardrobe in London better than here."

"But, if you 're going in to-day's boat, you 'd better be moving, sir," said his father; "she 'll be here in less than an hour."

There was something so extremely sudden and unexpected in this whole arrangement, that more than one countenance was pale.

"My beloved son!" and "My dear brother!" and "You are a devilish lucky fellow, Harry!" and "I wish I were going with you," and "Don't go off till we come down!" and other expressions from various lips announced the interest all took in the proceeding. Harry withdrew to his room, and hastily, and, with a somewhat trembling hand, packed up the necessary things. By the time he had finished, the whole family were assembled on the lawn, with hats and bonnets, to accompany him down to the landing-place, already the scene of

so many sad and merry partings and meetings.

In the whole course of the preceding conversation, Harry had never once looked at Fanny, nor she at him. She behaved admirably. An unusual paleness might have been perceptible to a close observer, but, luckily, no such inquisitive personages were around her. All who suspected anything of her state of mind were delicately careful not to pay her the least attention. They strolled down the well-remembered hill in no very regular order, laughing and talking about the absurdity of a man's starting up so suddenly after dinner to go to Jerusalem. Mary said it reminded her of one who, being asked "How soon can you be ready to set off for China?" replied, "As soon as I can get my hat!" Mary and Fanny were walking together. The former had not been initiated into the real state of affairs between Harry and Fanny, her acuteness being diverted by the fixed idea she had of an attachment that was, or was to be, between Frank and Fanny. All of a sudden she called back

Harry, who happened to be the nearest. Her companion had trodden on a sharp stone and hurt her foot.

"Come here, Harry, will you?"

"Why?" inquired Harry.

"Well, you're a gallant knight to be sure! Here's a lady actually wounded on the occasion of your departure, and when I call you to assist her, you hang back, and say, 'Why?'"

"Wounded, Miss Elton!" exclaimed Harry.

"Oh, don't fall into any mistake," said Mary, laughing. "It's only her foot, not her heart. But she has really hurt herself, and would have gone back had I not called you to lend your arm."

"Indeed, it's nothing. I had better go back! It will be over in a moment," said Miss Elton falteringly.

"Admirable logic," said Mary. "If it will be over in a moment, why go back? Recollect you may not see Mr. Harry again these five years—if ever. So—your arm, sir."

"Certainly," said Harry.

Miss Elton hesitated a moment.

"Mary!" cried her father. "Where's Mary?"

"Here, sir!"

And away she ran.

"Really, Miss Elton," said Harry politely, "you seem to be quite lame."

"Oh yes—oh no—don't let me detain you, Mr. Lennox. You will be too late."

"I have twenty minutes to spare," replied Harry, looking at his watch. "If you insist upon going on, pray lean on my arm. I really hope the injury is not serious."

"Let us, at least, try," said she, "not to miss your boat."

But the steep descent of the hill had carried the rest of the party out of sight.

"An artifice!" thought Harry. But, as he looked in her face, over which a slight expression of pain was mingled with one of emotion, he felt he did her injustice; and he felt this the more when he saw a spot of blood upon the white thin shoe that clothed the slenderest, most graceful foot in the world.

"I had no idea of being called upon to

walk so suddenly," said she, "or I should not have ventured out in these slippers. I think a piece of glass has cut me."

"You must return, indeed you must," said Harry, alarmed, and ashamed of his suspicions.

"Oh no," replied Fanny, also alarmed, not at the hurt, but at the idea of returning alone with him in her present state of mind. "Pray let us hasten on."

They did so; but a long walk and a lonely one was before them, and she was obliged to lean much more heavily than she had ever done before upon his arm.

"I shall be uneasy about your foot," said Harry. "I wish this had not happened. I am almost inclined to go back."

"What can it be but a trifling wound?" said Fanny. "You might lose your boat, and your passage to London, by such a delay. You 've a delightful voyage before you."

"Yes. I anticipate four or five years of unalloyed happiness."

A pause.

"You will find many changes on your return."

"I presume so, of course. Five years can scarcely fail to bring some. But I always look on the bright side of things. These changes are as likely to be pleasing as sad."

Another pause.

"Yes," said Harry; "it must, indeed, be a singular sensation to return to one's country after an absence of some years."

"Do you really go as far as Syria?"

"Yes, I mean to see Jerusalem and Egypt, too. Pray use my arm, Miss Elton."

"Such a journey must require much time."

"I hope my father will prolong my leave of absence. I think, perhaps, in five years I shall be back."

"Perhaps never!" said Fanny, with a voice which was not intended to tremble in the least.

"Perhaps, is a word which covers a large space of contingencies, Miss Elton."

"Mr. Lennox," said Fanny, "you will not misconstrue me, if I say, I regret the rudeness with which I once addressed you."

"It is entirely forgiven," said Harry, coldly. As he spoke, he felt that the loved arm trembled in his. He was affected; he remembered Emerson.

There was another pause; and the idea that he ought to be too sensible to yield to the artifices of a coquette, rose in his mind. He looked once more on Miss Elton's face, and her eyes were raised to his. They were full of tears, and their expression thrilled him to the soul.

"Fanny—" said he, "will you answer me one question?"

"What question?"

"What passed between you and Mr. Emmerson?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Why did you address to me the language for which you have just expressed regret?"

"I cannot explain."

There was another pause. Fanny had scarcely time to collect herself, and repress her tears, for she and her companion suddenly came full in sight of the whole party on the landing-place, and the steam-boat

lying off the wharf, with the barge cutting her way towards them, a sheet of green and sunny foam, half hiding her swiftly-advancing bows.

"Good-b'ye!" "God bless you!" "We shall be down to morrow." "Take care of yourself."

Ere these and other similar expressions were uttered, Harry was half way from the land to the steam-boat. Various handkerchiefs were waved to him, which he answered by wafting back a kiss with his hand. But one kiss, wafted from such a distance, so indefinitely divided among so many people, did not produce the effect which that sort of thing sometimes does, when differently managed. As the eyes of all on the landing-place were fairly full of tears, (even Frank's and Mr. Lennox's,) the few trifling drops which happened to steal noiselessly from Fanny's averted eyes were not brought into any prominent notice.

And now Harry felt as if he were indeed launched upon the world, already a free, independent man. He looked around,

with a sort of inexpressible tenderness, mingled with bewildering delight, from hill to hill, and from shore to shore, each point of which was so familiar, so admired, and so dear. He was gazing on them for the last time for many years. Perhaps he should never see them again. At all events, in the ordinary course of things, some changes would occur, about him, and within him, before he should again behold those soft and solemn mountain shapes, which seemed silently crowding around him, and looking down to say farewell, ere he left his home, and his native land, to go abroad into the mighty, brilliant, vast, dangerous world.

As for Fanny Elton, he was now yet more indignant at her, and he despised himself for the momentary weakness she had caused him to betray.

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed he, “I am tearing myself at last from—an artful coquette!”

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Harry reached the city, he went directly home, and, when he got home, the first room he entered was the office. There sat poor little Seth, among half a dozen other clerks, copying away for dear life's sake, with a very sad face. After such kind and familiar salutations as Harry delighted to bestow on those beneath him, or in any way in his power, he went into the next room, and shut the door.

"How are you, Emmerson?"

"How d'ye do," said Emmerson, taking his hand with both his, and giving him a warm welcome.

"I want you to do me a favour."

"What is it?"

"I am going to unbosom myself to you, as the young ladies say, frankly and

freely. I never yet knew any good come of concealment."

"You are quite right!" said Emmerson, with a clear smile. "There's nothing I detest more than duplicity or double-dealing. But what is it?"

"I am going to London in the packet of Wednesday next, on a tour of three, four, perhaps five, years. The office is sufficiently taken care of by you, and my advantage in having at command a substitute so kind and able ought not to be thrown away. I shall leave all my interests in your hands, sure to find everything on my return ready for me to set firmly and steadily forth again in my professional career. But for your ability and fidelity I could not do this."

"Well, you rate me too highly; but to the point."

"One reason why I go is, of course, the natural desire of a young man to see the world."

"Well—and the other?"

"Listen to me. You are the best, the nearest, friend, not only of myself, but of

my father's family. I need not blush to repose in you a delicate confidence."

"Go on. You know I would do anything to oblige you."

"You will be surprised to hear, perhaps, that I have not only been a very serious admirer of Miss Elton, but that I have had the insane stupidity, several times, to suppose that she saw and approved, and—you understand!"

"Why, not exactly," said Emmerson.

"In short, then, I offered myself to her; she rejected me; not simply rejected, she—all but—in fact, she rejected me. Now I cannot immediately get the better of this sort of thing, and I am resolved to leave, to pull up stakes, as they say, and quit, till I get my disappointment under control. Since my last visit to Rose Hill, I have been struck with a particularly absurd idea that this young lady has been labouring under some strange mistake."

Emmerson raised his hand, as if carelessly, to his eyes and forehead, so as to conceal, however, the change he felt was taking place in his countenance.

"But for one circumstance, I should give in and place myself at her feet again."

"What was that circumstance?"

"I stumbled upon you and her the other day on the balcony; and it struck me you were speaking and standing in the character of a lover. Is it so?"

"Your question is rather sudden," said Emmerson, again rubbing his brow and eyes with his hands, and turning pallid with excessive embarrassment.

"Understand me," said Harry. "I have no right to demand your confidence; but, as my going abroad depends upon your reply, I hope you will answer me: "Are you a lover of Miss Elton?"

Emmerson turned away his face, and busied himself a moment in arranging some papers on the table.

"Should Miss Elton have rejected you, I shall postpone my departure under the conviction that she loves me. If you have any, the slightest, reason to imagine she means to receive your addresses, nay, if she even wavered, or seemed to waver,

she is either your wife, or she is the most accomplished coquette that ever breathed, and I'm off till my heart is as free as air."

"My young friend!" said Emmerson, in a faltering whisper, "she more than wavered. If she mean to accept me or not, I am not fully prepared to say; that she hesitated, I assure you, and the impression left on my mind is of a nature which will not prevent my trying again. Will you give me your word in sacred confidence never to reveal what I shall state?"

"I will."

"Then, let me say, I had some idea you were attached to her, and I am not capable of such a base act as endeavouring to supplant you. I, therefore, particularly asked her whether any attachment of hers to you ought to prevent my continuing my addresses. She replied, 'No! He is as far from offering, as I should be from accepting, him if he were to offer!'"

"Miss Elton said that to you?"

"I swear it!" said Emmerson again in a whisper.

"Enough. Your statement I cannot doubt in the least. You even mean more than you say!"

Emmerson did not reply; but his look was sufficiently significant.

"Good. Give me your hand," resumed Lennox. "I am infinitely obliged to you for your friendly frankness. I see it has given you pain to wound me thus; but no matter. I wish you joy. If you win her she will bring you happiness unutterable, for I shall believe she married you from affection. If she jilt you, why you may have the consolation of knowing you are not the first, nor the second!"

"But, I must lay you once more under a solemn injunction of secrecy," said Emmerson. "I would not, even if she be all you fear, injure the character of the young lady. You must promise me what I have said shall never go beyond us two; and also that you will never say you saw me—you know—on the balcony with her. If I am to be jilted, of course I wish to conceal my folly."

"I promise solemnly," rejoined Lennox.

As he left the office, affecting an air of indifference, and humming an opera tune.

"What I say is quite true," thought Emerson. "She did waver, and I do mean to pursue it further; and she did make use of the remark to me, as I stated. Besides, a voyage to Europe is the best thing this young gentleman can undertake. Frank in Prairie du Chien, Master Harry of Jerusalem; the old fellow will follow after him, doubtless, before a year. I can manage that; and then, if Miss Elton don't marry me, I don't think I shall be obliged to go to Europe to recover from the disappointment; although one hundred thousand dollars, settled on herself, is a comfortable affair. But, as matters are going, I don't think I need despair of finding some suitable alliance. Bravo! My boat sails tolerably well!"

CHAPTER V.

As Fanny left Rose Hill with the family next day, her heart beat high with vague hopes; Harry's last words had been more than kind—they were confidential and tender. She felt that his good opinion had been partly regained, and she looked forward, if not to the postponement of his voyage, at least to such a parting as would not leave her in so painful a state of mind as she had suffered the last few days. She saw the refusal to answer his two questions had surprised him; but she depended upon his perceiving (without being told), that she was under some necessity in not doing so. She was thus the gayest of the whole party, and Mrs. Lennox, who talked it over with her husband, quite agreed with him, that to attempt to understand lovers and their ways was a hopeless task.

They reached town at length, on a bright evening, and preferred to walk home ; looking (particularly Fanny) to see Harry each moment coming to meet them. But Harry was not to be seen, neither on their way home, or when they arrived there. At length he made his appearance ; greeted, with more than his accustomed warmth each individual of the family, from whom he was about to be so soon separated, including, in his warmest welcome, Mrs. Elton. To Miss Elton he bowed stiffly, without offering his hand, or meeting her inquiring look. Thus, in one moment, all the poor girl's cherished hopes vanished into nothing.

Fanny spent part of the evening there, but the same coldness was persevered in ; she felt that, if she had appeared angel and capricious, he was much more

Complaining of a head-ache, by no means a feigned one, she withdrew early with her mother and father, who had hastened to meet them, and sought the longed-for solitude and darkness of her own pillow. Having implored aid from

Him, who always gives to those who ask, she schooled herself to resignation and peace.

The next day she did not go at all to Mr. Lennox's, and Tuesday also passed without her yielding to the solicitation of her mother to pay his family a visit.

In the evening, Frank and Mary came round to say, that they were all going to accompany the packet-ship out to sea, as far as Sandy Hook, in the steam-boat, and to see Harry fairly off. As strong objections as the poor girl could make, or dared to make, against this trial she did urge, but without success. She positively must go. She had never seen a packet-ship at sea, or the sea itself at all; she had never seen the Hook; and Harry would be so disappointed, if the whole of the Rose-Hill party did not honour his embarkation. Various other irresistible reasons were so persevered in by Mary, that Fanny was obliged to acquiesce, though she felt she was destined to undergo a terrible ordeal.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the last evening that Harry was to spend at home, Mrs. Lennox took an occasion to seek him, when he was alone in his room arranging his trunks, preparatory to his embarkation. The tender and thoughtful mother had resolved to address him upon two points with the frankness which is the privilege of maternal affection. She hoped to find the heart of her son, whose keen susceptibilities and noble qualities she well knew, so softened by the idea of separation as to give to the confidential communion she desired, a sacred character of truth and love.

Instead of being busied with his preparations, she found him, evidently not anticipating such an interruption, sitting motionless by the table, his head leaning on his hand, and lost in thought. The

object apparently of his reveries—for his eyes rested full upon it—was a lock of hair, which, from its rich auburn hue, might easily be recognized as Miss Elton's. He started as she entered, and, snatching up the silent, but doubtless eloquent, souvenir, thrust it into his waistcoat pocket.

"Harry," said Mrs. Lennox, seating herself by his side, and fixing her gentle eyes full upon him, "that is Miss Elton's hair?"

He coloured, but she continued.

"It offers me an appropriate opening for a question I have to ask you, before you leave us for so many long, long years—perhaps, for ever."

"What question?" asked Harry, recovering, not without an effort, from his confusion.

"You know, my son, I would ask none from idle curiosity; and I am equally sure you will not withhold your confidence from me now that we are going to part."

"There is not a question on earth, my dearest mother, that you can ask, which

I will not answer you as truly as if I were on my dying bed."

"Thank you! I knew—I was sure—you would."

"Now what is your question?"

"Fanny Elton, Harry, is, of all beings, out of my family, the one I most admire, and for whom I have the sincerest affection. Her happiness is as dear to me almost as yours. I have sometimes thought you, too, were as much interested in it as I. The lock of hair you have endeavoured to conceal confirms my opinion. The first question I have to ask you is: Do you love Fanny Elton?"

"No, mother!" said Harry firmly—almost sternly.

"But have you ever loved her?"

"Years ago, I had a boyish passion for her, and procured from her, without much persuasion, this ringlet."

He took it out and handed it to his mother.

"You can see by the brighter colour that she was younger when she gave it than she is now," continued Harry.

"Tell me all, my son!"

"That is all, mother. As we both grew older, we both grew wiser—ha! ha! ha! I have not seen this before for a year. I do assure you, I was going to say I had almost forgotten I had it, when it turned up accidentally among my old things. I was thinking of my folly when you came in. Take it. You may hand it to her, with my compliments, if you like. It'll do for somebody else, perhaps."

"What do you mean? Have you changed, or is the change in her? Is it a lover's quarrel, or pique, or jealousy, or what?"

"Upon my soul, I'm on the best of terms with her. But the change is in both of us. I do not admire her character, upon a close study of it, quite as much as I expected, and the fact is—she—she"—

"She what?"

He was going to disclose what he had learned from Emmerson, but that gentleman had exacted from him a distinct promise of secrecy, so he stopped and said nothing.

Mrs. Lennox also ceased her inquiries.

She had no authority, of course, from Miss Elton to make any. She was not disposed to reveal her own suspicions of Miss Elton's attachment for her son, without the certainty of effecting a union, and, though she perceived a bitterness in his manner which did not argue perfect indifference, yet his denial of any affection for her was so positive that she feared to press her mediation any farther, lest the cause of Miss Elton might suffer. She knew if there were any real affection, absence would rather strengthen than weaken it. She therefore determined to pursue the subject no further.

"Well, then, leave her. If it is so, you will have one tie the less to call you back to your native land."

"But there are ties enough without her, my dear mother," said Harry.

"I have now another, and much more serious, remark to make," resumed Mrs. Lennox.—"You are going off beyond my reach, out of my sight, for years, to be exposed to all the dangers, as well as the temptations and errors of life. You have

everything to make you happy, but *one thing*, and—that one thing wanting—all the rest, sooner or later, must prove vain. Like your father, Mary, and Frank—you are without religion. Answer me frankly, and like a man : are you not ?”

“ I am. Since you ask me so seriously, I must tell you the truth. I am without the least approach to religious belief. Nor do I find I am more likely to sin without it than with it. Be assured I shall love virtue, and walk in the path of honour as long as I live.”

“ I thank you for your frankness, Harry. I myself once doubted, and I know how plausible doubt can be. I see also in others, like your father for instance, that a man may possess every noble quality of mind and heart, and yet be an infidel. I don't start from you. I am not afraid of you. You are my son. I admire, sympathise with, and love you still.”

The tears rolled down her cheek as she spoke, and she took his hand and pressed it fervently to her lips.

“ But I have to request from you,” she

continued, "the same toleration, the same respect, which I extend. Do not despise or shrink from me, because I believe ; for I am older than you, and have thought on the subject more. I will not now offer you any argument. We will suppose Christianity false, the most absurd, impossible series of fables that folly ever heaped together, or credulity ever received. But, true or not true, I have to request that, during your absence, and at as early a moment as possible, you will acquaint yourself with the subject thoroughly. Do not reject it without understanding it. That is not the part of a well-informed, sensible man. As Christianity is the religion of modern civilisation, you should comprehend it, if not as religion, as a remarkable system of philosophy. If the history of its Divine origin be not true, you can scarcely mingle on equal terms with gentlemen and scholars, without at least knowing its history as an earthly influence. Yet you do not know anything of it. Can you tell me on what grounds other sensible men believe it?"

"No! I confess, that is to me the most unfathomable of mysteries."

"Are you exactly aware what are the prophecies?"

"No. I am not."

"Have you read the Bible through?"

"No, not continuously."

"Have you read any commentator on it?"

"No. You cross-examine, mother, like a lawyer," he replied, laughing, but at the same time blushing.

"Now, then, I am going to make you a parting request. First, that you will not come back till you are well informed upon the scheme, and the internal and external evidence, of Christianity. I do not ask you to study it for the sake of believing in it; but that you may seek only to explain what it is which falls like a spell upon the intellects of so many other people, and makes them cling to it through life and through death. That you should believe, I do not ask. But I ask you to ascertain what it is that makes other men believe. Will you do this?"

"At least I will try," replied Harry.

“ Indeed I have always been intending to study the theory, the philosophy of Christianity, and to investigate the mystery of its influence on mankind. I will come back well acquainted with the Bible. I will examine it as I would a law question—coldly, firmly, without passion, without respect ; but, I give you notice,” he added, laughing, “ I shall tell you without concealment the result of my inquiry. I shall spend some time in Germany, where these questions are dissected with merciless precision. But if, after three years, I still find (as of course I shall), that the mists of antiquity, and the ignorance of an age without a press, have combined to palm upon the credulity of mankind a religion now in its wane, I fear you may be yourself shaken in your faith, and that I shall be the instrument of depriving you of what you value as the greatest consolation.”

“ My son,” said Mrs. Lennox, “ I know you are candid, generous, and pure. Sealed as your eyes now are, when a beam of light reaches them you will acknowledge

it. When the physician heals you, you will believe on him. No man, with your sincerity of nature, your clearness of understanding, and your moral courage and devotion of soul, can ascertain what makes others believe without believing himself. I know you will keep your promise; and, keeping it, I know you will come back to me a Christian. You will learn what I mean by telling you 'Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord, and read,' and you will find 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom!'

He shook his head and smiled.

"Well, I am satisfied," said she, "that you will neither break your faith with me, nor continue blind to your relation with Him who died to save you."

The term "died to save you" grated on Harry's mind as the cant of a class. The idea of a God "dying" to save the creatures of his own creation, held out but little prospect of a realization of his mother's pious wishes. He answered, however, only—"I have promised to study the subject conscientiously, and I will do so."

"Here," continued she, "are several works which you must also promise to read, and which will grow more interesting to you, as your mind becomes sufficiently enlightened and enlarged to comprehend them. They are all small editions to take up as little room as possible. 'The Bible,' a 'Prayer-Book,' 'Butler's Analogy,' and 'Paley's Evidences.' You will read them?"

"Why, if you wish it, yes."

"I do wish it, and receive your promise seriously and solemnly. If you have no desire for the labour, do it in memory of me."

"I will; you have my word of honour."

"Now then, good night! your obedience deserves a reward, and will receive one, I am sure."

She embraced him affectionately, and saying "This is the last time I shall bid you good night, Harry, for many a year," left him with her eyes full of tears.

"My poor, dear, kind mother," thought he, when he found himself alone, and, looking upon the, to him somewhat formi-

dable, pile of books which he had promised to read. "Who can oppose such amiable and tender weakness? Who can refuse to gratify such affectionate whims? A nice studious time, she intends, I shall have of it; but no matter. I will keep my word."

And, for the last time for a long period, he sought the repose of sleep beneath his father's roof, and in his native land.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning broke still and bright ; just the very sort of weather one would like to go to sea in. The softest possible zephyr toyed with the tree tops, and there was scarcely a cloud in the whole heaven as large as a man's hand. The Eltons were to breakfast with Mr. Lennox at eight, and the passengers to go out in the "Montreal" were requested, by an advertisement in the newspapers, to be on board the steam-boat, Dewitt Clinton, Whitehall Wharf, precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Harry and his father tried to make the breakfast a very lively one ; but Mrs. Lennox and Mary were both plainly affected, and Mrs. Elton in vain attempted to dry the tears which fell one after another down her cheeks. Fanny did not weep. She even smiled, and sometimes ventured a timid remark to

Harry on the delightful weather. But she was so pale with strong, suppressed emotion, and so infinitely more lovely and touching than ever, that Harry, after one stolen look at her, when their eyes did not meet,—for hers were drooped in silent and most sad reverie upon the floor,—formed an inward vow not to look at her again, unless he were contented to make a regular fool of himself by countermanding his passage, and remaining at home to be duped and laughed at a third time by one who certainly at this present moment looked like anything on earth but a coquette. Nevertheless, he had scarcely formed the vow, when he found his disobedient eyes fixed once more on that charming figure, now so still and passive,—on that once bright face, now more like death than life, yet where, unless art were fair as nature, firm and modest pride held government over a breaking heart, and kept all silent and resigned.

“The carriage is ready,” said the servant; “it is half-past nine.”

"I cannot, cannot believe it," said Mrs. Lennox, folding Harry to her bosom, "that I am losing my beloved son, perhaps for ever."

"Oh pooh! nonsense!" said Mr. Lennox, "think of him when he comes back, with a pair of moustaches as big as your arm curled up under his nose, a Turkish turban on his head, and a strange foreign accent in his English,—eh, Katy!"

"I shall bid you good b'ye here," said Mary, "I am not going to have any tragedy scenes on board the boat, for the amusement of strangers."

"Ah! this is only a rehearsal!" said Mrs. Elton. "You'll do it in earnest when the time really arrives:" and down came another shower of tears.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Lennox, "it is a ticklish sort of thing, this bidding good b'ye, isn't it? I do feel somehow as if I were going to execution! But only think how much worse it must be to be really hanged."

"Please, sir!" said the attentive servant.

"Ah, very true! This is no time to be too late. This is no 'Chancellor Livingston' affair! Come along! come along!"

"My dear mother," said Harry, offering his arm. Fanny's was already closely thrust into Mr. Lennox's. Down they went, laughing through their tears, and entered the carriage.

"Come along, Harry! come along!"

"Oh no, I shall walk," said Harry.

Fanny felt all these little manifestations of complete indifference. Who can describe how deeply she felt them?

"Walk! Well, you'll be too late. I'm sure you will," said his father; "and a sensible set we shall look like, to be sure, driving down in such a crowd as this, and leaving the only one who is really going, behind!"

"That's Harry, all the world over," said Mary; "you know he was going to send us all out of town to celebrate his birth-day, except himself, and he was going to stay at home and work!"

Harry now shook heartily the clerks

by the hand, (didn't they envy him too?) and the servants also now came up to bid young master good b'ye, and poor black Simon, looking as if his heart would break, and the foolish old fat cook blubbering away, till everybody else began to cry again, too, though they could scarcely do so for laughing; and off went the carriage, thundering away, and off walked Harry just as fast, and they all got there just in the very nick of time.

"Two minutes more!" said Mr. Lennox, "and we should have had our young mad-cap with us, at least, another month."

"I wish with all my heart," said Mrs. Lennox, "it were so."

"Why not go back at once, then?" proposed Mary laughing.

And now poor Fanny's true agony commenced. Everybody was on board the boat, including many ladies and gentlemen with whom she was well acquainted, and Emmerson among the rest. There they all were, laughing, talking, and jesting; and Harry shaking every

human being by the hand, and speaking so warmly, and smiling so gracefully at all but herself. She, of course, received her share of jests, at which she was obliged to laugh, and of attentions which she must return; and all the while, the steam-boat was pushing her way rapidly towards the tall, noble-looking ship, which, with sails gradually rising to the air, and her prow already turned seaward, was beginning to move, her anchor being already weighed.

During this little interval, Harry was, of course, surrounded by his affectionate relatives, and some twenty or thirty personal friends, who happened to be on board. On Fanny he never turned his eyes; but she could not help looking often, and with a swelling heart, on his noble, manly form, and handsome countenance, as he seemed enjoying himself, just as if he were not leaving the warmest heart in the world to pine and break in silence behind him,—just, in fact, as if he were not conscious there was such a person as Fanny Elton on earth.

And now they have reached the packet, and all hands are assisted on board, and there is a cold collation, and some excellent wine, and the company all stand round the long table and drink each other's health, and happy voyage, and pleasant weather, and short passage, and safe and speedy return. At length, before the half-bewildered Fanny expected it, the bell rang, and all were ordered off the ship. Various groups were now formed of families and friends embracing (long, deep, oft-repeated embraces they were, too,) and Harry stood, tall and quiet, and took by turns mother and father in his arms, and to his heart. Perhaps there was a moisture on his lashes while he received and returned those last sweet tokens of love. Then Mary, who (no one dreamed she would have done so) fairly burst into tears; then Frank, who smiled a bright clear smile, said,

“ Did you ever see such a set of simpletons, Harry ?” and yet, as he embraced his brother, he felt his eyes were dimmed by moisture, which he dashed away, ex-

actly as if it had been formed by tears. The truth is, a vast deal of business was done this memorable morning, as Sam Weller would say, "in the water-cart line," by various people.

Fanny was the only one to whom Harry had not bidden farewell. She thought he had overlooked her, and she wished he might have done so, especially when he approached with a cold and formal bow. Somehow or other she was the very last to leave the ship, for she had stood in tears, trembling and thrilling, till she really scarcely knew how to get away, or where she was to go to.

"Harry," said she, not altogether suppressing a sob, "good b'ye! God bless you!"

"Good b'ye, Miss Elton," was his cold reply; "should we never meet again, you have my best wishes. Here, steward, take that portmanteau below, will you?"

Fanny was handed down into the steam-boat, she scarcely knew by whom. She stood there a moment among the crowd, looking up to the beautiful lofty ship,

whose broad, snowy sails were now nearly all unfurled to the wind, which began to freshen. The songs of the sailors rose, together with the trampling sound of their many feet, as they hastened across the deck; the vessel began to glide more rapidly on, while the steamer turned her prow in the contrary direction. Numbers of people looked down on them from the quarter-deck, of whom she could not distinguish any individual. Then some one shouted,

“Three cheers!”

They were given with enthusiasm, and then returned from the ship.

“Again!”

And again shouts rent the air.

“Once more!”

And once more three hearty huzzas were given and reciprocated.

Already the vessel was distant many hundred yards, commencing her long, perilous way across the ocean.

Fanny felt nothing could enable her longer to restrain her feelings. She groped her way down into the cabin, too

blinded by tears to see, and, throwing herself upon a sofa, where she was fortunately quite alone, covered her face with her handkerchief, and wept in silence.

Poor Fanny! It is not every beautiful, proud, high-spirited girl, who knows what an unpleasant thing it is to be rejected.

CHAPTER VIII.

FANNY's paleness and indisposition passed off as a fit of sea-sickness, in which she had the sympathy of all, particularly of Emmerson. By the time they reached town again, all but herself were, or seemed to be, quite recovered from the sadness of mere leave-taking; and, when she remembered the perfect indifference with which Harry had pronounced his last farewell, she, too, began to be supported by pride, shame, and indignation, and made a tolerably successful attempt to regain her spirits. This was more easy, in consequence of the manner of Emmerson towards her. He approached and conversed with her some time, with a gentleness which it seemed could only proceed from an excellent heart and a sincere character. There was something about him so unassuming, so ingenuous, and persuasive, that, while

he spoke with her, and when she heard his frank and confidential conversation with the Lennoxes, she could not believe he had ever been guilty of duplicity or meanness, and she blushed at her ungenerous suspicions. Harry's cold "good b'ye" confirmed her in the conviction that she was not, and had never been, beloved by him, and that was exactly what Emmer-son had told her.

She had, then, perhaps, done Mr. Emerson wrong. The idea gave to her manner towards him a gentleness equal to his, and, in proportion as her own hopes died away, his were re-awakened. But she longed for the privacy of her own apartment, to give vent to her anguish, unseen and unrestrained. The sight of the beautiful city, which no longer contained the object of her affection, the thought that he would no more for years, and perhaps never, again behold the surrounding shores, or mingle with the thousands among whom her life was to pass, cast a gloom over all things, and over her own soul. But she was pious as well as ten-

der, and she had been taught to calm the violence of every feeling and passion by humble appeals to Heaven. And so time passed on, and things once more seemed to fall into their usual channel.

For a few weeks, however, the high spirits of the Lennox family were rather dashed. Fanny's heart was continually full, almost to overflowing; for, while reason taught her to be indifferent, feeling and memory often overcame her strength. The grief of Mrs. Lennox, also, was too obvious not to be contagious; and the yet undisturbed high spirits of Mr. Lennox, only contrasted more strangely with the sadness of the rest. Frank, by his noble, delicate demeanour, humbled as well as affected her. He plainly showed how well he saw he was not loved, and never could be; yet in him appeared no anger, pique, or coolness. His attentions were continued, and his friendship increased; but with a consideration for her which awoke the sincerest gratitude. That he was unhappy was evident; but it was the unhappiness of a manly and patient

mind. He neither attempted to excite her compassion, to awaken her jealousy, nor to pique her vanity by resentful coolness, or affected indifference. In this respect, he offered a graceful contrast to his brother, not unremarked by Miss Elton.

But she did not understand the difference between the two cases. Sometimes she almost imagined that, now Harry's want even of esteem for her had been so clearly, and so cruelly, displayed, she might return some rays of encouragement to the faithful attachment of Frank, whose unhappiness she could not bear to see, and might, in time, bring herself to alleviate. But she had been educated upon the strictest moral and religious principles, and knew how to distinguish between the impulses of amiable weakness, and the dictates of duty; and the image of Harry, careless, forgetful, contemptuous as he was, reigned too strongly in her heart, to permit her even to think of receiving the addresses of another.

After some weeks, during which none

of the family had spirits for another trip to Rose Hill, it was proposed by Mr. Lennox that they should go again. Various *pros* and *cons* were discussed, and the tendency of the party was decidedly towards remaining in town. Frank was now momentarily expecting orders to repair to his post, from which his leave of absence had been, at the request of his father, prolonged to an almost un-hoped-for period. Under all the circumstances, no one cared for another country excursion. To inhabit even that delightful house when thus deserted by so many who had made it the happiest spot in the world; to wander alone by the winding beach, and through the solemn, silent wood, where the voices of Frank, Glendinning, White, and Harry, had been so often heard, would be almost intolerable. But Mr. Lennox was anxious that they should not spend the sultry month of August in town; and he himself enjoyed the weekly holiday passed with them, away from the dust and noise of the

city, the bustle of crowded courts, or the confinement of a close office.

"May we take Seth with us, father?" inquired Mary.

"No, my dear," replied Mr. Lennox, without hesitation; "I don't believe he can be spared. His last trip has not done him any good; but, on the contrary, has rather spoiled him. Besides, the effect is unfavourable upon the other clerks, of selecting one for a pet. It makes him insolent, and them jealous."

"Insolent, father! what poor little Seth? Why I never saw such a timid, obliging, manageable boy in my life."

"Mr. Emmerson will tell you a different story."

"Mr. Emmerson!"

"He says he can't get on with him at all, since his last trip; and I think you'll allow that he who can't live with Emmerson can't live with any one."

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Lennox; "but if Mr. Emmerson says so, there must be truth in it."

CHAPTER IX.

IN the afternoon of the day on which this conversation occurred, Mr. Lennox, with Mary and Miss Elton, on either arm, and Frank with Mrs. Elton were coming in from a walk; when, as they entered the house, their attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the office.

"It is true."

"It is not true."

"Do you mean to say I am telling a falsehood?" said the gentle voice of Emmerson.

"I mean to say you first gave it me to copy, and that you then desired me not to copy it, till you should correct it."

The door of the office now opened; Mr. Lennox was there, but unobserved, apparently, by either of the disputants.

"I do not say you tell a wilful untruth, my young friend," said Emmerson,

gently, although the expression which came over his dark, and now pallid, countenance betrayed considerable emotion; "but I deny your statement. You are habitually negligent. You have forgotten, and propose this as an excuse. I wish your faults ended there."

"You speak falsely," said Seth; "I am not negligent. I appeal to every clerk in the office. I do my best. I neglect nothing, and I am incapable of an untruth. I remember, most distinctly, your countermanding your order to copy the bill that you might correct it; and, moreover, I believe, sir, you know what I say to be the truth."

"What is all this?" said Mr. Lennox, coming forward.

"Oh, nothing. One of the daily occurrences of the office when you are absent," said Emmerson, with mild indifference.

"What is it you charge so boldly upon Mr. Emmerson?" inquired Mr. Lennox, gravely.

Seth was silent.

"Will you be good enough to favour

me with an answer?" reiterated Mr. Lennox, yet more mildly.

Seth turned very red, then very pale, began to speak, but, for the moment, had neither presence of mind, nor bodily strength to do so.

"Will you explain, Mr. Emmerson, if you please?"

"I really should be sorry to do so," said Emmerson, smiling; "I believe the boy speaks in a passion, and will deny to-morrow what he has dared to insinuate to-day."

"But what does he insinuate?"

"I gave him a bill in Chancery to copy. It should have been done a week ago, and, if not filed to-day, will be too late. I should have reminded him of it, but he is so susceptible and irritable when I speak to him of anything, that I abstained from doing so, supposing he had copied it, perhaps, when I was not in the room. To-day I asked him for it. He replies, I requested him not to copy it—a thing on the face of it, at least, a mistake."

"And you added, Master Seth," remarked Mr. Lennox, "that Mr. Emmerson had not only countermanded this order to you in this way, but knew he had done so; that is, was not only making a mistake, but preferring against you deliberately a false accusation?"

Seth turned still paler, but did not reply.

"I should never have mentioned this," said Emmerson, "for I do not wish to injure the boy. But this is what I mean when I say I cannot get on easily with him."

"Seth!" said Mr. Lennox.

"Sir," said Seth, suddenly lifting his pale face, but meeting the stern glance of his benefactor with one, if not as stern, at least not less firm.

"Ask Mr. Emmerson's pardon, and confess you have uttered an unworthy falsehood, this moment," exclaimed Mr. Lennox.

Fire darted into the cheeks of Seth, and flashed from his eyes, as he turned them upon Emmerson, with a haughty indignation totally unlike anything ever seen in him before.

"Never!" said he emphatically.

"You persist in your charge then?" interposed Mr. Lennox.

"It is true," said Seth.

"You mean to say that Mr. Emmerson asked you to defer copying the bill till he had corrected it, and now, while denying it, is conscious of having done so?"

"I do, sir."

"Seth! Do you know what you say? Do you mean to charge Mr. Emmerson with dishonor—with duplicity?"

"Before man and God!" replied Seth firmly.

"Look!" said Emmerson, showing the bill to Mr. Lennox. "It is one drawn by yourself; is it likely I should propose to correct it?"

"How do you explain this fact, sir," demanded Mr. Lennox, still suppressing beneath the calmest exterior an obviously rising storm of indignation.

"I cannot explain it; I can't explain anything connected with Mr. Emmerson; but I have asserted the truth. I repeat it, and Mr. Emmerson knows it."

"Oh, then you believe me capable of laying a snare for you?" said Emmerson, with a smile.

"I would not voluntarily advance such a charge," said Seth, "but since the p is raised, I scorn to conceal my opinion. I do believe Mr. Emmerson capable of any act of selfish meanness or malignant slander—of any art to provoke, and of any lie to ruin me."

The boy stood erect, with a deep emotion which appeared to give tallness to his stature as well as grace and dignity to his gestures. His brow and cheeks were reddened with indignation, and his eyes flashed with the fire of a noble soul fully aroused. For a moment there was a dead silence. Mr. Lennox appeared to hesitate what course to pursue, while Emmerson was so speechless with surprise and rage, that impartial observers would certainly have supposed him to be the culprit. His cheek was blanched with emotion; his dark eyes were sunken and bent beneath Seth's keen glance; and the paper shook with an audible noise

in his trembling hand;—he looked, in short, more like a fiend than a man.

But everybody found in these marks of agitation only the shame and natural anger which any irreproachable person might feel on being publicly charged with a dishonourable act; and, after a single glance of sympathy at him, Mr. Lennox stepped up to Seth, and took him by the shoulder.

“Listen to me, sir,” said he, with a serious tranquillity which boded no good, “you are a little, homeless friendless, boy, with a temper too rebellious and brutal to hope for employment elsewhere, or I would this instant turn you out of my house. If you were my son, I would horsewhip you within an inch of your life. As it is, believing you to be insane with rage, and not responsible for what you say, if you go down upon your knees, and ask that gentleman’s pardon for the atrocious insult you have offered him, and if he grant it—”

“Oh! I pardon him unasked!” said Emmerson. “Pray let us drop the sub-

ject. I am far from wishing to destroy the prospects of the poor little fellow."

"I may, for the present," continued Mr. Lennox, "abstain from turning you out of the house; at least, until I can get you some other mode of support. But obey me, at once, or I shall teach you on the spot how a character so deceitful and worthless must be dealt with."

"If I am so worthless," said Seth respectfully, but firmly,— "if—"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted Mr. Lennox, too much accustomed to implicit obedience from his own grown-up sons to hear without amazement these bold words. One breath more, and you shall learn I can punish as well as reprove."

"Punish!" echoed Seth.

"My dear father!" murmured Mary.

"I have not been used to suffer such a threat in my boyhood," said Seth, "and I don't know why —"

"Pray go on," said Lennox.

"You are the only man living to whom I would not go on; but punishment, if you mean chastisement, I did not permit

when a child, and I would not permit now, even if I merited it!"

"Leave the room!—leave the house! never cross my threshold again!" cried Lennox.

"My dear husband," said Mrs. Lennox.

"I obey you, sir," said Seth; and, passing through the group of ladies at the door, he walked with a proud step down the street.

As he turned the corner, however, he remembered he had no place to go to; no home, no money, no resources but what flowed from Mr. Lennox, who had even paid his board in a house in which he had now no right to remain. He remembered, too, the kind friends he might never see again, Mrs. Lennox, and Miss Elton, and Mrs. Elton, and, most of all, Mary, and what they must now think of him; and how all Emmerson's hints and calumnies would seem well-founded, and what a cruel advantage his hated foe would take to heap fresh slanders on him.

"No matter," he murmured. "I will saw wood, dig, sweep the streets, or

starve; but I won't have anything more to do with Emmerson. If there were anything of the man in him, I'd make him eat his words; but one might as well threaten and insult a woman! He 'pardons me unasked!' He pardons me! Ah, the scoundrel!"

Thus, yielding to the ungovernable passions of inexperienced youth, and despising, as youth so often does, the dictates of prudence, the boy had not only insulted the person whom he imagined his enemy, but also Mr. Lennox and his whole family. As this last recollection forced itself upon him, tears, which the thought of his destitute state could not excite, began to overcome his power of resistance; and, turning down a side street, where no one happened to be walking, he wept and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But, luckily, the hearts of fine, honest, bold fellows, like him, don't break quite so easily.

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning the ladies, particularly Fanny, who, somehow or other, spent nearly her whole time at the house of Mr. Lennox, importuned that gentleman to recall his sentence of banishment against poor Seth; but no encouragement was given to their petitions.

“He can never again come into my office—the young scoundrel. I am indignant, as well as amazed, at the change which has taken place in him, or rather at my discovering his real character. Who ever saw such a modest, bashful, blushing little fellow three months ago? He could not find courage to speak; and now, yesterday, when he has a point to carry, I never saw more nerve, determination, and strength of character. Burning cheek, flashing eye, and words flowing from his

lips that sounded more like Junius, or Sheridan, than a little, impertinent, country ploughboy!"

"But these," said Mrs. Lennox, "are indications of talent, which you know you always predicted he would one day reveal from under his unpromising exterior."

"Talent! Yes, but talent, accompanied by a want of principle, which promises no very brilliant close to his career. I really hate the boy, not so much for what he has himself done, as for one or two doubts which he half caused in me of the strict integrity of Emmerson's representations. But I see Emmerson was, as he always is, perfectly honest and right. He said the boy was bold, insolent, unprincipled, and would make mischief in the family, and you see he has done his best to verify the prediction."

"But Mr. Emmerson never spoke to us in this way of Seth," said Mary.

"No, of course not! He did not wish to interfere with the boy. But, as the superintendent of my business, it was his duty to state to me exactly his opinion

of all the subordinate agents of the office."

"Upon my word," said Mary, "I don't believe Seth has had the least intention to do wrong in this circumstance."

"What! do you imagine Emmerson really countermanded his order to copy the bill, that he might first correct it?"

"Why Seth looked to me like a person who meant to tell the truth, at all hazards, simply because it was the truth."

"But Emmerson denies this," returned Mr. Lennox. "Besides, the bill is mine. Mr. Emmerson never corrects *my* drafts."

"He might have mistaken, he might have forgotten," urged Mary. "It is certainly very strange, but ——"

"You pay Mr. Emmerson's memory a poor compliment."

"And, my dear father, this poor little Seth! what, but his unflinching honesty could induce him to throw himself into such a dilemma? He knows that he is entirely dependent on you; he knows the confidence you have in Emmerson."

If from negligence he had omitted to copy the bill, he might have better acknowledged it at once, than told a lie which must bring him thus openly in conflict with his superior and master. Or, even had he been inclined to falsehood, why add the grave charge against Emmerson that he knew the truth of his excuse?"

"Mary," said Mr. Lennox, after a pause, "you seem to take a great interest in this boy, but I beg you will conduct his defence with a little more forbearance towards others. You have almost inferred, not only that Seth is innocent, but that Mr. Emmerson is guilty. Of course you are not aware of what your words might be made to imply; but, hereafter, I beg you will be more careful. What Mr. Emmerson says is not only honest, but true. He is not only the purest, most frank, and disinterested of men, but he is the most acute judge of character, and the best informed upon every subject on which he ventures to speak. I trust not only his integrity but his me-

mory. He never forgets. The precision and coolness of his mind are actually astonishing. It is to him I look as the guardian of Harry, and the inheritor of half my business, whenever I may choose to retire from the toils of the office. A breath against his character and I am sure he would withdraw himself from me for ever. You will oblige me by never mentioning Seth's name again, either to him or to me. But here he comes."

"Good morning!" said Emmerson with a smile, and manner of such quiet self-possession, that while he spoke every one present acknowledged the truth of Mr. Lennox's representation of him, and gave up Seth as a good-for-nothing, indomitable, quarrelsome little rascal. Even Mary, for the moment, ceased to justify him in her thoughts. Fanny alone began to see a little into the peculiar character of Emmerson.

"We are discussing the merits and demerits of that young scamp, Seth," said Mr. Lennox, "and I am doing justice

to your superior discrimination of character."

"Oh," replied Emmerson modestly, "my opportunities were better. I was with him more, and he was less on his guard with me. But I am sorry you were so severe with him."

"His conduct was certainly very extraordinary," said Mrs. Lennox, "and seems indeed inexplicable."

"Why the fact is the poor little fellow has a morbid imagination," said Emmerson, as if speaking upon a subject in no way interesting to him. "I have always found him so suspicious and susceptible, that I was neither surprised nor displeased at the explosion of yesterday. He is always fancying people are trying to injure him—a most unfortunate disposition. Do you know, that this little gentleman is ambitious too?" he continued, as if relating an excellent joke. (Emmerson rarely joked, unless the subject had, as in the present case, some bearing upon himself.) "He has ideas and plans of all sorts. Do you know he expects to be a

very great man, one of these days. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

“ Well,” said Mary quietly, “ it depends only on himself. Many a great man has risen from the plough.”

“ He ’s much more likely to come to the gallows, I fear,” said Emmerson, in a whisper. “ I don’t speak all I could of this wicked little fellow. He ’s a bad, worthless, dangerous person, depend on it.”

They were going to ask what he meant by his insinuation touching the ambitious plans of Seth, when a servant entered with a letter for Frank, and Emmerson took his leave.

“ At last ! ” said Frank. “ By your leave ladies and gentlemen ! So I am to start for my post in three days.”

This news threw the family into a commotion, although it was no more than they had long expected. Perhaps, strange as it may appear, no one was pleased at it except Fanny and Frank himself, who had no sooner become convinced that her love was bestowed on his brother, than

he conscientiously resolved to master his own passion, without the least diminution of his esteem for her qualities, or interest in her happiness. While daily exposed to her presence, he found this a difficult task, and he prepared, therefore, to leave her with a tender satisfaction, shared by her; because she knew that, when absent, he would speedily succeed in diverting his thoughts by new scenes and adventures. But the sweet girl unconsciously added to his passion, by her desire to show towards him the utmost warmth of a friendship which only stopped short of love.

The preparations for sending Frank off, however, did not preclude Mrs. Lennox, and the rest of the family, from seeking out Seth with the purpose of offering him such aid as he might require. With considerable difficulty they succeeded in tracing him to the office of a lawyer where he had procured some copying at a price sufficient to provide him with sustenance. Mrs. Lennox enclosed to him a note for twenty dollars, begging to hear from him whenever he might require similar assist-

ance. Her husband would allow her to say no more, either in the way of encouragement or advice, as, he remarked, it would look like an intimation against Emmerson.

The next day was the last of Frank's stay, and at dinner the family sat longer than usual, and the young officer received much excellent advice from every body present. Mrs. Lennox was about to add to her injunctions, a request that he wouldn't smoke so much, would wear flannel next his skin, etc., when two notes were delivered, one for Frank and one for his mother.

The latter was from Seth. The twenty-dollar bank note was enclosed with the following words:

“ TO MRS. LENNOX.

‘ MADAM,

“ I have not done any wrong that I know of. Do not think me disrespectful if I say I will not accept assistance, unless it is offered because I am deemed incapable of a dishonorable action. I seize this

occasion to apologise for my rudeness to Mr. Lennox — once my noble friend and benefactor. You, and all your family have my thanks for your interest in me. But do not fear. I shall exert myself, and hope to thrive.

“Your obedient, humble, and grateful servant,

“SETH J. COPELEY.”

“There’s a young, haughty, ungrateful dog for you,” said Mr. Lennox.

“Now, I like his letter!” said Mary. “It’s noble. It’s just what a man ought to write under such circumstances! Seth is as innocent as Emmerson himself.”

“Mary!” said Mr. Lennox, with a frown of displeasure.

“Where’s Frank?” said Mrs. Lennox, who suddenly missed her son.

“He also had a letter,” remarked Mary.

“Did you see him read it?” inquired Mrs. Lennox.

“No. I paid him no attention.”

“Did you observe Mr. Frank?” asked Mr. Lennox, of the servant.

"Yes, sir. He opened the letter, read it, rose, and immediately went down stairs."

"Is he gone out?"

"He is, sir."

"Did he seem surprised, or alarmed, on reading this letter?" inquired Mrs. Lennox anxiously.

"He looked ma'am," answered the servant "very much as he usually does, and got up and went out."

"I hope," exclaimed Mrs. Lennox, rising suddenly, "he has received no bad news."

"I hope—" cried Mr. Lennox, good-naturedly imitating her manner, "I hope, he has not jumped out of the window!"

"But," said Mrs. Lennox, half laughing, and half alarmed, "should anything have happened!"

"Pooh, pooh, Katy! what a superfine Spartan mother you would have made! I fancy your presenting Frank his shield, and telling him 'with it or upon it!'"

"Mother would say," interrupted Mary laughing, "with it, or without it! but, at all events, do you mind and come home!"

CHAPTER XI.

WE must now request the reader to go back to Glendinning. When he reached Montreal he began to feel the stirrings of different thoughts. Two or three recollections came coldly in among his warlike reveries of Rose Hill, and the higher aspirations which his residence there had awakened. In the first place, he had not been very particular in his society in the town; and, truth to say, although his wildness and love of frolic had not prevented his forming intimate relations with the most worthy among his brother officers, he had also admitted to a familiarity with one or two whose principles and characters were not by any means what they should be. Among these was a Lieutenant Breckenbridge, who had been his companion in various nameless orgies, and who

reputation did not stand very high. Glendinning determined to disentangle himself gradually from this intimacy in obedience to his laudable resolution of reform. It was a delicate, perhaps a difficult, thing to do this, for Breckenbridge was hot-headed, daring, quick to suspect a slight, and prompt in his resentment. But, as Glendinning knew him to be licentious, unprincipled, and an habitual sneerer at every thing pure and holy, he determined to avoid future contact with him.

There was another circumstance much more grave which checked the pleasure of his virtuous dreams as he entered the town of Montreal. It was the terms on which he stood with his commanding officer Lieut.-col. Nicholson. This gentleman was the second son of Lord Middleton, and a specimen of the sort of man into which a bad-hearted, spoiled child may be transformed. Full of the idea of his high family, great expectations, and personal rank and appearance, (for he was a very handsome man of fifty,) his character was cold, pompous, and ar-

rogant. Though his understanding was small, his opinion of it was immense, and nothing could exceed his vanity, unless, perhaps, the obstinacy with which he revenged any offence that wounded it.

A coward in secret, his cowardice was over-mastered by his self-importance; but while, even in his overbearing manners, he studied his own safety, he was indifferent to the danger of others. A toad-eater where his fears or his interests required, he was a relentless tyrant to those beneath him. Although invested by his rank, connexions, and wealth, with a certain consideration in the eyes of the world, (for how few are not worshipers of these things!) his real character was cruel and despicable. His stature was tall and commanding; and an erect and military air, added to the impression of a countenance which announced not only the habit, but the determination of command. In birth and education he was a gentleman; but fashion unfortunately considers compatible with that character, qualities which are in themselves not desirable. / His own pas-

sions were his only law, the world his only thought, and himself his only god. His manner was usually cold and haughty, but when among persons whom he considered his equals it became free and agreeable, and he possessed the power, in the society of his immediate associates, of veiling his darker peculiarities beneath an appearance of military frankness, and a certain air of *bonhomie*, which enabled him to make plenty of friends when he desired to do so.

If Nature had bestowed upon Colonel Nicholson any good quality, it was, perhaps, a spirit of hospitality, of which the marked magnificence was visible in the splendour of his balls, the elegant taste which presided at his dinners, and the hearty welcome with which, at his own table, and in his own house, he received all whom he deemed worthy the honour of an invitation. But even this originated in his love of ostentation, and the vulgar ambition of self-display; for, while giving a ball, for the perfect brilliancy of which no expense was spared, he would stint a deserving servant even of his just

dues, and turn with the coldest indifference from the most touching case of homely distress. To these sharp, but not uncommon, features, let it be added, that Col. Nicholson's supreme delight was to thwart everybody; to make all around him uncomfortable; to wound the feelings of his wife, and friends, and servants; to touch sore points; to entangle everything; to distress and insult everybody, and to keep people at a distance,—and the reader has as much of his portrait as is necessary to the developement of our story.

It was not easy for any, except those immediately in contact with him, in a subordinate station, to say whether Lieutenant-colonel Nicholson was an extremely good, or a very bad man. There is no despicable quality which may not be called by a graceful name, and there is no despicable man, either, who may not find a clique to praise and whitewash him. The choice few, among whom this great personage thought it not beneath him to unbend, meanly flattered by his selection, and deriving various advantages from the inti-

macy, feeling all the little good of his character, and, of course, not brought in contact with any of his bad points, sturdily defended him against the just indignation of those who had smarted beneath his arrogant insults, and seen the malignity of his heart and the smallness of his mind. From them the world at large learned that his despotism was a mere necessary habit of command; his vain hospitality was generous kindness; his cunning, sagacity; his cowardice, prudence; and his parsimony, wise economy.

Thus, by dwelling upon and exaggerating this man's better peculiarities; by denying or explaining away the worse features, he was made out by his parasites to be a meritorious person; and the world, who heard him execrated by one set, and eulogised by another, decided, when they took the trouble of deciding at all, that he was probably a severe disciplinarian, and therefore an excellent commander, and that the accusations against him arose from the unbending haughtiness of his disposition, which, although it made him unpopular,

was but the repelling cover of a magnanimous heart. As he had executed his sometimes unpleasant duties with unscrupulous fidelity and impartiality, too noble and careless to consider consequences, or to descend to arts of conciliation, he must be a superior officer, and a worthy man. Thus, in this strange world, the purest person is often weighed down by misfortune, and blackened by calumny, while a scoundrel, in the perpetration of unprincipled actions, not only often escapes free from public reprobation, but receives public applause, particularly if Providence have placed him in an exalted position.

But, though the world at large would not take the trouble to decide correctly respecting Lieut.-col. Nicholson, the officers who served under him had too often felt his ungenerous arrogance and paltry insults, not to hate him with all their hearts. His complete power to worry those under his command was practised without restraint from mercy or generosity. They had long smarted under a thousand vague and nameless kinds of oppression;

each one of which, to a gentleman, is more galling than broader insults. If there are few who know how to obey, there are still fewer who do not betray the innate depravity of human nature when called upon to command. In the history of absolute sovereigns, and particularly of the Roman emperors, the human character is sculptured in colossal forms, and we there see man intrusted with power. Rome is fallen through the infinite mercy of Providence, and the world is cut up into small states ; but the human heart, only narrowed in its sphere, remains essentially the same, when religious influences have not rescued it from itself. And how many an inglorious Roman emperor is there on the deck of a ship, at the head of a regiment, in a school-room, or at a work-shop, who, if he dared, or if he could, would place his statue in the temple of God !

Of all the officers of the —— regiment, Glendinning had been the least likely to bear with patience the irritating slights of his commander ; and, on his first entrance into the army, our young mad-

cap had not been many months under his treatment, when, stung by one of those insults which Colonel Nicholson knew so well how to inflict without compromising himself, he resolved, with characteristic impetuosity, to make him answer it in the field. He had possessed sufficient prudence, however, to cause a mutual friend to sound his enemy in an informal way, as to whether in case of a cartel he would accept it, waving his rank, or whether he would proceed, as under the circumstances he possessed the right to do, to bring the officer sending such a challenge to a court-martial. The worst feelings were awakened in the breast of Colonel Nicholson at this intimation, which had been made in so indirect and confidential a way, as to render any notice of it impossible. Wounded vanity, therefore, at finding his mighty dignity thus set at nought by a subordinate officer, and a thirst for revenge, prompted him to reply, "Let him only try me!" with a wish to have the intimation supposed an affirmative.

Not thinking this answer could be intended to have the double meaning of an ancient oracle, Glendinning directed a friend, accordingly, to invite him to a meeting, but, by an accident, discovered, just in time to save himself, that it was Col. Nicholson's determination to decline the meeting, and bring upon the challenger the severest consequences of a military prosecution. Glendinning was known to be a dead-shot; and there were not wanting persons who gave this fact weight in accounting for the conduct, on the present occasion, of the commanding officer. The affair was, however, stopped just in time; but not without an important change in the feelings of both the gentlemen towards each other. In addition to the opinion entertained by Glendinning of his commander, as a cold-hearted, malignant person, he now felt that he was a coward. While Colonel Nicholson had, with an inexpressible but concealed rage, beheld in Glendinning, an open and insolent rebel against his authority, who barely hid beneath the

necessary mask of official prudence, the fact that he despised his pretensions, suspected his courage, and read his character aright.

Perhaps the most vindictive feeling that can be aroused in the breast of such a man, is that with which he perceives his claims to importance ridiculed by an inferior. All else that he had availed him nothing "so long as he saw Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are, or, at least, at the time of which we are writing, there were, no barracks for officers in Montreal. It was customary for two or three to take a house together. For some time White and Glendinning had lived in this way, but latterly Glendinning had found rooms in the house of a young portrait-painter, who, with his wife and child, occupied only the lower part of the building.

The life of an officer in a garrison town is not varied by many pleasures. Both at the parades and the daily mess-table dinner, he had the not very agreeable certainty of meeting Lieutenant-colonel Nicholson, and of being subjected to the offensive superciliousness of that high and mighty personage. The evenings were enlivened by a certain routine of society, and sometimes by a rout; in

giving which species of entertainment, the reader has been informed, it was Colonel Nicholson's peculiar ambition to excel.

Till now, Glendinning, unaccustomed to read, study, or reflect, without any particular respect for himself, or purpose in life, had been driven by *ennui*, and the example of his chosen companions, into billiard-rooms and whist-clubs, where he spent a large portion both of his time and money. But since his return he had adopted different habits. He was more reserved among his old comrades, and much less seen abroad than formerly. He attended, with punctilious care, to his professional duties, and came under the hand of Colonel Nicholson several times, with a tranquil, and even gentle, forbearance which astonished, while it did not at all conciliate, that gentleman.

Various invitations to take part in certain frolics were courteously, but firmly, declined by Glendinning. Breckenbridge at first rallied him; but, after having made several ineffectual attempts to

bring him into his old ways, coolly ceased his endeavours, and for some time they scarcely met except on duty. Breckenbridge felt as if he were cut—a process to which his style of life had not rendered him entirely a stranger, but which became the subject of serious reflection when experienced from Glendinning. The latter, however, pursued his way quietly, laid out a course of reading which he followed assiduously, and continued in earnest to look into the evidences of Christianity, in which he even began to feel a singular interest.

He had been but imperfectly educated, and now, for the first time in his life, he began to study and to think. He read the “Analogy of Religion,” by Butler, —a book in everybody’s hands, but of which he had never heard, except through the recommendation of one who, he felt, was perhaps his truest friend on earth —Mrs. Lennox. This remarkable piece of reasoning deeply riveted his attention, and overwhelmed his light and trivial mind with astonishment. He thus ga-

thered a conviction that, notwithstanding the silent and inactive indifference with which many intelligent, cultivated, and fashionable people choose to regard the subject, the scheme of Christianity may be true. The thought was new, vast, and sublime. He felt its quickening power penetrate his mind, throw a new aspect over life and nature, and startle him to the deepest recesses of his soul. He meditated on it continually. He studied with severest perseverance. He doubted, he feared, he rejoiced, and he trembled. Then some cold instinct, ludicrous association, or unlucky word would rise in his heart or his recollection, and all the sublime, but half-formed vision would melt away.

Still, however, he studied; and many a day, and many a night he spent (greatly surprised at the power which had led him to such an occupation) reading the Bible and works illustrative of it. The more he read, the more he was struck, the more he was convinced; but when he closed the volume, and went to a drill, or a parade

or when he came under the eye of Colonel Nicholson, and felt the blood in his veins moving quicker at the cold tone of his voice, or the decisive magisterial wave of his hand, he wondered at his folly in yielding credit to nursery fables.

At this interesting epoch of his life, a kind Providence appears to have, in some degree, separated him from White, by leading him to a lodging with Mr. Southard and his family, the young painter before-mentioned. White was a gentleman, in more than one sense; but he was one of those gentlemen whose opinions are most perfectly decided against the claims of any religion to a Divine origin. Southard and his family, on the contrary, were devout and cheerful believers, and perhaps the sweet little group gathered at his table, could the artist have painted it, would have been the most graceful and pleasing of all his subjects. He was one of those pure and simple beings whom nature sometimes forms, and religion perfects on the earth—an humble and contented follower of his Divine Master.

He was poor without being either dazzled with riches, or ashamed of poverty, lowly in rank, and yet lowlier in spirit. Even his talent in his profession was not above mediocrity; but he knew it, and smiled at it, and was contented with what his Creator had given him.

Southard had the enthusiasm without the jealous susceptibilities of an artist. He was almost unknown, and scarcely desired to become less so. His modest wants were supplied by his industry; and in a heart tenderly alive to the charm of nature, the sweetness of truth, and the beauty and meaning of all things, he had a source of constant and extreme enjoyment. In compensation for the want of professional talent, and of the distinctions and luxuries which it produces, he had been blessed with a lovely wife, in whom he found at once the most useful and delightful companion, and the tenderest, most affectionate friend. A single child was the fruit of their union,—a little girl, three years old. Careless of the stern toil, and gorgeous spectacles, and sorrows

of the world, he lived—rare fate!—happy in himself, doubly happy in his wife; and all the happiness he desired seemed trebled to him, beyond his hopes and merits, while he watched the growth and improvement of the little Catherine.

For these people Glendinning had long conceived a warm regard. There was something in the picture of their humble and contented happiness,—so rich with so little,—in their pure and sincere characters, which touched his soul. And now that he was beginning to experience a change of opinion on the most important of all subjects, he found a new charm in their society, and spoke to them frequently on the great topics which were engaging his attention. Nothing but such a happy home of his own could have been so soothing and delightful to his feelings as this circle, where he every day became more and more familiarly welcomed, and more and more regarded as a valuable acquisition. These companions in some measure filled the chasm which had been left by his separation

from the Lennoxes, and they were interested in the same subject, and continued with him the same course of reasoning. Here he began to feel at home—a sweet word, the meaning of which he had never known before. Thus several weeks passed away in elevating studies and deeply-interesting conversations, until one day he said to his hosts, “Almost you persuade me to become a Christian.”

He had already received one affectionate maternal letter from Mrs. Lennox, full of details respecting the family, and closing with an earnest and impressive hope that he would continue his study of the religion of Jesus, assuring him that it was “good tidings to the meek, and a light shining in a dark place; that it revealed the method of reconciliation for iniquity, and presented the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”

He smiled at this characteristic language which so vividly recalled his affectionate friend, but the smile was not one of ridicule. He even thought he began

to comprehend the meaning of those phrases, as he had already done of the word "home." They conveyed ideas and feelings which had never before found entrance into his mind or heart.

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Southard one evening, as Glendinning took his departure, after a long and ingenuous debate on the theme in which he now found singular interest, "Poor fellow! the scales are balanced."

"Yes," said Southard, "a hair will turn them."

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE morning, as Glendinning was returning from a drill, he met an officer with whom he had long been well acquainted, and who had come to Montreal from Quebec on some business, and that was their first meeting.

"Hollo! Clinton!" said Glendinning as he approached.

The young man walked directly on without turning to the right or left, and as steadily as if he had been going through a drill. Glendinning thought it was a boyish jest, and stopped, expecting to see him presently turn, burst into a laugh, and exchanged their accustomed salutations. But as he passed, and continued on his way with the same rigid and rather quickened pace till he disappeared round a corner.

Glendinning rubbed his eyes astonished

and also bewildered. Could he have been mistaken in the man? Impossible! And yet the total unconsciousness of his presence shown by the stranger, whoever he was, implied that he had been. He laughed at the incident, and thought no more about it, concluding that the friend he had supposed himself addressing was probably, in reality, at Quebec.

On the following day, invitations for a grand *fête* were issued to all the officers by an old military friend who had served in India, and was now spending a few months at Montreal. Glendinning himself was not among the guests invited. He thought it very odd; but, of course, a mistake. He soon lost all recollection of it in his absorbing studies.

A day or two afterwards he was met in the street by Breckenbridge, who, as the reader has been already told, had in former times been one of his boon companions. He felt that his example had been most pernicious to him. Breckenbridge was warm-hearted, handsome, and witty; a dare-devil, thoughtless, good-for-nothing

fellow, in whose company one could not be long without liking him. But a naturally good heart had been so completely depraved by debauchery and gambling that every spark of real honour was extinguished in it, and even the exterior qualities of an amiable and amusing companion were retained only as long as he found any interest in assuming them. By slow, but sure degrees, he degenerated into buffoonery, and his libertinism had been latterly deepened by ruinous extravagance.

Breckenbridge was not malignant, but he was violently passionate; and the bold recklessness of his temper made it dangerous to offend him. Glendinning had not been able to effect his awkward task of withdrawing from his intimacy without awakening the suspicion of the object of his distrust; but whether he did so or not he was quite resolved to be seen no more than was actually necessary with a man whose habits he had already learned to abhor, and for whose character he felt anything but esteem. He was no hypo-

write, yet he did not exactly wish to say, either directly or indirectly, to one whose friendship he had encouraged, "You are unworthy of me as a companion;" and Breckenbridge, who had at last caught an idea of the truth, felt a malicious delight in pressing himself importunately upon his reformed friend, whenever they accidentally met in public.

"How d 'ye do, Glendinning?" said Breckenbridge, holding out his hand.

Glendinning politely, but rather gravely, returned the salutation.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" said Breckenbridge.

"With me?—Nothing!"

"You 're so confoundedly grave and stiff, I don't know you."

"Let me introduce you, then," said White laughing, as he joined them. "This is my reformed friend, Glendinning. The virtuous and scientific companion whom we used to know."

White had, not maliciously, but unfortunately, struck on the very chord. He himself had felt vexed at the stupid gra-

vity of his friend, but thought of noticing it by nothing more than a jest.

"So!" said Breckenbridge, "you are an admirable fellow for a small party! What's come over you? I don't understand it! We used to be 'hail fellows well met.' Now I swear you act as if you wanted to cut me."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said White, who now perceived by the expression of Breckenbridge's face, that he was in earnest. "Let us go in here, and you shall have a game of billiards."

"Certainly," said Breckenbridge; then turning to Glendinning, "You won't come I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I will," said Glendinning, with his habitual facility of character.

"Well. That's something like. Do you know there's a report going round, that you're going to resign, and turn parson?"

"Will you play, White?" said Glendinning.

"No. I've a nasty rheumatism in my shoulder—I can't hold a cue."

"I'll play," said Breckenbridge.

This was exactly what Glendinning did not want. He was obliged, however, to yield, though with reluctance; and the worst of it was, his reluctance was clearly detected by his antagonist.

Several other officers came in. Glendinning, who had scarcely been in a billiard-room since his arrival, nodded to them slightly, and received as slight a return.

"I'm glad to have a crack with you," said Breckenbridge. "You used to be a hand worthy of me. But now, I suspect, you're practising other games."

Glendinning went on playing, without making any reply to this and various other exclamations on the part of Breckenbridge, in which the words "sanctified face," and "too good to be worth much," appeared directed ironically against him. A year before he would have been involved in a quarrel with less provocation; but now, he had other ideas, and had really made some progress, though but slight, in the manly art of self-government.

While the game was going on, a gen-

tleman whom Glendinning had seen at Mr. Lennox's, in New-York, came in having recently arrived. The acquaintance was renewed warmly on both sides.

"I have a letter for you," said the person, "from your friend, Mrs. Lennox. I was going to your lodgings, when some one, who had accidentally seen you, directed me here."

He handed the letter, and, excusing himself, went out; when Glendinning, with an apology, opened and commenced reading.

He had not proceeded more than a few lines, when he felt a sharp blow upon his shoulder from Breckenbridge's cuff, and a—

"Now then, old fellow! hang your letters! Push a-head, will you?"

"I tell you what, Mr. Breckenbridge," said Glendinning haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I don't allow any man to take such a liberty as that with me, and you less than another."

"What do you mean by that?" said Breckenbridge, with a darkening brow.

"What I say, sir."

"Indeed? me less than another? You mean that as an insult."

Glendinning's eye flashed on him, and he was about to reply "You might consider it so if you choose!" when he checked himself.

"No, Mr. Breckenbridge, I do not wish to insult you."

"Then please to explain why you allow me to take such a liberty with you less than another?"

"I have no explanation to make."

"Then you have an insult to retract, and you shall eat your words at this table."

"I am not in the habit of speaking without a cause," said Glendinning quietly, "neither am I in the habit of retracting without one."

"Explain, then—explain. If you are grown so touchy as not to allow any one the ordinary familiarity of a friend, I have nothing to say. But why me less than another?"

"Oh! If you drive me to an explana-

tion," said Glendinning, his hot blood mounting higher and higher, "I will give it you certainly; but I did not desire to give it,—at least not in public."

"Let us hear it at all events," said Breckenbridge, with a laugh which infuriated his opponent.

"You, less than another," said Glendinning calmly and haughtily, "because, from your manners, character, and occupations, I consider you less desirable as a friend, Mr. Breckenbridge; and I avail myself of this occasion, moreover, to say that our acquaintance must hereafter be upon a less familiar footing."

"Well, Captain Glendinning," said Breckenbridge quietly, and without showing the expected indignation at this insult, "I tell you what; I may not be what I ought to be. Few of us are. Yet I trust, I can be reproached only with rashness, which has injured myself. Your character and actions do not admit of such a defence."

"Sir?" said Glendinning.

"I suppose you heard my observation."

If not, I'll repeat it," said Breckenbridge, without any symptom of anger or loss of composure.

"Your remark is not worthy even of you," said Glendinning. "I have insulted you; take the course of a gentleman. I am ready to meet you as if you were one, but an unmeaning calumny can be as little creditable to you, as injurious to me."

"Meet you!" said Breckenbridge, "meet you! Ha! ha! ha!"

The laugh was echoed by several gentlemen and officers among the by-standers.

"What do you mean by that?" said Glendinning, with an air rather of astonishment than anger.

"Ah! ha!" said Breckenbridge. "Now then it's my turn. Every dog has his day! I mean, sir, precisely what I say."

There was another laugh, and Glendinning saw, with an emotion difficult to be described, that the feeling of the room was against him.

"You shall retract your atrocious insinuation on the spot," cried he.

"Ah! bah!" repeated Breckenbridge, laughing, "I'm not in the habit of speaking without a cause, neither am I in the habit of retracting without one."

"I will give you cause, then," said Glendinning.

"You can't do it!" replied Breckenbridge firmly. "Captain Glendinning, the high and the haughty, let me tell you a secret. There is not an officer in Montreal that would meet you!"

"You're a fool!" cried Glendinning.

"Come, come away!" said a Captain Drake, taking Breckenbridge by the arm.

In a moment the room was empty. Glendinning, astounded, stood alone with White.

"Well, that's cool," said White. "I don't quite understand it."

"Will you take a message?" cried Glendinning.

"Certainly," replied White, rolling the balls against each other on the table.

"Then let us be acting immediately."

As they left the house, Glendinning

came upon the officer who had yesterday so singularly passed him in the street.

"Clinton!" cried he, bewildered. "It was you then?"

The young man gently turned aside and continued his way without offering the least sign of recognition.

Glendinning uttered an exclamation of bewildered astonishment.

In the evening, White took a message to Breckenbridge, but did not return to give any account of its reception.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLENDINNING did not sleep that night, neither did he resume his studies. His old passions were fully aroused, and he resorted to his old habits of deadening them, —a bottle of Madeira, and a box of cigars. Hour after hour he paced the floor "like a proud steed reined, champing his iron bit." The mystery in which he was involved was perfectly inexplicable; so that, during long intervals of reflection, shame and rage were almost lost in curiosity and wonder. His past life had been rash and thoughtless. He knew this and regretted it; but that had been sufficiently known before, and not visited with consequences like these. Yet, now that new and more rational plans had opened upon him for the first time, with boiling veins, and a heart appalled, he saw himself scornfully, and it seemed generally, insulted and despised. What act of his had produced this, or by

what means the unanimity of public scorn had been brought about, he racked his imagination and memory in vain to conceive. He reviewed his past life, as far as possible, in every minute detail—his words, his very thoughts; but nothing that he could fix his mind on, accounted, in the remotest degree, for the present state of affairs. He was “cut.” His fellow officers had openly refused to associate with him, and a blackguard, whom he himself considered beneath him as a companion, had, with the unconcealed approbation, and to the unconcealed amusement, of a room full of his brother soldiers, jeeringly and tauntingly declined noticing his insult. Then White, who had taken his message in the early part of the evening, had not even returned to inform him of the result. White himself seemed to have abandoned him.

What pestilential slander had attached itself to his name? Was he charged with robbery or murder? What crime had he committed more than is committed (alas! that it should be so!) by other young men

who, nevertheless, keep their places in society, are courted and caressed, presented by fathers and mothers to their modest and innocent young daughters, and hailed by their companions with pride and delight? Could the odium against him have any relation with the affair of Frank Lennox? His reason rejected the possibility. True, he had there insulted a lady, but surely that had been amply expiated; and, since the lady herself and her friends forgave him, it could hardly be conceived that strangers should take up the matter at this late date; and, even if they had taken it up, this could never have produced such startling effects.

Was it that he had "almost become a Christian?" He knew that many gentlemen, worldly men, and military officers, distinguished statesmen, and other leading characters in Christian society, smiled at the visionary idea of carrying Christian precepts into active life; and that many able and conscientious conductors of the free press, which cannot fail greatly to modify public opinion, did not hesitate to

state in their columns, that Christian precepts had been found incompatible with the operations of practical life. But was he to be made a pariah for examining into them? Was the Bible, as in the time of Nero, become a mark of scorn and dishonour? and the Christian—was he then an outcast? No. It was absurd. All his attempts at explaining the causes of his present galling position were lost in wild and improbable conjectures.

The clock struck eleven, twelve, one, two. Still White did not arrive. Day broke, overflowing the star-paved shore of heaven with a stream of pale light, which deepened into radiant floods and gorgeous fiery shapes. Glendinning paused in his disturbed walk of agony, to look into those abysses of ineffable glory; and, as the sun lifted itself calmly and slowly above the horizon, he forgot, for a moment, his own private griefs; and thought of his visit to Rose Hill, where he had often been abroad early, in mornings such as this, on excursions of pleasure in the cool, odorous, silent dawn.

But the clock struck five, and he started at the recollection of Breckenbridge, Clinton, and White. As their images recurred, nature, morality, the new-born faith in religion, thoughts of duty, the idea that this state on earth is one of trial and probation, and all the associations of Rose Hill, the Lennoxes, and those delicious evenings, and those pure and spiritual conversations, passed from his mind, to give place to unbridled passion, and visions of bloody revenge.

It was, he knew not how, near morning when his reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door; and Southard entered in morning-gown and slippers.

"I beg your pardon," said Southard, "but I've come up to see what 's the matter with you. We've heard you pacing all night backward and forward, and often speaking aloud."

"I hope I hav'n't disturbed you?"

"Only with the apprehension that you are either uneasy or ill"

"I am both," said Glendinning, "vexed, grieved, and ill."

"What is it? Can we do anything for you?"

"No, no, my dear fellow; no. You cannot aid me; cannot, at least yet, even share my troubles."

"Then I must ask no more," said Southard; "but, without knowing it, I can advise you not to yield too much to merely temporary cares and sorrows. They pass away. Leave them to Him who sends them."

"It's easier to advise thus than to act thus, my friend," said Glendinning.

"Of course it is; but it is, nevertheless, possible."

"No, no; it is not possible."

"Yes it is. All is possible with the aid of God."

"And if you had lost your wife last night," said Glendinning, "perhaps you would feel how insufficient mere precepts, either of morality or religion, are to meet the blighting cares of life."

"I should suffer, doubtless," replied Southard; "I should shrink, and mourn, and weep. But he who believes and trusts

in the one true and everlasting God, and comprehends with faith the perfect system of consolation offered by the Christian religion, although he cannot avoid the storms and wrecks of life, yet he has a star to guide him and a pilot to steer him. Believe me, there is neither wisdom, philosophy, nor religion, in worrying oneself about things that can't be helped. Do your best, and let things go. Satisfy your conscience, and sleep in peace. Read your bible, and you will find support. 'Which of ye, by taking thought for himself, can add one cubit unto his stature?'

Glendinning was at first disposed to think, that a man coming into his room to preach religion at daybreak, in morning-gown and slippers, was rather intrusive and ridiculous. But the words of Southard, and the answering echoes which thrilled in his own heart, and his own reason, once more made him pause, and called up again a feeble sense of his new-born hope and faith.

"Trust in God," continued Southard. "Man neither made himself, nor can take

care of himself, without his Creator. He placed you in the world, he will receive you going out, and, if you will let him, he will guide, support, and console you, during your progress through it."

Glendinning shook his head.

"'Come to me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" pursued Southard.

"I wish I had your unwavering faith," said Glendinning, "and sometimes I have; but it is fluctuating and feeble. The first storm whirls it away."

"It will be given you, if you truly and sincerely ask it. That is all you want to be a happy man. Once convinced, you walk the earth careless of its inconveniences, its cold or its heat, its joy or its sorrow, its glory or its shame; and only wait your summons to go back to a celestial abode, where 'moths do not corrupt, and thieves no more break in and steal.' But come, I will have done preaching, and leave you to better thoughts. You've been awake all night, too. You must sleep, or you'll cut a poor figure at the ball to-night."

"Ball!" said Glendinning. "What ball?"

"Why, the ball — Colonel Nicholson's ball."

"Does Colonel Nicholson give a ball, and to-night?" said Glendinning; a flush of painful emotion overspreading his face.

"You don't mean to say you're ignorant of it?" said Southard, with some surprise. "Why, all the town are talking about it."

"I was ignorant of it," said Glendinning.

"Why all the officers are to be there," continued Southard. "Have you not received your invitation?"

"Has any been sent for me?"

"Not to my knowledge."

A ray of light shot into Glendinning's mind.

"It is very extraordinary," said Southard. "It is quite certain there must be some mistake." But, perceiving Glendinning was not attending to him, and appeared lost in thought, he bade him good morning, and left him.

"So!" said Glendinning, "that's my man! He has done it by some infernal slander. But let him beware. If I can catch him —— but stop, be cool; I have only to wait. The Horseguards! I defy them. A court-martial! I invite—I court one. "My commission! I'll resign it. Let me be cool and patient; I shall know all in a day or two. No more questions, no more challenges yet! Some one must be at the bottom of it, and who but he? If I can trace it to him, I throw away all considerations of self; I care not for rank, power, laws, nor consequences.— Does he think again to shelter himself behind paltry questions of etiquette and articles of war?"

He went out and bathed, came home and dressed as usual, breakfasted, and still no White. His heart was oppressed with passion, and his mind bewildered in mystery; but he kept himself composed with the words, "Wait, be cool! The hour will come!"

Shunning the society, or even the eye of every human being, he spent the whole

day alone, in the environs of this magnificently-situated town, wandering, now along the shores of the broad and noble stream, now climbing some of the heights, from which he beguiled the intervals of keener reflection by the dazzling and exquisite views which broke upon him of the island, town, and river ; and now penetrating into the green, untrodden solitudes of the forest, soothing himself with the sweet sights and sounds of nature.

He took some refreshment in the course of the day at a tavern, and when the evening was sufficiently advanced to permit his walking home, unrecognized by such of his acquaintance as might be abroad in the streets, he returned to town.

No change had taken place in his mind. He had sought, neither in the advice of any wiser friend, nor in humble prayer, light for his guidance or strength for his support.

On his way home, he found himself suddenly before the elegant house of Colonel Nicholson. It was blazing with lights ; and within, and around it, were

all the tokens of a brilliant *fête*, sounds of music, figures passing and repassing before the windows, and carriages dashing up, and giving out their gay and richly-dressed company, and then hurrying away to make room for others.

The stigma, which his commanding officer had cast upon him by omitting to invite him, seemed to burn like a brand of shame on his forehead, for all the world to see. The surrounding darkness seemed scarcely black enough to hide it. He stood a moment with folded arms, and a pale countenance.

It was not only an intentional insult, but, in sober truth, an injury which the reputation of a young officer could scarcely survive. It was an undisguised declaration of enmity on the part of Colonel Nicholson; a public proclamation of his contempt, and of Glendinning's shame. And, moreover, he knew that Nicholson's mean and cowardly soul, however vindictive and merciless, would not have ventured upon so bold and open a measure, unless protected from the consequences

by circumstances of a very marked and extraordinary nature. Nicholson was a man who launched the deadly blow only from a place of safety.

With these fierce, and burning thoughts, the young man stood some time in the shadow, meditating on the best mode of action, and "feeding fat" his thoughts of vengeance. Once he approached a few steps, resolved to stalk into the gay and crowded rooms, all dusty, and ghastly as he was; reckless of the screams of affrighted women, and the frowns of furious beaux; and to take by the throat the malignant villain who had cast this black spell upon him. But he withheld himself from what a moment's reflection told him would be only an act of unmanly desperation, perhaps, most gladly hailed by his enemy, and most triumphantly used as a means of completing his ruin. The very intensity of his passion taught him prudence; his very agitation made him calm and wary.

' He turned away sick, and almost suffocated, with his unaccustomed effort to

restrain violent emotion—one of the highest and most necessary arts of a moral being, and one possessed only by the truly great and good. “Ah!” ejaculated he; “if the dog would but fight! if I could but plant him, face to face, before me!”

Poor Mrs. Lennox! where was her mild and gentle image? Her holy words? Where the new ideas she had awakened? The promise she had extorted? The angel voices she had called up in his bosom? The light of heaven she had shed over his path? Gone! lost! As hope, love, reason, truth, common humanity, respect for God, and all that is pure, and high, and spiritual, and unworldly, must ever be lost in the heart that gives itself to the brutal, depraving duel, when, “groping at noon-day,” the infidel turns from heaven and voluntarily embraces earth and hell!

CHAPTER XV.

At last he reached his home. A violent ring of the bell brought Southard himself to the door.

"You frightened us," said he; "we did not know what had happened."

"How so?"—"By ringing so hard."

"I was not aware of it," said Glendinning, as he entered the house. "Has White been here?"—"No."

"Nor sent?"—"No."

He sank into a chair, with folded arms, in dark and moody silence. He looked like a demon gnawed by fierce thoughts of murder, and hate.

Mrs. Southard was engaged in her neat, humble, drawing-room, dressing her little girl for bed. The carpet was strewn with flowers, and the fragments of toys, which, though now thrown aside and neglected, showed that the child had finished

another innocent and happy day. Bright and fresh as a morning rose-bud, her large eyes of tender blue, as full of light and soul as they could be ; she sat on her mother's knee, her silken hair only half covered by the small, snowy cap, but peeping out here and there in soft rebellious curls, half auburn, half gold. Southard, who had been reading Milton, had laid down the volume, and was looking at the group with the delight of an artist, mingled with the tenderness of a father, and watching to see its effects upon their friend.

Glendinning had a soul for such a picture, and was struck by it. It strangely affected his thoughts. He was one of those who feel the delight of being with children, and, with this child, he had long formed a tender intimacy.

"There," said Southard, "is the most beautiful object in creation,—a child just fresh from the hands of Heaven."

"The most beautiful," said Mrs. Southard, "at least in the eyes of a father. But Kate *has* a remarkable face."

"She has indeed," said Glendinning.

"Do you know," said the mother, charmed to find that he appeared enlivened by the sight, "do you know she can sing and dance, and repeat twenty pieces of poetry? Come Katy, tell Captain Glendinning about

"Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day."

"No, no," said Kate, with a side-long blushing look at Glendinning. "Not to him."

"And why not to him?"

"Because he's a coward," replied the child with her broken accent.

"A what?" said Glendinning.

"Colonel Nicholson says so, you know," said the child.

"A what? my dear little girl," asked Glendinning, gently, the expression of repose and pleasure which had gradually come into his face entirely disappearing.

"Oh, hush, Katy!" said Mrs. Southard, exchanging an ominous look with her husband, and giving such other evidences

of alarm, that Glendinning needed no further explanation to convince him the child had overheard, and was repeating, some real conversation. He seized her gently by the hand, and said,

"Do you mean a coward, my dear?"

"Yes, yes! a coward!" said she, delighted to be understood.

"Dear Captain Glendinning!" interrupted Mrs. Southard.

"I understand! I partly know," said Glendinning; "but you will of course explain this to me, Southard?"

"Certainly I will," replied the artist. "It is a stupid and a painful thing. But I intended to reveal to you what I heard this afternoon, and the child has perhaps broached the subject opportunely."

"It's the greatest nonsense in the world, Captain Glendinning," said Mrs. Southard, rising with the child. "Don't be angry, or rash! It will pass over, if you are prudent and patient. Good night, good night! I shall not be able to leave Katy for at least half an hour. I always sit by her till she falls asleep."

"Now then," said Glendinning, when they were alone, "if you are my friend, tell me frankly, fully, all the calumny that has been hatched against me by that man."

"The circumstance to me," said Southard, "would not, could not, wear so serious an aspect as I confess others find in it. I hope you will treat it with the contempt it merits."

"Let me hear it first."

"You had an affair of honour in New-York this summer, with Mr. Lennox?"—

"I had."

"A Lieutenant of the United States' army?"—"Yes."

"You were insulted in the theatre, and received a blow?"—"I did."

"You went out with him, and settled the matter amicably?"—"I did."

"Dined with the young man, and spent a week at his country seat?"

"I did. All this I did; and now your story? The rest! the rest!"

"You have it. It is this that I have told you. Colonel Nicholson has revived the affair, and expressed an unfavourable

opinion of it. He does not seem a friend of yours, and, in his way, has chosen to view the matter as an evidence of your—now be calm ——”

“Go on!” said Glendinning.

“You have his words. My little Kate heard an officer, who is sitting for his head to me, tell my wife ——”

“I’m a coward?”

“Those were the words, as reported to us, of Colonel Nicholson; who declares that he has some intention of ordering an official investigation. He has, it is useless to deny it, for the moment, seriously injured your reputation.”

Glendinning made no reply, but paced thoughtfully backward and forward with a tranquillity which surprised his informant. At length he said,—

“Thank you for explaining this to me. I see it all.”

“And will, I trust, treat it with contempt,” rejoined Southard.

“Not exactly with contempt; but nothing can be done with it. I can’t undo the past. I can’t fight the duel over

again. If my brother officers have the stupidity to be led away by the opinion of a person they despise as much as they do this Colonel Nicholson, let them. I will resign my commission, and meet Colonel Nicholson himself. Should he refuse to meet me, I'll horsewhip him, if he were twenty Colonel Nicholsons."

"Tut! tut! tut!" cried Southard, "horsewhip your Lieutenant-colonel!"

There was a ring at the door, and the servant announced Captain White, who immediately entered with his usual undisturbed and indifferent manner. His was one of those natures which nothing lashes into frenzy. Deep emotion only stilled him, and gave him more perfect mastery over his reason and passions.

"How are you, Southard? How are you, ma'am?" said he to Mrs. Southard, as she entered hastily and affrighted, for the voice of Glendinning had reached her while lulling her child to sleep. "How are you, Glendinning?"

"Where have you been?" inquired Glendinning. "Why did you not return me? Why are you not at the ball?"

"I have been looking into matters a little; and as for my absence from the ball, if you mean Colonel Nicholson's ball, I have not been invited. I wish you'd give me a cup of tea, Mrs. Southard, will you?"

"We are just going to have some," said she, as she rang. "Oh! what is all this to end in?"

There was a pause which no one seemed inclined to break.

"You take it coolly, Captain White," at length said Glendinning.

"Coolly! why not?"

"You are just in time with your coolness now," said Southard. "Captain Glendinning is likely to have use for it."

"It is at his service, and therefore I sought him.—A little sugar if you please; your tea has positively the flavour of Caravan, Mrs. Southard."

"It is but common tea," said the lady.

"Then, perhaps I am thirsty. What a day we've had! Rome and Naples have few more delightful!"

"If it would but last the year through,"

said Mrs. Southard, who perceived he desired to change the conversation.

"It wouldn't be so pleasant," answered White. "I remember once spending a winter at Rome, and I positively surfeited on the beauty of the climate. No wind, no cloud, a sky of the most transparent clearness and exquisite hues; week after week, month after month, nothing but that everlasting, bright heaven and still air. I got monstrously sick of it, to be sure, and was as glad to see a dull day, as I am here to see a fine one."

"What a climate for art, for architecture, statues, temples, columns, and triumphal arches!" exclaimed Southard.

"Yes, famous place! Interesting things! Good buildings! and devilish nice people they must have been."

"Unchristian, bloody, and barbarous, though!" interposed Southard.

"But immensely clever!" said White, finishing his second cup. "Now, then, Glendinning, a word with you."

His friend silently rose, and followed him into his room, where the servant had placed lights.

CHAPTER XVI.

"GLENDINNING," said White, when they were alone, "you are in an extremely awkward position, and so am I. I bore your message last evening to Lieutenant Breckenbridge. He declined receiving it, on the plea that you are not a gentleman."

"Go on," said Glendinning, who had gradually, since the appearance of White, reassumed a manner perfectly composed, and who listened without gesture, and without passion, to the startling commencement of his friend's narration.

"I asked an explanation. He referred me to Colonel Nicholson. Of course, I immediately determined to call him out on my own account. On seeking a friend, I learned, for the first time, the whole affair, which I presume you know."

"I have heard it indirectly," replied Glendinning.

"The person to whom I applied, was Captain Grasham, and what do you suppose he told me? That, until I had explained a charge against my own honour, which had been some days current in society, he must decline bearing a message for me. Your affair with Lennox, as you have already learned, is considered to have been prematurely arranged. The originator and circulator of this opinion is Colonel Nicholson. He has so managed it as to set the matter in the light in which he desired it to be seen, and some of his intimates, tools, and toad-eaters, have worked for him with incredible success. For two days I had felt, I could not distinctly say why, a certain coolness and stiffness in the manner of everybody towards me. This I ascribed to my own imagination, till it grew too unequivocal to be mistaken. In short, we are both 'cut.' We are fairly in Coventry, I think most unjustly, and altogether in consequence of the malignant views adopted by the great

potentate, Colonel Nicholson. You have now my story."

He paused, but Glendinning made no reply.

"What do you propose?" said White.

"There is but one thing, I can propose."

"And that is to —"

"To give up my commission, and force Nicholson to meet me."

"Ah!" said White, coolly, "that's an alternative which I confess had not struck me."

"Nicholson," said Glendinning, "is a malignant coward. The course he has adopted in this affair is not the result of candid conviction, but of secret vengeance. I have not been able to conceal from him the contempt in which I hold his character; and I have had the temerity to detect his meanness, without the imprudence to put myself within his reach. I allude to the challenge I proposed to send him, and his characteristic manner of backing out of the scrape. Afraid—for I shall hereafter speak openly of him—to meet me himself, he has hit upon this way to gra-

tify his passion, without personal danger, safely sheltered, as he has the folly to suppose, behind his rank."

"You have read his heart I believe," said White, "as if you held it in your hand. Give me one of those cigars, will you? Your intention of forcing Nicholson to meet you, is not practicable. Nicholson is what you represent him. He has done that of which you accuse him. His motive, I doubt not, you have correctly construed; but he could ruin you for ever; and he would do so, I can tell you, even if you were to give up your commission."

"What do you advise?" said Glendinning. "I know Nicholson is as base as he is cunning, and as revengeful as he is cowardly. Oh! how my arm aches to horsewhip him!"

"Stop! stop! Take me with you, my young friend!" said White, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "It is not at all certain that Nicholson is a coward. Perhaps he would meet you gladly, if he had no better way of compassing his ends. He will destroy your prospects; he will blast

your name ; he will break your heart, if you don't take the greatest care ; but, he never will meet you."

" And what, then, do you advise ? "

" You have conceived accurately many features of Nicholson's character. But you are irritated. You hate him, and I think you exaggerate his bad qualities. I suspect he's a better fellow than you think him."

" Oh ! " said Glendinning. " I can bear anything but hearing him defended. But pray go on."

" I hope I have judged him more justly. He is at least born and bred a gentleman ; he must have some gentlemanly feeling."

" Well, perhaps I am heated," said Glendinning, who began to be over-mastered by an awful thought, which sometimes darkly crossed his mind, and to which he had thus far succeeded in avoiding any allusion, yet which cowed and silenced him, as a fiery horse is often stilled in the crisis of a storm or battle.

"I will go to him to-morrow," said White, "calmly and courteously, like a gentleman and a brother officer; request him, as your friend, to state his opinions and wishes, rectify his misconceptions, represent the matter rightly (for perhaps he does not really understand it), and appeal to his reason, his justice." He paused, and added, "If you please, to his mercy."

Glendinning rose and paced impatiently across the floor.

"It is, I know," said White, "not an agreeable duty; but in fact a humiliation. He is a peculiar fellow; but I fancy I can manage him. His understanding is weak, his heart cold. His idea of his own self-importance exaggerated. These are constitutional defects. We must get over them as we can. On the other hand, in proportion to his vindictiveness, where he fancies himself not sufficiently respected, will be perhaps his magnanimity when we frankly place ourselves at his feet, and in his power."

"But to bend to him!" said Glendinning.

"You must not forget, my young friend," continued White, in a still graver tone, "that you owe your present dilemma partly to your own imprudence. You came here in a subordinate station, and (excuse me) with a reputation for wildness, testiness, and contempt of authority. Your commanding officer happened to be a gentleman peculiarly susceptible upon such points; vain, pompous, arbitrary, and unforgiving; equally powerful in his connexions, his position, and his rank. You knew him, and you bearded him. You did not conceal your consciousness of his weakness, your contempt for his vices, and your scornful indifference to his resentment. You even took pains to wound his vanity, without pausing to reflect that, by such a heart, that offence is rarely forgiven. A great and noble soul would have raised him above your follies, and led him to pardon your opposition; and he would have conciliated your respect and affections by showing that he deserved them; but, my dear fellow, few men have great and noble souls. They are generally inspired with

mean and selfish motives. He is so in a peculiar degree, and you have not only, in some measure, impaired his standing with others, but you have lowered him in his own eyes. Do you expect him to forgive you? Do you expect him now to refrain from revenge, when he thinks you have placed yourself in his power? and do you expect him to do this unasked?"

"There are truth and reason in what you say," said Glendinning. "I have been rash. But what advice can he give? How can he unsay what he has said? A fool like him may set a house on fire, but he cannot extinguish the flames. Besides, another objection strikes me. If we ask this man's advice, shall we not be obliged to follow it?"

"My friend, Glendinning, there are difficulties in the way of all things. You must let me manage this little matter for you."

"But —," said Glendinning.

"The necessity is not a pleasant one," interrupted White, in a low voice, "but it is one of two alternatives. If —"

"Go! go! for God's sake!" said Glendinning.

"Then leave all to me. Say no more of it. Think no more of it. What, man, we've been in a gale of wind before! Smoke a cigar! Drink a bottle of wine; go to bed, and to-morrow morning be here to learn the result."

Glendinning was at length alone! What spell had fallen on him? He shunned all company, even that of Southard, and, throwing himself on his bed, endeavoured to sleep. For some hours he succeeded. But at two he awoke from a frightful dream, cold, trembling, and oppressed with horror. He endeavoured with deep draughts of wine to steady his nerves, and partly succeeded. Pacing a thousand times across the floor, he lost himself in thought. Oh, could he but bring back the past! That was impossible. But the future was in his power; yet he had not the true courage to think so. He felt like some one bound and alone, on the deck of a ship, which, steadily and silently, with a slow but increasing motion, is

borne on and on, along a resistless current, to the black maelstrom, whose fatal roar is faintly heard in the distance. Only one Power could save him ! Kneel, man, and ask its aid.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN he left Glendinning, White's mind was at ease, because his resolution was fixed. He was disturbed by no moral views or conscientious scruples, no new-born beams of dim religious light, and, truth to say, very little keenness of sympathy, or warmth of heart. He was a man of the world, and a gentleman ; but nothing more. The idea of troubling himself about a hereafter never entered his head. He was a good-natured, well-meaning, and, in some respects, warm-hearted sensualist. An infidel, of course. He had picked up some smart arguments against Christianity, and they sufficed him. Without literary taste, love of art, or of nature, he squared his thoughts and actions upon the rules of the highest classes of society ; and, perhaps, the thing which he considered of paramount importance in

life was his standing as a man of honour, and of *ton*, having his name in the most exclusive circles, and possessing influence at his club, among the leaders of fashion. His idea of vice was, anything "odd." His character, manners, and rank made him a welcome, and rather a caressed, guest at the tables of the great; and he was a professed, and, one might almost say, a professional, diner-out. If he ever studied, it was to display his knowledge in this arena. Horses, wine, the opera, the ballet, beauty, and women, the latest new novel, the passing event in the political world, were topics that monopolised his mind; but, though without any particularly solid information even on these, his favourite, subjects, he was considered an amusing, and even a brilliant talker. He had long frittered away his capacity to feel, except when seriously aroused (which did not often happen). He admired nothing but from a fashionable point of view. Quite destitute of the moral sense, which an habitual worshiper of mere worldly things, and an habitual liver among mere worldly in-

fluences, can scarcely fail to be, he judged in all cases by his interest, or by merely adventitious standards. Neither a coarse nor an ungenerous man, he was, when tested, cold and selfish. His mind was as much above mediocrity as his manners, and their effect was aided by a fine military person, a certain cool, self-possessed energy, nerves which nothing disturbed, and the instinctive courage of a gentleman.

White piqued himself upon being a firm friend, and a bitter enemy. Although selfish, he noted down with equal care both kindnesses and offences; and it was one of his favourite boasts, that he never forgot a favour, or forgave a wrong. Vengeance in him was not malignant and mean, as in the pompous Nicholson. It could be aroused only by what he imagined a just cause. And when once it was aroused, it never slept, never flagged. It was pursued as a duty, through years, with patient determination, tempered by no moral principle, and checked by no religious fear. He was, in short, wholly of the "earth,

earthy," without any tender or holy susceptibility to truth, humanity, or nature.

" A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ! "

Such was the companion and friend whom Glendinning had allowed to manage the " little matter " for him, in which he now found himself engaged.

On his way to his lodgings, after his interview with Glendinning, he also passed Nicholson's house, and saw, at a late hour, the blazing windows, the dancing crowds, and heard the gay music. The annoyance of being cut by his commander was now lost upon him, and he determined to bring the thing to a speedy termination one way or another. To be excluded from such circles did not at all suit his taste.

On reaching home he immediately wrote a note to Colonel Nicholson, couched in the most respectful terms and begging the honour of half an hour's private conversation on a subject of interest. After a short delay the servant came back with an answer.

"LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NICHOLSON has to acknowledge the note of Captain White, and begs the honour of Captain White's company to breakfast at nine to-morrow morning."

"Breakfast at nine! Yes. Certainly!" muttered White. "What could be more civil? Perhaps, we haven't done him justice. I rather fancy he's a pretty good fellow after all, if you take him right. If I can get poor Glendinning out of the scrape in any other way, so much the better;—but if not!"—He walked once or twice across the room,—“why not—that's all!”

Penning a hasty, but most ostentatiously respectful acceptance, such as he thought suited the peculiar calibre of the grand personage he addressed, he smoked another cigar, and, with the fragrant blue wreaths which he quietly blew out of the open window, floated away all fear of the result.

At nine the next morning he was in the ante-room of his commanding officer,

whose opulence and love of display were sufficiently visible in the expensive and luxurious style in which his house was furnished, the suite of elegant rooms and the number of richly-liveried servants. After a few minutes' delay, (the great man loved those manifestations of power,) he was ushered into a small, rich, Eastern boudoir, opening upon a balcony and a lovely garden, and in which he found Colonel Nicholson and his lady. The latter was a sweet, girlish-looking person, whose graceful form and beautiful gentle countenance and manners had often excited White's admiration, and who, despite the most guarded air of general cheerfulness, sometimes betrayed, by a shade across her face, or an unconscious sigh, that she was (as she could scarcely fail of being) far from happy with the personage with whom the pecuniary interests of her family had recently united.

Another man might have been somewhat abashed under the circumstances of his present visit, but White felt nothing of the sort. Had he manifested anything

like embarrassment, he would, probably, have found his host more haughty and forbidding. He was at first received with a certain dignity and grandeur which it was Colonel Nicholson's peculiar pleasure to put on and put off at various times, and to various persons, and which the young officers under his command had found so offensive. But White had seen the world, and, highly-born and connected himself, was not dazzled by the splendour of the great. He made his salutations, therefore, with that ease and self-possession against which Nicholson found it most difficult to contend. White presently felt quite at home, chatting familiarly with the amiable and pretty young creature with whom his previous acquaintance had been on a favourable footing. Even Nicholson was sometimes ashamed of the pettiness of endeavouring to keep up his official grandeur in a private room, and suffered it to soften down into a bland and courtly importance.

The conversation was gay and general. Any allusion to the unfortunate last-

night's ball was carefully avoided. Various things, persons, and events were canvassed, which brought out the charming qualities of Mrs. Nicholson's mind and heart. Nicholson, his stilts once laid aside, appeared in a favourable light, with the exception of one or two sharp insinuations and abrupt reproofs, directed to his wife, whose patient and good-natured manner of receiving them was admirable. The conjugal despot was satisfied with the to him, gratifying consciousness of having insulted a helpless and beautiful being wholly in his power, and White was elated and more brilliant than ever, at the certainty of arranging, with a few words, a matter of life and death to his friend, to say nothing of the injury to his own reputation which he hoped on the present occasion to do away.

At length, resolved not to shrink from the subject, and perceiving that Nicholson did not make any move towards a private interview, White boldly commenced by asking Mrs. Nicholson how she enjoyed herself at the ball last evening.

"Why, but for the painful circumstance —"

"My love!" said her husband, interrupting her.

"I meant—very much—only—"

"Perhaps, my dear, you had better confine your remarks to subjects which you understand," interposed Nicholson.

"Oh!" said White, feeling that a certain hardihood would be more effective, with his amiable host, than any manifestation of embarrassment—as they say a mad bull is more likely to attack you if you fly—"the circumstance to which I presume you allude will I hope be found susceptible of a most favourable issue."

"Thank heaven," said Mrs. Nicholson, "I shall be relieved from a dreadful anxiety if your hopes prove true."

"Ladies who wish, they know not what," said Nicholson, "and express opinions without any knowledge of the subject, are very likely to do their judgment little credit."

"Well, my dear husband," said she, rising with graceful submission, "I con-

fess my ignorance, but I shall not abandon my hopes. I will leave you and Captain White to discuss the matter at your leisure."

Had she expressed a desire to stay, she would not have been allowed to do so; but her lord and master had a characteristic delight in arbitrary decisions.

"Pray oblige us by remaining," said Nicholson, determined to punish her for her merciful tendencies by conducting the conversation in her presence. "As you have delivered your ideas, perhaps it would not be asking too much of you to hear mine."

"Oh, I have heard them," said she, still going on, and with an effort restraining her tears.

"Did you hear me request you to remain, my love?" said Nicholson, fixing his eyes on her, and pointing his hand to her seat.

She sat down without a word.

Nicholson was now in a position the most delightful, to him, in the world. He had an opportunity of acting the tyrant; of annoying and insulting a gentleman who had placed himself in the attitude of a suppliant; of distressing the timid and

tender feelings of his wife ; and of showing his full power (whether or not he chose to exert it against him) over Glendinning, whose lofty spirit, and high-wrought temper, had dared to place themselves in opposition to him.

"I can scarcely, I presume, be expected to apologize," said Nicholson, in his loftiest manner, "for the circumstance which my wife has deemed it proper to call a painful one."

"Oh, you mean my absence from your ball," remarked White.

"I do, sir."

"It was probably occasioned by an error which I shall be able, I trust, to explain," said White.

"I had already formed the conclusion that your request last evening referred to this point," said Nicholson, still farther receding from familiarity.

There was a moment's pause. Even White felt the awkwardness of his position, and fully shared Glendinning's yearning to horsewhip such a conceited ass.

"It is from a high and imperative sense

of duty, that I have deemed it proper to hear you," said Nicholson. "What have you to urge?"

"I will first ask you to state explicitly," said White, "why I am so unfortunate as to rest under the disapprobation of one whose good opinion it has been so ardently my wish to obtain."

"As the commanding officer of this regiment, sir," replied Nicholson, "it is, of course, my duty to watch over the honour of the individuals composing it."

"Certainly."

"You were the friend of Captain Glendinning in an affair with a Yankee officer which, under your directions, was suffered to terminate in an equivocal manner—at least so it has been related to me; and the evidence which has come under my notice confirms the account. As you have taken the extraordinary measure of a personal interview with me, I presume, of course, you have testimony of a contrary nature. I need not say, that, although the weak mind, and light and trivial character, of Capt. Glendinning have not allowed him

to be so fortunate as to obtain my respect, his father took the precaution to claim my forbearance in favour of his son. Having promised it, I shall extend it as far as his own conduct will allow. Don't let me interrupt you, sir. I shall be happy to hear your account of the matter."

"Why, the mere fact is, we were at the theatre together. Capt. Glendinning had been supping, and had taken too much wine. On the bosom of a young lady who sat before us, a rose had become nearly displaced. Not knowing well what he did, he took it, and was, of course, engaged in an altercation with the young lady's companion. Blows were interchanged, and a challenge followed. The parties met at daybreak; Glendinning received a shot in his hat, and discharged his pistol in the air, which you must allow was a magnanimous act. He was, of course, reluctant to take the life of a noble young fellow, whom he had originally and wantonly offended. I thought the matter had gone far enough, and so thought all the world. This is the simple story."

“All the world, sir, is a very comprehensive phrase. Will you have the goodness to touch the bell, my dear?”

Mrs. Nicholson obeyed, and a servant entered.

“John!” said Col. Nicholson, “open the third drawer of my secretary on the right, and bring me the first packet of papers.”

“The affair happily stopped where it did,” said White. “The two boys, for they are nothing more, became subsequently the best friends in the world. We spent a week or two in the country with them, at the villa of Mr. Lennox, on the Hudson, and I assure you,” continued he, turning to Mrs. Nicholson, “I could not but feel a sincere gratification at seeing so fine a youth returned to so interesting a family.”

“Oh, I am sure Col. Nicholson will see from this statement, that no reproach at all rests upon you, and none on your friend, except in having originated such a quarrel, and proceeded too far in it.”

“My love! you know women always appear best when they confine themselves

to their proper sphere. The name is Lennox, I believe," said Nicholson coldly. — "It is."

"And the young fellow is in the army?"

"A lieutenant, just graduated from West Point."

"Captain Glendinning received a blow?"

"He was struck, I believe, in the scuffle."

"You saw the blow?"

"Given and returned."

"You are interested in Captain Glendinning, I believe?"

"Yes. His father begged me, also, to look to him, as he was, although he is now greatly improved, rather wild. He has recently changed his character in this respect, and is likely to become a different sort of man altogether. The friendship between him and Lieutenant Lennox is really remarkable. The Lennoxes are, indeed, all extremely fond of him."

"It seems to me, Captain White," said Nicholson, when the servant placed in his hands the packet he required, "that your

friendship for Captain Glendinning has strangely blinded you in this matter. My view of it is essentially different from yours; and is likely to remain so. You have brought a very disgraceful affair to a—I wish to spare you, sir, but I must say,—an extraordinary and most premature termination.”

“ My opinion, sir,” said White, who now saw the dark, deliberate intention of his host,—“ my opinion—”

“ Your opinion,” interrupted Nicholson, “ was one which I should not have expected from a gentleman and a soldier, unless he had been misled by private feeling.”

“ You are severe !”

“ I deem it a high duty to be so. Your explanation throws a still darker shade over an affair too dark before ; and I cannot regret that I have, in common with others, expressed my dissatisfaction in the most marked manner.”

“ I am extremely sorry, Colonel Nicholson,” said White, coldly and firmly, “ that my opinions have not the good fortune to

coincide with yours. But really I cannot change them."

"Every man's opinions are his own, I know," said Nicholson; "but his actions are not; inasmuch as they compromise the honour of those with whom he associates. A blow, Captain White—a public blow, given before thousands of people, is, anywhere, under any circumstances, one of those insults, which, if I have been properly educated, a gentleman, to say nothing of an officer, cannot submit to. But, in this case—Good God! only think of it! a British officer, in a foreign country, struck — struck in a theatre! and, by whom? — an officer in the American army!"

"The blow was returned."

"The American officer, sir, is the guardian of his own honour, and of his country's. If he choose to bear the brand on his forehead, let him. Perhaps the low standard of honour, which must reign in a mobocracy, may find in it nothing derogatory; but a British officer, if my humble and insignificant opinion can be

supposed to have any weight,—if my feelings and character render me a person competent to judge—cannot take a blow.”

“I must confess my inability to see any way out of the affair, then,” said White.

“You are fortunate in an opinion which your superiors have not the happiness either to share or to admire, sir.”

“What can I do? The thing is already past and forgotten!”

“Past, not forgotten. What! an officer in his Majesty’s service, walking about publicly with a blow on his forehead! The offending party, an American officer, boasting to all the world of his feat? I your friend and you choose to swallow such an insult, you may, perhaps, have the right to do so; but the regiment to which you have the honour to belong, his Majesty’s whole army, his Majesty, I—I, myself, are equally insulted. The affair cannot drop here. I shall institute a Court of Inquiry.”

“You will reflect,” said White, his composure no more ruffled than by a spot of red, which had been slowly heightening

in his cheek, "that such a measure, or even the suggestion of it, must lead to another meeting between these two young men. They are very — very young. The matter originated in an unpardonable act of folly on the part of Glendinning, committed — to be plain — while drunk, and met, as I must say, most properly, by a high-spirited youth, who did exactly what I should have done on the occasion, on any other officer in his Majesty's service. The meeting was prompt, fair, and in earnest. Both parties are excellent shots; and their courage was tested beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt. The world, the public press, spoke loudly respecting it; and blame was universally and justly attached to Glendinning for the original offence; but none for his subsequent course; and the redeeming feature in the part he bore in it was, his discharging his fire in the air, and arranging the matter frankly and magnanimously. You, Colonel Nicholson, are the first—the very first person, if I am correctly informed—who has chosen to adopt a new, and, you will permit me to

add, a most unnecessarily severe view of the circumstance. Notwithstanding the attachment now existing between the parties, your perseverance in the views you have been so obliging as to lay before me this morning, must create the necessity for another meeting. Such another meeting can only result in the death of one or both. Their families and friends will be plunged in grief; and they themselves (bear in mind that they are friends) will be reluctantly forced into a contest inevitable, fatal, horrible. I have come, sir, respectfully, but earnestly, to address your reason, and, if I fail in convincing that, to appeal to your mercy. I stand here as the defender, the friend, the adviser of Glendinning, whose tokens of reform promise him hereafter a distinguished and honourable career. I place myself at your disposal. I throw myself upon your generosity. I am even authorized on the part of Glendinning himself to solicit from your humanity, from your mercy, a reconsideration of the opinions you have expressed in the matter, and which have

materially affected both his and my reputation."

An expression of mean, selfish triumph lighted the yellow face of Nicholson, but unsoftened by any gentle beam of mercy.

"I have heard you through, patiently and attentively, sir," replied he coldly and haughtily, "hoping to be able to find something in support of your opinions calculated to diminish the just odium which rests on your unfortunate friend. My consenting to receive you at all will, I presume, be sufficiently indicative to the world of my desire to yield to the impulses of my personal feelings; but I find nothing in your representations to alter my impressions. Your appeal to my sensibility is painful; but the world, I trust, has known me as one superior to such influences; and a high regard to my own character, and a proud consciousness that my station demands I should listen only to the voice of duty, induce me to disregard all private considerations. I pity your friend from the bottom of my soul; but affairs of this nature must be settled like

gentlemen and public officers, not like school-girls. The families of these persons are nothing to me. The parties should have considered the matter in that sentimental light before they brought themselves into their present position. To the honour of the regiment I command what I must look to ; and, I presume, my worst enemies will not deny, that I am the proper guardian of it, and that it is not likely to suffer in my hands. There must be a Court of Inquiry. God forbid that I should advise such a second meeting as you have described ! but my own character requires that I should institute a Court of Inquiry."

" Good God, sir ! " said White, rising in disgust.

" My dear, dear husband ! consider that life and death hang on your determination ! " interrupted Mrs. Nicholson, her eyes full of tears.

" And you will permit me to repeat " continued Nicholson haughtily, " that I am the lieutenant-colonel of this regiment ; and it is not presumable I should

have the honour to be so, if not competent to form opinions, and able to carry them into execution, and that without offensive remarks from officers under my command."

"Certainly, sir," said White. "I have nothing more to say. I shall advise my friend accordingly. Only let me repeat—"

"Repeat nothing—act, sir," said Nicholson.

"Poor, poor Captain Glendinning!" said Mrs. Nicholson, weeping.

"I will, sir, at your suggestion. Good morning."

"Stop, sir. Do not understand me to have made any suggestion. I will have none of the responsibility of your friend's follies cast upon my shoulders. I suggest nothing, but the necessity of a Court of Inquiry. Have the goodness to favour me with your company a little longer."

White stood with his tall form proudly and sternly drawn up. Nicholson, still seated, with the air of a sovereign giving audience to a subject, took up the package of papers the servant had brought,

slowly untied the tape, drew forth a newspaper, and carefully unfolded it. It was the very one which the triumphant Mr. Lennox had read to the delighted family circle on the morning of the duel. Nicholson ran it over once to himself, leaving White still standing. As the colonel went on in the silent perusal, his features which, at first sight, were handsome and noble, grew contracted and mean. His always colourless complexion assumed a paler hue, and his sinister countenance a more malignant expression. His soul was at this moment painted in his visage; the workings of all his worst qualities were visible, while he fairly gloated on anticipations of vengeance.

Having finished the article, Nicholson at length looked up, and met the eyes of White fixed full and sternly upon him, and for an instant he quailed, conscious that his hatred of Glendinning had been betrayed by his countenance to his keen and fearless observer. He was thus suddenly checked and awed in the full career of his malicious triumph, and his manner

visibly changed beneath the strong eye, and guarded, but deeply-marked, manner of the person he had so many times, in the course of the conversation, shown his wish to insult, and yet who evidently neither feared nor respected him.

"God bless me! you are standing all this while, my dear White," said Nicholson, in a mild and friendly manner, entirely putting off his grandeur. "Pray be seated. There isn't the slightest doubt that you have acted perfectly like a gentleman, bating the unavoidable error of a too kind and amiable heart. Sit down. I beg your pardon for my warmth. I am most favourably inclined towards you. But do me the favour to hear me read this article."

White bowed stiffly, and sat down.

"You will here find," continued Nicholson, "the principal reason why I deem it proper to call a Court of Inquiry. You have appealed to my generosity; I now appeal to yours. Hear this, and say what can I do? It is an American newspaper, remember; and what is in one American

newspaper, thanks to the licentious freedom of the press, both in the United States and England, is everywhere as 'common as the steps that mount the Capitol.' Nay more, — it is certain this article has already appeared in every English, French, German, and Russian journal. This insult to the English army, and to England, is at this moment flying over every sea and every land. It is read by every sovereign; it is laughed at in every club and reading-room, discussed in every *salon*, and sneered at in every diplomatic circle of Europe. I fear your too benevolent heart has overlooked these obvious considerations, my dear White. Now listen :—

“ AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

“ We stop the press to announce, that a meeting took place, this morning, at day-break, between Lieutenant Francis Lennox, son of the distinguished lawyer of this city, and Captain Charles Glendinning, of his Majesty's — at the duelling-ground, Hoboken. The dispute arose at the theatre, Captain Glendinning having offered rudeness to a lady, in the

presence of Lieutenant Lennox, which the latter punished by a blow. The parties repaired almost instantly to the ground, and Captain Glendinning, having received his opponent's fire, discharged his pistol in the air. The matter was terminated amicably by the mediation of the seconds. The most ample apologies were offered by Captain Glendinning, and the gallant gentlemen parted on the best terms; and with mutual protestations of friendship. Captain White, of the British army, acted as the friend of his countryman, in this rather peculiar affair; and Mr. Sussex, of this city, for Lieutenant Lennox. Nothing could exceed the coolness and courage manifested on the occasion by both the gentlemen, and a ball, it is said, took effect in the hat of Captain Glendinning, who received this awkward indication of skill with immovable composure.

“We must be permitted to remark, however, that if we have heard the matter correctly represented, it has been reserved for our chivalric young townsman, to teach to his opponent a valuable lesson, which, we

trust, will not be wholly thrown away upon him, or upon the country to which he belongs. *Impertinent English travellers may write slanderous books with impunity, but there are insults which can never fail to meet their just reward!*"

"Be good enough, Captain White, to remark, that the last words are in italics, and that appended to them is a note of admiration!"

"Oh, I have seen the article before," said White, coldly; "but I should scarcely think of sacrificing the life of one, or, perhaps, two men, in consequence of a note of admiration!"

"Of the life of your friends, I know nothing," said Nicholson, stung by his sarcasm. "Permit me to add, I care less. They are at liberty to choose their future course. I shall not be denied, I presume, the right to select mine. It is my opinion that Captain Glendinning has disgraced himself, and his regiment. How far the position in which he has placed himself is shared by his advisers, the world may judge. My personal feelings towards the

unfortunate, weak-minded youth are of the kindest nature ; but, I deem it proper to make higher and loftier principles the guide of my conduct. I have condescended to hear you somewhat more at length than I originally intended, or than my various avocations permitted without inconvenience. In regard to the Court of Inquiry, my opinion is unchanged. I may add, that I never change my opinions. I have heard your views. You have heard mine. Other more important duties call me. So, sir—I wish you good morning.”

“I regret,” said White, “that I should have trespassed so far upon your patience.”

“As for your friend—oh ! do nothing rashly,” said Mrs. Nicholson, in terror and grief.

“My love !” said Nicholson, with a fixed regard, and an expressive wave of the hand, “your presence was requested to listen—not to advise !”

White made his salutations with composure and dignity, and left the pre-

sence, mortified, disgusted, and inwardly resolved to write Nicholson's name down in his books as a man to be remembered.

"If he cross my path, or I can cross his; again," said he; "no matter where, no matter when—I'll teach that man a lesson!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WELL! what's the matter with you? you look grave!" said White, gaily, as he entered the room of Glendinning.

"Do I? that's strange; but the result of your embassy will enliven me."

"Oh! if you are grave before, you'll not be more cheerful after hearing it."

"Let us have it, however."

"Glendinning, you must arouse yourself, and act like a man. If I feign gaiety it is to hide serious reflections. Keep cool. Sit down. I can't talk to any one walking backward and forward in that way."

"Go on," said Glendinning gloomily, folding his arms.

"I have breakfasted with Colonel Nicholson. He's going to call a Court of Inquiry, for the investigation of our affair with Lennox."

"Well, let him!" said Glendinning.
"I'll stand it."

"It cannot but be unfavourable to us."

"Then I'll resign my commission."

"I would call him out, if I could, myself," said White; "but he has too much of what the world would call right on his side to meet me, and I must not subject myself to another refusal. I told him the story, but he grew rather more yellow than usual under it, and said it deepened the shade of the affair. It certainly deepened his. He's an ass—but, egad! he's got us in his power, and coolly assured me the affair should not stop here."

"Should not?"

"Should not!"

"I see the man's object," said Glendinning.

"He wishes to drive you to another meeting with Lennox—but he does not of course, say so. He held over me, *in terrorem*, his 'Court of Inquiry.' The 'Court of Inquiry' is his nominal object. He talked of nothing but 'a blow,' and the 'disgrace of the regiment,' his

own mighty self, and a 'Court of Inquiry.' "

"But were I to meet Frank Lennox again, it could only be with the determination either to kill, or to be killed."

"Of course."

"But the man must suppose me insane,—a ruffian,—a dupe,—a fool."

White was silent.

"I had rather be broken on the wheel, rather die on a scaffold, rather feel the finger of every officer in the regiment pointed at me, and hear nothing but yells and hisses as I walk through the world, than hurt a hair of Frank Lennox's head, or wound one heart in that family. I would blow my brains out first."

White was again silent.

"I will go to Nicholson myself."

"You shall not."

"I will write to him this moment."

"No. Be cool. You are beside yourself. Trust all to me."

"I am not beside myself. I am cool, calm, and master of myself. I can speak

to him truths that will scorch his soul and make his coward, malignant, shuffling heart quail in his breast. I can go to him as calm—as—as—”

“As you are to me,” said White coldly, glancing at the ashy, compressed lips, the white cheeks, the eyes glistening with fury, and the drops of perspiration that stood upon his forehead. “No, Glen dinning,” continued he, “no more speaking, no more interviews, no more humiliation! You cannot touch his heart or convince his reason. He cringes to his superiors, but repays himself by trampling on all beneath him. You hate him beyond my worst apprehensions. You have drawn it on yourself wilfully, recklessly. He is a curious—a remarkable character. He will never forget, never forgive. The luscious triumph now in his hands—oh! he would not forego it for his commission, which, in my opinion, he stands a fair chance of losing, before we’ve done with him. Don’t go to him. Believe me, he will only insult you, and he has done me.”

"I'll take him by the throat on the parade ground," vehemently exclaimed Glendinning.

"You will be cashiered," quietly observed White.

"Then I will throw up my commission, leave the service and the country."

"Pardon me, Captain Glendinning," said White firmly and gravely; "you will not do any such thing. You must not—you shall not."

"Shall not?"

"Shall not; because you cannot as a man, an officer, a gentleman, a friend."

"And why not?"

"Because you will not adopt any measure contrary to the advice and demand of your friends, and which, in staining your own honour, must compromise theirs."

"The demand, Captain White?"

"The demand, Captain Glendinning. Be cool and hear me. Your character as a gentleman, and your whole prospects in life depend upon your conduct now. Had you resigned your commission before learning the sentiments of your Colonel,

it would have been a different thing. This you did not do. Were you to do so now, it would be received as a proof of your desire to avoid another meeting with Lieutenant Lennox."

"You take upon yourself the character of an adviser," said Glendinning, "yet you advise nothing."

"I can advise nothing," said White, "because there is no choice. You have but one thing to do."

"And that is to—"

"Call out Lennox—again—instantly!"

Glendinning fixed his eyes on him without saying anything.

"You are in the lion's den—in the lion's jaws," continued White. "Stir, and you are gone. Let me rescue you from this dilemma. It is like performing a surgical operation; it's a horrid thing. The patient shrinks under it; but it is necessary. A moment's pain, the leg is off, and the patient is well and happy again."

"I understand you," said Glendinning, "but I will never consent. Never—never. Perish my commission! Perish

my name! Perish the name of my regiment and my country! Perish this black world, and all the fiends that walk on it, rather than take one step in the bloody path to which you point!"

"Well! well!" said White soothingly, as one would speak to an affrighted horse. "So! so! let it be for the present. There is no immediate hurry. To-morrow; the next day. I'll see you again before long. In the meantime, when you're cooler, think it over like a man."

He took his leave really sorry for his friend, but determined to make all the necessary arrangements for a sudden departure, including those requisite for leave of absence. He sent the assistant-surgeon of the regiment to see Glendinning, that he might give a certificate, and put him on the sick-list, as he really was not in a fit state to go out. By the next day he had everything arranged, and waited only the moment, which he was pretty sure would speedily arrive, when Glendinning's light and impressive mind would change, and he might

get him off at once; for, whatever happened, or might happen, Captain White was determined not to suffer an stain to rest on his own character as gentleman, and that, if the duel were considered prematurely terminated, it should be repeated. To the cold-blooded selfishness of this determination, he was entirely blind. Looking on duelling as a necessary and proper institution, he took it, of course, with all its consequences.

"Poor fellow," thought he; "it seems hard. It is like having an old tooth out but once over, he won't mind it."

Thus bent in bringing about an encounter, which could scarcely fail to terminate in the death of one, if not two, human beings, he felt not a whit less zest in each petty enjoyment, and studied luxury of his life.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE must beg the reader to imagine, we cannot paint the desperation and agony which harrowed the feelings of Glendinning, for the two or three days subsequent to his interview with White. A certificate from the surgeon, placing him on the sick-list, at least enabled him to keep his room, and hide himself from every eye. He did not go out. He saw no one. He scarcely slept at night. His appetite, his spirits, his buoyant energy, and strength of mind, deserted him. Even Southard absented himself from some unaccountable cause; his face had grown pale and haggard; he was like a man haunted with a horrible spectre.

For several nights he had lain for hours stretched passively on his back, writhing beneath images of shame, scorn, and insult, and striving to form plans for his future

"Yes, I am. This Nicholson affair is annoying me terribly. I cannot make up my mind how to act."

"It is the town talk," said Southard. "I am not in a mood to deny it. Your position demands all your presence of mind; but if you have read the Book of Life aright, you will seek His approbation and His alone."

"I hope I shall," said Glendinning. "though it is easier to advise than to act."

"In advising submission to His will," said Southard, who Glendinning now, for the first time, perceived was unusually agitated; "I advise only what I am called upon to set an example in."

"What do you mean?"

"My little Catherine."

"What's the matter with her?"

"You know she has been ill several days."

"I remember, I heard something of it. She's not worse, I hope."

"She's dead," said Southard.

"Dead!"

"She died last evening, at nine."

"Almighty Heaven!" cried Glendinning.

"She yielded up her little pure spirit at nine last night," repeated Southard.

"My poor friend !"

Southard threw himself into his arms and wept, for a few moments, on his bosom in uncontrolled agony.

"I did not come to thrust my weakness on you, but to speak to you of yourself. You are more unhappy than I or her mother. You are debating with yourself a second meeting with Lieutenant Lennox. If you were a Christian, you would know how to act ; but you are not. Julia and I both fear your facility of character, and the influence of the world, and of White. You may fancy her feelings over the scarcely cold body of her child ; but, even now, she has requested me to bring you this volume. It is a Bible, with passages marked for you. On the table, where lies our little Catherine, she wrote your name in it, and begs you to read it, and make it the guide of your conduct in this painful affair. Her religion teaches her not to be selfish ; and, even in the midst of her own distress, she feels a sincere anxiety for you."

"My dear Southard," said Glendinning, much touched, "my heart bleeds for you and her. How can I ever be sufficiently grateful for such true—such noble friendship?"

"By giving your serious attention to the advice of my poor Julia. Since the last evening you were with us, notwithstanding the illness of our little one, she has frequently thought of you, and of the danger you are in of fancying yourself obliged to rush upon self-murder, or the butchery of a friend, in compliance with the ideas of a portion of society. Be a man; be more, be a Christian. Dare to act rightly! No one doubts your courage to meet personal danger. Show yourself also morally brave! Break away, at once and for ever from the damning net that are throwing around you! Do your duty. Leave the rest to God. He knows. He watches you. 'He who made the eyes doth he not see?'"

"I wish I had your undoubting faith," said Glendinning.

"Pray for it, and He will help you."

evil spirit of unbelief. Seek here, in this book, light for your guidance. We have tried it. We have found it sufficient to soothe us, even in this sad extremity. What calamity can be more insupportable than the loss of a child? You cannot know the happiness ours has been to us. The dreams we have woven of her future character and mind, and our own anticipated delight in beholding her grow up from a child to a woman, in preparing an humble independence for her, in becoming old and decrepid with her to aid us, to smooth our white hair, support our tottering steps, and scatter the path to the grave with the flowers of filial love. Now, all this is over! All this bright universal sunshine is quenched. The earth is dark to me, and life has lost its charm; yet in this book I find delight, consolation, hope, resignation; nay more, peace and happiness. Take it, my friend. Try it. Read it. Don't reject it without examination."

"My dear Southard," said Glendinning, "you are unconsciously using the words

of a beloved friend. I really feel to my very heart, the strength and disinterestedness of your friendship."

"Come down, then, with me and my poor wife. Tell her you will render all endeavours to make you meet Lieutenant Lennox. Tell her you will seek advice, not of White—or Colonel Nicholson, or of the world—but here, in the volume she has given you, and I assure you, in this way, you will greatly alleviate her grief, and assuage your own suffering. Come! She asked me to bring you down."

Southard led the way, and Glendinning followed him down stairs into the parlour room where, a few evenings before, he had seen the little Catherine in perfect health, and been struck with her remarkable beauty. The very toys she had been playing with had been carefully placed by the fond mother upon a stand. The little body lay on a table. Mrs. Southard sat by its side, pale, almost as white as the being she mourned, but perfectly composed.

"See!" said she, with a smile that made Glendinning's heart ache, "my poor little Kate. God has taken her. Oh, never more shall I hear that beloved voice, that light, quick step, never behold the long golden hair waving on her forehead as she runs, or see the light dancing in those deep blue eyes. God has taken her where she is happy. He will not let her forget her mother. I shall meet her again, and He will teach me to be patient."

"My dearest Mrs. Southard," said Glendinning.

But at the sound of his voice, both she and her husband covered their faces and wept in silence; such tears as only parents weep over the mute, sweet, cold bodies of their children.

And tears also came freely into Glendinning's eyes, partly for himself, partly from the heavy, crushing sense of the mockery of life to all but the high, philosophical, aspiring Christian.

"Now!" said Southard, with a bright smile, "these are things man was born

to meet. 'Whom he loveth he chasteneth.' Has he not said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven'? Look at her, Glendinning."

The young man, awe-stricken, approached and gazed on the angel face and form of his little radiant friend. The mother stood on one side of him, the father on the other and, as they gazed, they murmured, "Thy will be done!"

"Amen," cried Glendinning, so fervently, that Southard felt his friend was again touched with a beam of faith. Kneeling down with his wife, a short prayer broke from his lips, which the scene made natural, and his profound grief strangely eloquent. Yet there was in it less of grief than of hope, joy, and calm spiritual triumph—a peace above the world, and the fervour of a spirit blessed. He bade adieu to the soul of his infant which he seemed to see floating up to heaven. He poured forth his grateful thanks for the resignation and strength, which, in this trying moment, had been vouchsafed; and pray-

ed it might be continued when mother and father should kiss, for the last time, the cold, unanswering lips whose music was stilled, and the icy forehead, from whose sweet tenement the habitant had fled. Then, with a sudden allusion to Glendinning, he prayed that the scene might not be lost upon the young and wavering heart which was called upon now also to meet its trials. He implored that this wavering soul might be led to see—might not grope at noonday—but seek and find strength and light from above, to fling away the world, to follow the Redeemer, and give up things temporal for things eternal.

Glendinning also knelt, for the first time in his life, and each word of his friend's invocation went through his heart like a ray of celestial light. He not only knelt, he prayed, and, strange enchantment! (for thus it seemed to him) he did feel, as he raised his soul to God, new light to judge, new courage to act.

"You will no longer waver, dear Captain Glendinning?" said Mrs. Southard.

"My resolution is taken," said Glendinning. "Don't fear for me. I here make a vow to bear any evil, rather than commit the crime they are trying to drive me to. This pure angel may bear my oath to the Throne of Heaven; and if, from weakness or passion, I yield my sense to right, may all the curse of vice fall on my head!"

He once more approached to look at the body. It lay there like a type of Heaven. An almost unearthly beauty rested on the face, a smile, a light, as if it knew and rejoiced in the holy mission he had confided to it. The mother clasped her hands silently, and as Glendinning withdrew, he heard a sob and a convulsive kiss, and then all again was still.

CHAPTER XX.

It was yet dark when Glendinning regained his room. He sat down, however, unable to sleep, by his solitary lamp, and opened the volume Mrs. Southard had given to him. Several leaves were turned down, and various passages were marked with a pencil. The example, the contagious piety, of his friends, their grief, and their resignation under it, the sight of his little favourite dead, had completely touched his heart, weakened the grasp on him of mere worldly feelings, and made him conscious, for the moment, of the vanity and evanescence of life.

The silence was profound and unearthly, unbroken even by the barking of the distant dog, or the step of a single passenger, or any token of human beings, or of the city that lay wrapped as in death around. The shadows of the furniture were thrown

grotesquely on the floor and ceiling, wearing a strange, impressive aspect—unearthly almost, as if unreal beings were looking from them. There was something startling and preternatural in it.

He looked from the window. The moon was palely emerging from a pile of silver clouds, gathered in motionless fragments about her. Her ragged edge looked strangely near and world-like, and on its disc he thought he could distinctly trace deserts, vales, and mountains. For the first time, he felt the sight sink into his soul as a stupendous wonder—a present, visible miracle.

“Like this thrilling story,” he murmured as he sat down and opened the Bible.

His eyes fell on the eighteenth chapter of St John, and he read it through. The emotion of a lover perusing a letter from his mistress was far less keen than that awakened in him by the holy page, now that, for the first time, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he conceived it as it was. His understanding was no

more darkened. He had eyes, and he saw ; he had ears, and he heard. In that sacred hour, whatever was prejudiced, scornful, selfish, or unbelieving in his nature disappeared, and he found himself as if ministered unto by angels.

It is at such moments, when all other books cease to possess any power or attraction, that the Sacred Volume manifests its inspired nature by performing its promises even here on the earth ; filling the soul with divine light ; speaking to it with spiritual voices ; raising it above the shock, delirium, and blinding smoke of mortal passions and interests ; and bestowing a foretaste of that calm bliss which it is to enjoy in a future existence.

“ The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword,” and the young convert felt its piercing influence. He read that part of the wonderful story here related by the favourite apostle and friend — the betrayal by Judas, the falling of the officers to the ground, the smiting of Malchus’

ear, the taking of Jesus; Peter's denial; the arraignment of the Son of Man before the cold, worldly Roman, and the cry of the Jews (groping at noon-day) for "Barabbas! Barabbas!"

He read on to the end of the book. It was the first time in his life he had read the chapters consecutively. He had heard parts from the pulpit as a dull lesson, associated only with weariness, restraint, long faces, and hypocrisy. But now, the eloquence, the deep meaning, the tender, immortal beauty of the simple narration, startled and overwhelmed him. He felt himself in the presence of the Holy Spirit of God. He thrilled with sublime thoughts, tremendous hopes and apprehensions. Sobered, subdued, his proud heart was melted. The images of Mrs. Lennox and Frank, rose before him; and, kneeling, he raised his hands to heaven, about to offer up a prayer to the Throne of Mercy, that the light which had been shed upon him might guide his steps, and hold his rash arm from the damning deed he had so nearly

perpetrated, when the door burst open, and White entered abruptly. He had not time to rise. He was caught on his knees. A man, a gentleman, an officer—*on his knees!*

And now he stands in the crisis of his fate. If he have moral courage to acknowledge his change of opinion, he need care little for White, or for the world. If he blush to confess that he has discovered his weakness, as a mortal, without the sustaining hand of his Creator, he will be hurled once more adrift upon the dark waters of life, to float where the storms and waves of chance and passion may choose to blow him.

"Well, Glendinning," said White, folding his arm in an attitude of calm, incredulous, ludicrous astonishment. "You don't mean to say you're praying?"

"And if I were, Captain White?"

"And the volume before you—is—?"

"The Bible."

White pressed his lips closely together, and walked two or three times, backward and forward, through the room, turn-

ing his face carefully away so that Glendinning could not catch a glimpse of it.

"Well! this—" said he at length, "confess I did not expect. What in the name of the devil is got into you now? Are you going to turn priest or monk?"

"Captain White," said Glendinning, "spare me your ridicule, while I give you the reply, briefly, which I presume you have come to seek. I did not know how late it was, or you should have found me more prepared to receive you."

"But, my dear fellow, I had no idea. It's perfectly inconceivable."

"Spare me, and hear—once for all my irrevocable decision respecting the Nicholson affair. I am going to pass over, to treat it with silent contempt. I forgive Nicholson, though I despise him. Meeting Lennox is an act so political that I shall not think of it, be the consequences what they may. I shall not be out of the army, or resign. I am older and wiser than I was last year. If my friends cut me—let them."

During this harangue, which was

tered rapidly, White stood, with folded arms, gazing steadily at the speaker, as if curious to hear all he had to say, and resolved not to interrupt him till he had done.

"Well! upon my word," said he, at length. "Do you know, my dear Glendinning, you 're a—ha! ha! ha!—you 're a devilish odd fellow! Just let me feel your pulse! Hollo! Here 's a gallop! Your hand is burning. Your pulse goes like a horse run away. I tell you what, you 're ill."

"I know I am."

"I could have sworn it. Your mind had disordered your body, which in return has disturbed your mind. This is the secret of your extraordinary ideas on the Nicholson affair."

"Extraordinary they may be," said Glendinning, "but they are unchangeable."

"I am sorry to hear it," said White, "and reluctant to believe it."

"I see no cause for sorrow."

"I do."

"You are different; you are a man of the world."

"And what are you?"

"I am—I am beginning to be—you need not smile, nor lift your eye-brow why should I deny it?—a Christian; believer in Christianity. If I believe in I shall act up to my belief."

"By Jove! you're as mad as a March hare," said White. "But you don't mean to abandon the position, and lay aside the character, of a gentleman, I hope?"

"I don't know what exact meaning you and others attach to the word, gentleman, but the name shall never make me a contrary to my sense of right."

"Why, Glendinning, I don't know you," said White. "Are you the same clear-headed, sensible fellow that would not wont to keep the table in a roar? Are you really going to turn into a canting, whining, weak-minded dreamer? Well, I am nonplused. You, of all persons! knock a man into a crockery-shop, kick up a row in the theatre that rings through the whole world, (if Nichols

speaks truth,) and then go home and talk of your 'sense of right,' read the Bible, and make it your code of honour!"

"If it is true, why not?" said Glendinning.

"It 's all very well, my good friend, for women and children, and weak-minded people, who must have a hobby, and require to be whipped or duped along the way of right by fears of a Hell and hopes of a Heaven; but men—of education—gentlemen—and soldiers, should act otherwise. I tell you what," continued White, "you're ill and nervous. Religious melancholy is one of the most obstinate of maladies, and as much a physical disease as the gout. Take care what you do, and don't let this get abroad; else you'll be a by-word before you know it. What would Nicholson say? One of his charges against you is, that your understanding is weak. Take medicine; and, let me tell you—religious responsibilities or not—all earth—all heaven—can't keep you from calling out Lennox."

"Never—" said Glendinning, faintly.

"You must. You shall. Hear what I've heard this moment, and what brought me to you so early. Breckenbridge is going down to New-York to-morrow to challenge Lennox, in behalf of the regiment, to vindicate its honour, and deliver yours for ever. This I cannot permit. Should you don't anticipate him, I must. So the matter in fact lies between you and me. Should I kill him, of course, Captain Glendinning, the acquaintance between us and me is at an end for ever. Should he fall—"

Glendinning turned deadly pale, and took the Bible from the table, and, with an impulse of mingled horror and despair, cast it from him.

"Then away with Heaven, and heaven's things, and come Hell, and all hell's fiends, and light me on my path! Will you come down with me to New-York?"

"Certainly. See to everything, then, what you do—do at once."

"Spoken like yourself," said White. "It's awkward; but we have nothing to do with causes or consequences. Don't look to the right or left, but straight before you."

"Go—go—and get all ready."

"We are agreed, then. Don't think! no wavering! we start to-day."

"You have my word of honour."

"*A la bonne heure!*"

Glendinning bent his forehead down upon the table, as his friend left him, and remained in the same attitude an hour, with the coldness of death creeping more and more into his heart, as he strove to look stedfastly forward into the dark and bloody path before him.

"Not think!" muttered he, at length. "Oh, yes! let me rather steep myself in burning thoughts. Let me rather feel, in advance, all the pangs of hell festering in my soul."

"A letter, sir,—” said the maid, coming in with his breakfast.

He tore it open. It was from Mrs. Lennox.

"New-York, August 1st, 18—

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN GLENDINNING.

"Your last most gratifying favour reached us in due course of mail. No I say, how the spirit which inspired delighted me, and how much we are charmed with the friendship which risen from such a strange cause! I have left Rose Hill at last. Harry gone to Europe, and Mr. Lennox's business requires his presence in New-York. We all thought and talked of you yesterday, and drank health and happiness to you, at Mr. Lennox's suggestion, in Champagne. I added water to mine, but it did not diminish the ardour of my wishes for your continued prosperity, or of my prayer that you may receive strength from above to follow to the end the noble path of reformation you have adopted. You have long since learned that all the reasonings and inferences which seem to militate against the truth of religion are erroneous, and, though they may tend to excite doubts, are not sufficient to create unbelief.

“ Frank expects every day to be ordered to his post at Prairie du Chien, whence, he says, he means to keep up a brisk correspondence with you. My daughter is well, and begs to be kindly remembered. Your favorite saddle-horse, ‘Fancy,’ ran away the other day with Frank, and threw him into a ditch, but without any serious consequences, which has furnished Mary with a new means of tormenting him, by comparing his riding with yours. The Eltons are well, and often speak of you. Frank’s departure affects me strangely. But all ~~my~~ gay family laugh at me and my foolish mother’s heart. We hope to see you one day again. Perhaps in England. How deeply happy I am, in the thought that I have been the humble instrument of aiding in the change in your opinions. There is no security or happiness in the world, like that of having every doubt of Christianity removed. You are brought out of the land of ~~and he~~ Egypt. Do not forsake the Lord, ~~and he~~ have Baal and Ashtaroth. Faith is ~~as well~~ ~~as~~ It will protect you from danger, ~~as~~ from sorrow. But you must

cling to it, for the bad world will always striving to wrest it from you. 'The Lord will prove Israel!' When once you have examined, you will never surrender it. 'Search the Scriptures.' 'Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' There is no knowledge like that knowledge. It is, indeed, 'like unto a treasure, which a man found hid in a field, and sold all that he had and bought it.'

"But I shall tire you with my preaching."

"Truly your friend,

"CATHERINE LENNOX."

"One thing at least I can do," said Glendinning, as he finished this letter. "I can fall. I can sacrifice myself. No thing shall tempt me to fire at Francis Lennox. My doom is sealed."

CHAPTER XXI.

"Is Captain White here?" said Frank Lennox, to the bar-keeper of the City Hotel.

"There he is, sir,"

"My dear White!"

"Good day to you," said White, gravely, laying down the newspaper he had been reading, not accepting the proffered hand, and not taking the cigar from his mouth.

"But — I'm delighted to see you — and —

"A word with you!" — "What's the matter?"

"Waiter! the room is ready?" — "Yes, sir." — "Lead the way."

They followed in an awkward silence, which greatly perplexed Frank.

"You need not wait," said White, to the waiter. — "Yes, sir!"

When they were alone, Captain White walked forward, and said,

"Lieutenant Lennox!"

"Why, what is all this, Captain White?"

"Captain Glendinning—"

"Has anything happened to him?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"—"I have accompanied him from Montreal."

"Glendinning in town?"

"In this hotel. In the adjoining room."

"He is ill—he is dying—" said Frank, hastening to the door.

"Pardon me. I have a painful commission. Let me proceed to it at once. In short, Captain Glendinning is dissatisfied with the termination of the affair with you. His friends think he has prematurely settled. He has returned to repeat the meeting."

"You are jesting, Captain White?"

"I never jest, sir; I am directed to hand you this note." He went on smiling, gravely and quietly, while Frank re-

"SIR,

"City Hotel, August 18,

"Circumstances, not necessary to explain, render me apprehensive, th

the affair which took place between you and myself has not been quite properly arranged. The meeting must be renewed. When acquainted with my opinion, I feel certain you will require no other inducement to afford me the satisfaction I have not yet received, and to name a friend who will immediately make the necessary arrangements.

Yours, etc.

“CHARLES GLENDINNING.”

The blood flowed from the cheeks and lips of Frank as he read this note.

“The meeting must be renewed!” repeated he. “Why that can mean only one thing.”

A pause ensued. At length, Frank said, “I must see Glendinning.”

“Impossible!”

“But it is infatuation. Twenty words would—”

“We have come here, sir, not to talk, but to act,” said White coldly. “Lieutenant Lennox need not be twice told, that the meeting is unavoidable, and must be immediate.”

Frank collected his stunned and scattered senses.

"I'm sorry," said White; "but—"

"Oh, sir, sorrow is unnecessary. I will send a friend to you in an hour! Good day."

"*A la bonne heure*," said White.

He rang as soon as he was alone.

"Waiter, wine, cigars, and the newspaper I was reading."

Frank left the steps of the City Hotel, as one in a dream. An unavoidable, immediate, and fatal meeting! His mother, his father, Miss Elton,—from the friend he loved, too! and White's cold, insulting manner! and the greatness of his danger, which seemed to render the death of one, at least, certain. What to do? whither to turn? whom to choose for a friend?

While lost in these reflections, the clock struck six. He had promised to send a friend in an hour. He ran over, in his mind, all the persons of his acquaintance, who lived near enough to allow him to call on them. But, when he came

to select from among them one proper for such a duty, he found it difficult, almost impossible. He was not willing to trust himself to every one, in this emergency, for he felt that, shocked, stunned as he was, he wanted not only assistance, but advice. He looked up and perceived he was passing a fashionable boarding-house, which Mr. Ernest honoured by making his residence. Urged by the necessity of the moment, he was about to call upon him, but he recoiled from the flimsy, conceited character of this person ; and, remembering their conversation at the theatre, he passed the door. As he did so, he met a Mr. Bayard, who politely saluted him. He was an old acquaintance, but he had in him nothing to command respect, far less confidence and attachment. He was a fop, devoting himself to dress—a mere ladies' man ; and, as they passed each other, a waft of perfume filled the air.

He strolled down the Battery to think further. At the gate stood a Mr. Carr. He was a gentleman, but a man of the

world—and only a man of the world—a debauchee who mingled with the sober duties of a merchant ideas of European luxury and sensuality; he had travelled and seen the aristocratic society of England, with a desire to imitate its costly peculiarities as far as his means and the usages of his native city would permit. He would, doubtless, have gladly accepted the office of second in this affair, but it would only have been in order to carry it through, as a mode of brilliant notoriety for himself. He had no heart, no high moral sense. Frank and bowed and passed each other. Sussex lived a mile distant. Besides, he could not forget (what he had never as yet mentioned) that, in his last meeting with Glendinning, Sussex had leaned towards the necessity of a second fire. He was a duellist, as some one had remarked of him, “dyed in the wool.”

“How are you?” said a well-known voice.

It was a Mr. Woodbury, a man of the highest worth, a solid mind richly culti-

vated, principles of the most unbending integrity, large and correct views of life. But he was married, and had several children. Had he asked him, he would have been sure of wise counsel, and, if necessary, he thought, prompt aid. But his nobleness of nature would not permit him to bring into a desperate duel, clearly predestined to a fatal termination, one way or the other, a husband and a father.

Brigham, the painter, lived just round the corner. He was the very man. He instantly sought his house, rang, and was admitted. The servant showed him into the artist's painting-room, but no one was there.

"I will call him," said the man.

Left alone, Frank cast his eyes around upon the various productions, finished and unfinished, with which the apartment was crowded. Among others, what was his astonishment to behold on the easel, and so far advanced as to be most striking in its beauty and the resemblance of the figures, an admirable view of his father's dining-room, with the company assembled

at dinner, as they had been on Glendinning's first visit! There were his father and his mother, Mary, Harry, and himself — living, actually living, before him. There were Mrs. Elton and Mr. Elton, Emerson, Glendinning, and poor little Seth.

"Admirable! admirable!" he murmured.

Prominently and exquisitely delineated, were Fanny Elton — her lovely self, and all the rest who had formed a part of the company. Mr. Henderson's dry, harsh face, was strangely real, and the enveloping repelling countenance of Mrs. Henderson with an expression just as if she were in the act of tearing to pieces the reputation of some dear absent friend, who had always been excessively kind to her, but whose "odd peculiarities" she pointed out with compassionate regret.

The tears gushed into his eyes. He could not but reflect on the probability that he might never, in reality, behold one of those beloved faces again. He was gazing only on a dream of the irrevocable

past; and, overmastered by a singular emotion, he covered his face with his hands, and felt the blood almost freezing in his veins.

They were impatiently waiting for him this moment at home.

And White was waiting at the City Hotel.

And he had yet done nothing, and time was flying.

The servant again entered.

"Mr. Brigham has gone out; but he will doubtless return presently. Will Lieutenant Lennox be good enough to wait?"

"Oh! no; no matter. I will call to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

He hurried on.

His thoughts now began to return to him, and to become more under his control. He looked steadily at his situation. Called abruptly to an instantaneous meeting, which, from the remarkable circumstances, was deliberately and mercilessly intended to end in death, the equal chance

was, that he was on the point of being shot. He had but a few more hours to live !

And time was flying, and he had, scarce knew why, hastened on to the Battery. And he now found himself in the delightful promenade—a sky all radiant with the glory of a golden sunset, bending over him ; the heavy verdure of the trees and grass around, full of fragrance and freshness ; the birds singing, as if gaily enjoying the delicious coolness of the hour ; and the limpid floods, which stretch so magnificently around the town sleeping in lucid and waveless splendour all painted with the reflected hues of the glowing heavens. Several sloops lay here and there, becalmed, their snowy sails hanging uselessly against the masts. Various vessels of a larger description were at anchor, all bright in the peaceful flush of golden fire—all steeped in the spirit of deep repose. Among them, and not far from the shore, was a magnificent ship of war, getting ready to weigh anchor from whose decks came, faintly and mu-

cally, the voices of the seamen, as they cheered their labour with a sailor's song. The star of evening hung on the air; and, coming round the northern point of the Battery, a superb barge, filled with young men, the members of a boat-club, with all of whom Frank knew he must be acquainted, glided onward, rowed with a slow and equal stroke, the chorus of a well-known song floating, softened by the distance, and keeping time to the regular splash of the oars. The sun—his huge orb of unquenchable fire now almost supportable to the eye—red and magnified, lay on the edge of the horizon, as if to enable him to gaze on it for the last time, then slowly, majestically, solemnly, sinking behind the dark blue shore, disappeared.

A thrilling sense of life sunk into his soul, and he felt that he was not called upon to plunge into a bloody grave, and thus to break the hearts of his family and friends.

"I will decline this meeting," said he firmly, "calmly decline it."

And as he came to this conclusion, a mountain of insupportable anguish rolled away from his soul.

"My character for courage I have already established. I will have the magnanimity to refuse this challenge. Perhaps Glendinning, in his heart, will thank me for doing so. Perhaps some heartless villain, with whom he has quarreled, has stung him to this by some insolent remark. In a desperate moment, urged by brutal advisers, he has adopted this course, from which he cannot now retreat. I am not stung. I will refuse. I will go back to the hotel and demand to see him."

He turned and retraced his steps towards the hotel.

Suddenly he felt a hand upon his shoulder. It was Emmerson, who, in his usual silent and stealthy manner, had approached him before he knew he was near.

"What are you doing here, my dear Frank?" said he, affectionately. "I have watched you for several minutes. You have looked at your watch four times."

"Did I? I really was not aware of it!"

"You go off in the morning?" pursued Emmerson.

"Yes—that is, I hope so," was Frank's answer.

"Is it not certain? Your father told me that—"

"Yes—he thinks—I presume.—Where are you going, Emmerson?"

And Frank looked again at the watch.

"I'm going to the theatre."

"Shall you see my father?" inquired Frank.

"Why, no. You are to spend the evening with him, are you not?" responded Emmerson.

"Yes—no—the fact is, something has occurred. Should you see my father"—

He stopped in irrepressible agitation.

"But what is the matter?" asked Emmerson. "You don't seem to know what you are going to do."

During this colloquy, Frank was, in fact, paying little attention to what he was saying. He was running over in his mind the propriety of disclosing his situation to Emmerson. But that keen gentleman

had already surmised, by Frank's hesitation and emotion, his contradictory answers, and his looking so frequently at his watch, that something serious was on the tapis. Almost any other man would, under such circumstances, have endeavoured to ascertain the cause of his distress, and strive to prevent any catastrophe. To do his justice, that was Emmerson's first natural impulse. But it was checked by various characteristic considerations. He was himself alarmed. He opposed himself habitually to all impulses of nature, distrusted everything and everybody, thought twice before he acted once, and had a dislike to trouble, or meddling in the business of others, without a motive of self-interest. "After all," he thought, "it is his affair." And the prudent friend, therefore, pretended not to remark further anything extraordinary in Frank's demeanour, and took his leave abruptly.

As he receded from Frank, who, irreluctant, suffered him to depart without resistance, he looked back.

"He's certainly in some new scrape

said Emmerson to himself—"that a child may see. Poor fellow! It may be a duel. I've a great mind to go after him; but he's too far. I could overtake him; but, after all, why should I put myself to trouble for him or any one else? I don't wish to mingle myself with such matters. Besides, I've to see Green about that new purchase at seven—and it only wants ten minutes. He did not ask my advice! He's old enough to take care of himself! It's his affair! Every man for himself in this world!"

And so he turned his steps, not towards the theatre, where he had no idea of going, but to Mr. Green's to consult on a promising speculation.

Frank had nearly reached the City Hotel, when he met—his very man—Colonel Randolph.

"I'm delighted to see you," cried Frank. "You are not engaged this evening?"

"Not in the least, nor to-morrow—nor the next day after, if I can be of the least service to you."

"Thank Heaven!" said Frank, putting his arm in that of his friend, and, in hasty words, he related his present position.

"The devil!" was Colonel Randolph's only remark, when he had heard the narration to an end.

"Now, I'll tell you, at once, what my views are," said Frank, "but, of course, I put myself unconditionally in your hands. I propose to decline this invitation. I love Glendinning. I have no sympathy or passion, or interest here, except on the side of reconciliation. I fear nothing for my reputation. If any one attacks it with a whisper, I am here, and ready to make him answer even a look. But a meeting with Glendinning, so cold-blooded, so deadly, so causeless, so absurd, I confess I recoil from it with horror and disgust. You are an officer, known in such affairs. Your advice will always protect me from a shadow of blame."

"Lennox, I must think this over a moment," said Randolph gravely.

Frank's bright eye and warm heart grew dim and cold at the tone of his voice.

They walked on in silence.

"Lennox," resumed Randolph, after two or three minutes' reflection, "there is no doubt of it. You must meet this fellow."

"I'm in your hands," said Frank, in a low but firm voice.

"There can be no question of it. It is a peculiar and most unrefusable challenge; and don't you see it's obviously becoming invested with the character of a national affair? He's been back to Montreal, and the feeling there, among his brother officers, has obliged him to return and renew the thing. The honour of the American army is in your hands. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life. Accept it."

"If you think so?"

"Certainly! and that at once. Read this communication over again. Why, here's a threat!"

"It is, evidently."

"When a man threatens—by G—d there's an end of it. Where are these gentlemen?"

"Here. In the Hotel."

The clock struck seven.

"Go in, then," said Frank, "I'm in your hands."

"And, I'll tell you what," added Frank, "but first let me ask if you can handle a rifle?"

"Can I?" said Frank. "William wasn't more used to his bow and arrow than I never miss."

"So! meet him! That you shall kill him too. What! are we to be beaten in this way, by an insolent English officer? Meet him, but in such a way as to show him, and those who follow him, what stuff the Yankees are made of. Meet him. Meet him with rifles! at the earliest moment, — to-morrow morning. This is no child's play. If they want a meeting by——they shall have one. I'll be after them down on the Battery, I'll be after them in a quarter of an hour."

And they parted.

Stunned by the suddenness and severity of all this, Frank continued his walk towards the appointed place. Strange

pressive thoughts flew through his mind. Loved images, sweet voices, bright things ; but he could not well pursue any regular train of reflection. He seemed lost in a terrible, ghastly dream. One determination, however, possessed his mind.

"Whatever happen to me, I will not, in this way, murder my friend. I will die. I am gone. Oh God ! forgive and receive me ! Oh nature, light, life, farewell !"

He was aroused by a touch on the shoulder.

"All right," said Colonel Randolph, in a gay, business-like voice. "To-morrow at daybreak, at Hoboken. But, since we've chosen rifles, they've insisted on the shortest distance. Eighty paces ; and the parties to fire together at a given signal."

"Good !" said Frank. "I really thank you very much."

"Pooh ! pooh ! It's nothing. We cross at half-past three in separate boats. I am to bring a surgeon. What are you to do with yourself in the meantime ?"

"Why, really," said Frank, "I scarcely know. Hadn't I better write some letters—and—"

"Pooh! No. Leave all that. Do nothing which may make you brood or think. These things must be gone through with at a dash. Do nothing to soften your heart with unmanly impressions. It'll make your hand unsteady, when you require the most perfect coolness."

"Oh, as to that," said Frank, "it is an unimportant consideration, for I'm determined not to fire at my friend!"

"The devil you are! Then where's the use of going out?"

"Why should I kill a man I love? He's obviously forced into this. He knows nothing of the rifle. I once heard him say so. If I fire at him, he dies as sure as fate. I could never forgive myself for his blood. I had rather be shot myself."

"Why, if you don't kill him, he'll kill you; for, let me tell you, they are in earnest. Let us suppose a case. You fire one round. He finds you have wasted your shot. He can't then very well pro-

ceed. Won't he, won't his friends, won't his whole regiment say you showed the white feather and backed out? Why, you might as well refuse to meet him at all, as meet him in this way."

"Then you advise me to take his life, if I can?"

"Most indubitably, most unquestionably. It is not only your right, but your duty. Any other course would be feeble and unmanly. You have duties—duties to society—duties to the profession to which you belong—duties to yourself—to me—and to your country. You have no right to throw away your life. Consider your family. Indeed I am responsible for it. Good God! self-defence is the instinct of the meanest brute. Shall it be denied to a gentleman and an officer?"

"But blood!" said Frank, as a feeling of sickness came over him; "Murder! and of my friend! I know so well he is unacquainted with the use of the rifle; I am such a perfect master of it. To slaughter in this way a human being whom—"

"Fiddle-sticks!" interrupted Colonel Randolph. "You're young, that's all. When you shall have been a few more years in the world, ha! ha! you'll learn to view things differently. I'm devilish glad you're such a shot. Ha! ha! ha! The poor dupe! to come so far to bully an American officer, and then to be met in this way—ha! ha! ha! it's capital."

"It is a piece of bullying—and a most cold-blooded one," said Frank, catching by degrees the tone of his companion; "and I don't know why I should hesitate."

"Certainly, and if you are going to be such a Don Quixote as to throw your life into the hands which are so fiercely and resolutely grasping at it, why really—I must decline going any farther in the business. Hesitate? why, it's ridiculous! It's imbecile! Didn't the fellow insult you first? wasn't it one of the most gratuitous insults ever offered to a gentleman and a soldier? A rose torn from the bosom of a young girl under your protection! and then, when you magnani-

mously forgive him, when you receive him into your family, into your friendship, after he has had a full opportunity of seeing what sort of person you are, and what misery your death would cause your parents and friends—to come back here on some d—d cold-blooded, insolent caprice—(he's a dead-shot himself, remember—with the pistol)—to call you out with the undisguised determination to slaughter you like an ox in the shambles! When rifles are chosen, don't you see, they take a short distance? And you hesitate? My dear fellow! If you saw a snake in your path in the act of springing upon you, wouldn't you put your foot on him? Hesitate? no, indeed! Be bullied by no one. Take the best weapon you can find, and use it in the best way. Shoot the fellow through the heart, and there is not a man breathing who won't say you served him right!"

"His blood be on his own head, then," said Frank.

"Certainly! We must go through this affair to the end. But you needn't

make arrangements for any accident to yourself; we shall have to go off somewhere. That's to be thought of. Have you cash handy?"

"Yes. I was to set out in the morning for Prairie du Chien."

"Admirable!"

"But in the meantime they are waiting for me at home," said Frank.

"Well, go there. Pretend fatigue and retire early. Come then down to me,—say at twelve. We'll have a supper at the B—— House, which is near to the river. I'll order everything, and then look in at the theatre; at one we'll sup. You wouldn't sleep if you went to bed. At three, we'll go over, and at ten, my boy, you shall be on your way to Prairie du Chien."

"Good-night!" said Frank thoughtfully.

"Good-night, my boy! Remember—twelve! and mind—don't let your old woman suspect anything!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ON reaching home Frank found company there—a few chance visitors. He had resolved to act on Randolph's advice, and he called up all his force of character to go through with it. Some dark thoughts would flash across his mind, ever and anon, but he felt it useless to resist or to think, and he abandoned himself to the stream. He had a stern task to perform, but a necessary one. He had not sought it. It had been thrust upon him, and when he did, at intervals, turn the affair over in his mind, he could not but feel a buoyant pride, a stern triumph in the thought that such a deadly attempt upon him had been met so promptly and manfully. The words of Randolph rang in his ears: "If they want a meeting—they shall have one." Sometimes he shuddered at the possibility that

he himself might be killed. If not, he felt that, under the circumstances, a scarcely preferable doom awaited him. He must either die, or be the slaughterer of his poor friend, the infatuated, reckless, doomed Glendinning. "I am driven to this alternative," said he, to himself. "He will have it. It's his own doing! His blood be on his own head!"

And with these thoughts, he applied himself to the gaieties of the company with more than his usual cheerful calmness.

"Come," said Miss Elton, blushing as she did so, "a last duet, Frank."

"A last, indeed!" said he.

It was a peculiarity in the present evening, that, as he was to set off on a long separation from his family in the morning, all the incidents and remarks had reference to a parting. Mrs. Lennox's eyes were more than once full of tears. Mary ceased to torment, and Miss Elton to be on her guard with him. All hearts were saddened and softened; though a spirit of cheerfulness, or as-

sumed cheerfulness, reigned over all. On Frank, the continued allusions to parting had a singular effect. It was almost as if everybody knew he was to meet a dangerous foe in the deadliest strife in the morning. Everything breathed of absence, separation, and a long farewell.

His romantic and tender nature made him delight to yield himself to this illusion. He felt indeed that, although the catastrophe of the morning would probably be Glendinning's death, it would, in fact, break the spell which rendered him the happy, bright blessing of his father's family circle; and that, by a dark destiny, he was there now, for the last time, as a happy, innocent human being. He was about to be transformed into a man of blood, to stain his peace of mind with murder, and thus to surround himself with associations which must make even his own mother regard him with fear and horror. But the world—custom—fashion—must be satisfied! Must!

He sang several pieces of concerted music with Miss Elton and Mary. His

noble form and handsome features were the object of everybody's gaze; for, so how or other, he appeared inspired with more than his usual beauty and manliness.

The clock struck eleven, and visitors took their leave.

"And so, my dearest Frank," said mother, putting back (a favourite habit of hers) the thick hair from his forehead, "we are to lose you?"

"Yes, mother."

"And your boyhood is over," said Mary.

"I fear so."

"And what shall I do for you in your absence?" said Fanny, her heart reproaching her for the unavoidable coldness she had been obliged to put on towards him.

"Think of me, sometimes," said Frank. "Remember my virtues, (if I have any,) not my follies, or my faults."

"Of the latter you have none," said Mrs. Elton.

"And what will become of your music?" said Fanny.

"Oh, I'm prepared to bid adieu to that, and many other pleasures."

"How wonderfully romantic!" exclaimed his father.

"I'll have this lock," said his mother.
"Now, don't start away."

"Why should I?" said Frank. "As much as you like."

Half playfully, half in earnest, she took up a pair of scissors, and cut off a lock, while the laughing circle closed around to witness the ceremony.

"Now, the other side," said Fanny, "to make it even!"

"Quite right," replied his mother, "we mustn't destroy his equilibrium on the eve of such an important event."

"Why, one would think he was getting shorn for execution," cried Mary, with one of her bright smiles.

"There!" said Mrs Lennox, holding up two curls—

" ' Beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within your wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto your issue ! ' "

This quotation was received with general laughter by all but Frank himself, who, despite his utmost exertions, could not prevent the unexpected thrill, with which he had submitted to the operation from being visible in his manner and countenance.

"What a fool you make of him!" said his father.

"And his own eyes wet," said Mr. Elton, pointing to Mr. Lennox.

"Ridiculous!" said Mr. Lennox. "The boy's setting out on a delightful journey, and seven years will soon pass away. Why sadden him with all this sentimental nonsense?"

"Nonsense? No nonsense at all!" exclaimed Fanny, laughing. "You mustn't think we're all such hard-hearted prosaic old bodies as you. What could make us sentimental, I should like to know, if not this?—a young soldier, setting out for the field, from the haunts of his youth—and all that sort of thing! Why it's poetry itself!"

"To be sure," said Mary.

" ' Upon the hill he turn'd
To take a last fond look,
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.' "

Mary began this in jest, but she appeared almost in earnest, as she closed, for she observed with surprise the agitation of Frank. His lip quivered, though the smile still lingered, and suddenly he placed his hand over his eyes, and turned away his head.

"Dear ! dear Frank !" said his mother.

"And where is the wonder ?" demanded his father angrily. "Wouldn't any one fancy he was going to be hanged, by the fuss you make about it ?"

"I'm tired," said Frank. "I'm a very poor hand at leave-taking. I think I'll go to bed, as we have a fatiguing day's travel to-morrow."

Mrs. Elton, rising to go, came forward, bade him good-b'ye, and, with the privilege of age, kissed him on the forehead.

And Fanny came to say good-b'ye.

Terrified lest some burst of feeling should betray him, he took her hand almost coldly, pressed it a moment to his lips, and, turning away, she departed.

"Now, Frank," said Mary, "you foolish fellow! I thought you had more sense."

"Let him be!" said Mr. Lennox. "Go along to bed, sir! I hope you'll return with a little more of the 'bold dragoon' about you. What! a roystering blade like you, with 'the beard of Hercules and frowning Mars!'"

"A night's rest is all I want," said Frank gaily.

"Well, go along!" replied his father. "No more embracing, while you're all in this ridiculous mood."

"Oh! don't mind me," cried Frank. "Good night, my dear father."

"Good night, my boy—off with you."

"One embrace—good night!"

"Mary!—Well, then, good night! you're a foolish creature."

"My mother!"—"My son!"

They embraced.

He took up a candle, and went slowly out of the room.

In a few moments, the family were all in bed; but no one slept. A nervous, broken slumber fell upon Mrs. Lennox, from which, every ten minutes, she started into wakefulness.

"My dear Catherine," at length exclaimed Mr. Lennox, "you are very restless!"

"I'm glad you're awake," said she, "I'm very anxious about Frank."

"Pooh! pooh! go to sleep."

"Won't you get up and see how he is?"

"My good, dear Catherine! will you have the kindness to hold your tongue?"

"I'm perfectly sure he's going to have a fit of illness," said Mrs. Lennox, in about ten minutes.

"Well, my love, if you won't sleep, will you get up and read? or go out and take a walk, or dance a jig on the tight rope, or something of that sort? Be quiet, be quiet. What absurd nonsense have you got in your head?"

"Don't laugh at me," said Mrs. Lennox,

a quarter of an hour afterwards; "I'm sure something is the matter with Frank. I'm sure of it."

"Why—why do you think so? Because a sensitive, affectionate boy is touched the eve of leaving his home for seven years, perhaps for ever, with a parcel of women clipping his locks off, and repeating poetry, and fingering and fiddling about him, like the last scene in an opera? go to sleep."

"No. That's not it. Something extraordinary is the matter with him. He has acted very strangely. His persisting in the desire to embrace us all—and how can he embrace us? White lips, cold hands, face turned away, or buried in my bosom. My dear husband get up; some horrible catastrophe is hanging over us!"

"My heavens, Catherine! how can you be so weak? If you think anything's the matter with him, go and see him, and don't get quizzed to death for it in all my letters, the next six months. The danger of waking a man up at two o'clock the night to ask him how he does!"

With trembling hands, and pale face, the affrighted mother hastily arose, threw over her a loose *robe de chambre*, and ascended the stairs to Frank's room. A singular feeling induced the father to follow her. She knocked.

"Frank — my son — it 's I — your mother."

Rap, rap, rap. "Frank! Frank!"

There was no answer.

Lennox heard her rapidly open the door, and then—a shriek of wild horror burst on his ears. He rushed up. The room was empty. Frank was not there. His bed had not been slept in.

"The letter yesterday! his conduct last night! my son!" gasped Mrs. Lennox, clasping her hands. "It's another duel!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

NIGHT ! silence ! solitude ! not a whisper ! not a sound ! Frank softly threw up the window, and looked into the street. No step was heard, nor was there even the murmur of a distant wheel. The great city lay hushed as in death, a noiseless phantom. He looked up. The sky, like the earth, was voiceless. There was no moon. Perhaps he would never see it again. He thought a moment of that bright silver disc, as a corpse in its grave would remember it, had the mouldering relic of what had been a man the power of reflection. The stars lay scattered along the unbreathing void ; some crowded in far-off clusters, points scarcely perceptible to the straining eye ; some individually, too far for sight, fused together by millions into a soft flush of light ; some low and near, burning with a liquid,

flickering flame, bright and large. Across the heavens was stretched the irregular and undefined outline of the milky-way, —that mysterious road through eternal space, here vaguely lost to the unconscious gaze, there deepening into luminous nebulae, where worlds clung to each other like a cloud of bees.

“Oh, God!” murmured the young man, overwhelmed with the stupendous thoughts which arose and rolled through his mind.

But the clock struck twelve, and called his contemplations back to earth. He started, like the convict whose hour has come, whose hair is to be shorn, whose arms are to be pinioned, and who is to be led, hemmed in on all sides, by tramping troops to the scaffold. He shuddered. The idea of killing his enemy, now lost its hold on his mind. He felt that he was himself to die. A preternatural instinct seemed to tell him his life was terminated. Whatever he was looking on around him, he was looking on for the last time. He was parting from it for ever. From all that he loved

most deeply, most thrillingly he already parted. His father, his mother, ah ! now the big tears gushed to his eyes, Mary, Harry, Fanny Elton ; friends, the haunts of his youth, the hopes of his manhood, all were to him things of the past, shapes of the vanished dream.

Oh, God ! whither were the turbulent waves of chance bearing him ? Was he indeed, never more to behold the sun, the crowded streets, the woods, the hills, the valleys of the beautiful earth ? was the voice of human beings no more to sound in his ears ? was he no more to look in the faces he loved ? A few hours, and his brain that throbbed, the heart that heaved, the hand which he lifted before his eyes, the eye itself, were to be hurled into the black and icy cavern of death ! Was he then to cease to exist ? to sink into nothingness, like a nameless insect, an unnumbered grain of sand, to be for ever destroyed and for ever forgotten ? Dreadful thought, and impossible as dreadful ! Was there then, no power which watched him ? no hand to sustain him ? He knelt uncon-

ously! But to what? Who heard him? No one! Was he then utterly alone with night and death?

At this moment his mother's exhortations rose to his memory; her faith in God and the Bible! her humble adoration of Jesus! Ah! what new, appalling, tremendous conceptions broke over his mind! Could the dreams of his religious mother be true? Was Christianity the voice of that God who had hung those mighty heavens with beaming worlds?

Suddenly he asked himself why he should perpetrate this act? He recoiled from death. He felt he was not fit to die. Still more, he recoiled from murder. He had felt like the convict. But how different was his situation! His arms were not pinioned. No stern troops were around him. No officers of justice bore him forward. No executioner had power over him if he chose not to mount the scaffold. He was free.

Bitterly did he now lament his application to Randolph. Oh! had he but sought at once some enlightened Chris-

tian friend. Elton, Emmerson. But now it was too late. The challenge so fiercely given, had been promptly accepted, in a manner haughty and stern, as the case demanded. Could he now retreat? Could he show the white feather? Could he, after all this swaggering bravado, back out, fly and throw away the reputation which he had won for a chivalric defender of woman, of his country's honour, and his own? Could he meet public opinion? Could he bear the glance of the great and distinguished men who sanctioned, by their approbation and their example, the custom of duelling? And, after all, was it wrong? If it were wrong, would these great and good men adopt it, advocate it, and take the lead in it?

He ran over in his mind those who had fought. The array of splendid names staggered his reason, for he was but a boy—inexperienced, and susceptible to public opinion. Had he been able to remember one—only one distinguished man, one public orator, one judge, one

experienced statesman who had declined a challenge, under strong circumstances, publicly and unequivocally, on the ground that it was immoral and unchristian to accept it—he would have had force of character to follow the bright and god-like example. But he could not remember one. All for the world—not one for God.

“Up, then, and away!” he murmured. “This is no time to discuss moral questions. My fate calls me. I cannot consider consequences. I’m in the world, and of it. The die is cast. Shame on my weakness! I will hesitate no more!”

The clock struck one. The heavy stroke quivered over the hushed, sleeping city, and startled him from his dreams of right and wrong.

One moment he knelt and implored his Creator to forgive him. Thus much to early associations and inner instincts. One moment he looked around upon the peaceful chamber, where he had spent so many happy hours, where he had woven so many bright dreams. One moment he bade farewell to the beloved beings from

whom he was thus separating himself from his dark and desperate adventure, and then, stealing carefully down stairs, and wafting a kiss to his mother's door, sallied forth into the street, and hasted with flying steps over the solitary, echoing pavement, towards the hotel designated by Colonel Randolph.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As he reached the park, a figure started out from the deep shadow of St. Paul's church, and stood directly before him. It was with a singular emotion that he recognised Glendinning. The two young men, who had thus strangely met, were quite alone. They stood face to face in the dim star-light.

"This is a strange meeting, Captain Glendinning," said Frank.

Glendinning made no answer.

"If it is accident, stop my way no more."

"It is not accident," replied Glendinning, in a hollow and tremulous voice. "I stole from White with a vague hope of meeting you."

"If not accidental," said Frank haughtily, "it is yet stranger."

"Frank," said Glendinning, "I throw

myself on your generosity. By what humiliations, by what bitter taunts I have been driven to this crisis, I need not explain. I have risked my character, and the mortal enmity of White, by seeking you here, and, therefore, our meeting must be a secret. Give me your hand, and hear what I have to say."

"I will not take your hand," replied Frank sternly. "I can have no secret with you."

"Pity me and forgive me," said Glendinning, "I am only a victim."

"I scorn you, Glendinning," said Frank, "scorn and despise you. The struggle I have undergone you can never know. Your conduct has been as unworthy of a friend, as of a man. If I kill you, I shall not mourn you. If I fall, I shall not forgive you. You might have spared me the pain of speaking with you. Let me pass."

"Lennox," said Glendinning, "your anger I can bear, because you are ignorant of my position and my feelings."

"Spare me your confidence," said Frank coldly. "I shall not sympathise with a

weakness which has led you to this new outrage. No friend, not beneath contempt, could have advised you. You have mistaken the taunts of a *coterie* for those of the world. Tell your advisers what I say; and should you meet the fate you justly merit from a hand that will not shrink from bestowing it, I shall triumph in having been your chastiser, and shall be ready to become theirs. Let me pass, sir, or, I shall think you a coward, as well as a — ”

“ Frank,” said Glendinning. “ I make allowances for your irritation. I am patient beneath your insults, for I deserve them—at least, all except the last. Despicable, false, and fickle I have been. May God forgive me! As for avoiding this meeting, I wish to do so; because if we meet, one or both of us must fall. I did intend to waste my fire. My life is without the least value to me. It would be grateful to me to fall beneath your hand; but not only my honour forbids, but the honour and life of at least one of my friends. Suffering and thought have

made me cool. Be so yourself, and be true to me. I have weighed the matter in every way — looked at it from every point of view. Without any hatred to each other, we are both involved in a dark destiny from which only a chance of escape is left us.—I do not mean escape from death—I mean escape from the horror of destroying each other. My own happiness, Frank, I will resign, rather than proceed. But I will not dishonour! Besides, I am not my own master. Were I to apologise to you, would I to refuse to call you out—to fire—”

“Pray go on,” said Frank.

“Two or three officers of my regiment are resolved to do so. The step which I have taken has sunk me so low in your estimation that I cannot add to your danger. We are both surrounded by determined enemies, watching for an opportunity to consummate our ruin. It is not my fault. It is necessity.”

“The tyrant’s plea, and the coward’s excuse,” said Frank, his high temper mounting at the narration of the danger in which he stood!

“But that I loved you, Frank; love

you, and yours — oh ! more than my tongue, has power to say,—let your reason, tell you, I am incapable of the dishonour of seeking this interview. But I remember the mad act by which I first brought this on myself, and I hope I may partly expiate the outrage by this shame.”

“ If you have anything to say, say it,” said Frank.

“ You must make a step to stop this affair.”

“ I ? ”

“ You ; not for my sake. I ask nothing at your hands. If I fall, I forgive you. Neither for your sake, but for your mother’s ! ”

“ I make a move ? and what move, have you the coolness to ask from me ? ”

“ Write me the most guarded apology, the faintest regret for the blow you gave me. Say but one word, and I will withdraw my message, even now—in spite of— ”

“ I ? I bear the shame of your outrage ? I apologise ? I humiliate myself before you who first forced upon me a quarrel ; who,

when punished less than he merited, now, to conciliate heartless worldlings throws reason, humanity, decency, friendship to the winds, and, with a threatening note, and a bullying friend, calls me out?—Do you ask me to soil my name? to bend my knee? to become a by-word, and a mark of scorn? No, sir. I do not regret the blow. I only regret that, misled by my own feelings, I ever touched in friendship the hand that, even in a moment of intoxication—could offer an insult to a lady.”

“Go, then, Mr. Lennox,” said Glendinning. “It must be confessed, if my crime has been great, my punishment is not trifling. But your passion is too just to move in me other feelings than pain. You will remember hereafter, that I sought your forgiveness in vain. Remember also, to the end of your life, that I have given you mine unasked. Tell your mother, I pray for her happiness. Good evening to you.”

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANK found Randolph, and a surgeon, waiting impatiently.

"D—n it, Lennox. We began to think you had backed out," said his friend, heartily shaking him by the hand. "Do you know it's two, and the man is to call for us at three with the boat, and the supper is cooked to death?"

"I am as hungry as a shark," said Frank, who, in the presence of Randolph, resolutely turned from all reflection.

"A very nice supper at all events," said Doctor Wilson.

"Nothing is wanting, but time to eat it," said Frank. "What's this?"

"*Chateau la rose!*" replied Randolph, "and devilish good, too; but mine host says the champagne is something particular."

"Come along," cried Frank, laughing. "let's get at it at once. How's your tongue?"

"Pretty good!" replied Wilson.

"Egad!" remarked Randolph, "there's nothing like a first-rate supper on these occasions; only, my good fellow, a little moderation with the wine if you please. Eat as much as you like, but wine must stint you in."

"Nonsense," said Frank, who had already filled several times. "Don't fuss for me."

"A clear eye, and a steady hand, my boy, and many more such bumpers as this," cried Randolph, emptying his glass.

"Wilson," said Frank, "you don't drink."

"Thank you," replied the young man. "In the night I'm obliged to be a little careful."

"What's the matter with you? Indigestion or pepsia?"

"A touch—or so."

"This bird is delicious," said Frank.

feeling a strange life and spirit under the influence of the excitement and of the wine.

"How goes the enemy?" said Randolph.

"Ten minutes to three."

"No, twenty—you're too fast."

"No, ten," said Wilson, "and rather five than ten. My watch is very accurate."

"Then, sharp's the word!" said Frank, "just cut that other cork, will you?"

"No, no, Lennox," said Randolph.

"No more. You must wait. At breakfast, as much as you like, but—"

"Oh, one—d—n it, do you take me for a boarding-school girl?"

"Well, then, only one."

"Success to us!" exclaimed Frank.

"I've eaten like a boa constrictor. Positively not another go at the champagne?"

"Not another drop."

"Well, there's no harm in singing, I suppose," said Frank.

"Did you ever see such a mad-cap?" asked Randolph, smiling approvingly to

Wilson. "That's the stuff we Yankees are made of. This is the way we make threats and bullying. We'll make P eat his leeks. Ah! ha! ha!"

"Ah! ha! ha!" said Frank, "but will you sing? Don't you sing, Wilson?"

"No, no," said Wilson, who did not seem so completely at his ease as his companions, and who had the air of being a guest rather than from professional duty to taste.

"Will you sing, Randolph?"

"No, excuse me, my voice is rather on the bull-frog line. Anything wanted the way of a trombone I'm your man."

"Well, I can sing," said Frank.

"A bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it Champagne;"

and he sang very sweetly and gaily a waltz of that popular melody.

As he was commencing the second verse they were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Hollo, pull up!" said Randolph.

"It's three, sir," said the man, who had

entered taking off his hat. "The boat is ready."

"Come along, then," said Randolph. "Push a-head, Wilson! Don't forget your box."

"Scarcely," said Wilson, with a grave air.

"And where's the little person that says such sharp things?" asked Randolph, facetiously.

"The rifle's in yonder corner," said Wilson.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Randolph. Then handling, with an almost affectionate air of familiarity, the formidable instrument, he led the way out through the deserted street and to the wharf.

"Now, then, governor; where's your boat?"

"Here she is, sir," replied the man, with a knowing grin. "Bring her round, Sam."

"Are you good oarsmen?"—"No mistake."

"In with you, then. In with you, Wilson. Hollo, old fellow, don't fall

overboard. Hand the box. Take care of the rifle! Now, then, governor."

"All aboard?"—"All aboard!"

"You'll hold us harmless, gentlemen?" inquired the boatman.

"Certainly," said Frank. "Who's going to hurt you?"

"Very well. But pay in advance is our motto. Pay to-day and trust to-morrow. I'm a poor man, with a wife and twelve children, and —"

"How many at the breast?" asked Frank, laughing.—"Two, sir."

"Well, there's ten dollars! Nearly a dollar a-piece for your brats."

"Thank'ee, sir. Now shove her off, Sam!"

"Keep dark," said Randolph, "and row, you villains, as if the devil were after you."

"Perhaps he is after some on us."

"Just mind your oar, will you, my honest friend!" cried Randolph, in a low voice. "When we wish your jokes we'll ask for them."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man, and, strip-

ping off coat and waistcoat, and equipping his jaws with an ample quid, he applied himself to his labour, and the small and heavily-laden boat darted out from the shadow of the wharf, glided noiselessly forth among the dark, silent ships which lay around, and at length gained the broad, open bay, when the two athletic fellows put themselves yet more seriously to their toil, with a strength which made them fairly fly through the quiet water.

"That 's right, my men. Pull hard," said Randolph, "'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.'"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What a beautiful, still night!" remarked Frank.

"How perfectly glassy the bay is!" added Wilson.

"Famous weather for a frolic!" said Randolph.

They soon receded from the black, long, level town, with nothing around them but the broad, sleeping flood, through which the boat cut with a gurgling rush, breaking its surface into large flakes of

phosphoric fire. The sky and stars paling before a pearly light, which to grow visible in the east. In this thus indicated as that where the sun to rise, a few fixed clouds, lying low, and in singularly level lines, began to be just tipped with silvery whiteness, changed, as they proceeded, to a deeper brighter hue.

"The day is breaking," said W.
"Beautiful Nature—how—"

But he stopped suddenly, as if recalling himself, and Randolph quietly gave him a wink.

"How far is it across here, square?" asked Randolph.

"About two thousand seven hundred and forty-six yards, sir," said the man.

"And that point?"

"Jersey city," said Frank.

"And Governor's island, which is the point?" inquired Randolph.

"Here, don't you see?" said W.
"away off to the left behind us."

"Yonder is Wee Hawk," said W.
"and yonder lies the F— 74-gun ship."

"And that pretty point a-head?"

"Hoboken," replied the man.

There was something in these details which struck Frank strangely. The soft, fresh air, the gentle, soothing motion, the sight of nature in its calmness, purity, and beauty, going on with its radiant and sweet changes as usual—the broadening daylight, the now stirring clouds, the sight of the distant, steepled, bristling city, exercised a certain influence, not only over the young man himself, but over all the little party bent on their dreadful purpose. It contrasted as much with their object as with the flippant jests and smiles with which that object was pursued. Upon Frank's mind it was peculiarly impressive. The fumes of the wine had passed away, and his passion had cooled. All personal fear, too, had completely disappeared, and the awful image in his mind was the body of his murdered friend weltering in its gore. He was going to do the deed with his eyes open, with his heart softened. He shuddered, but shook off the relenting weakness with a sort of savage coarse-

ness and gaiety most foreign to his real nature, and which he had several times assumed in the company, the contagious company, of Randolph. Darkly and brutally, therefore, turning from all thought and feeling, all reflection of a religious nature, all communion with his Creator, he resolved, since he was in it, to go through with the matter like a man.

They were now close on the land. The boat drew near to a somewhat elevated and most beautiful shore, thickly wooded, even to the edges of the naked rocks, which here and there projected into the stream. The next moment the keel ran grazing upon a little sandy beach.

"Land, ho!" cried Randolph.

"Take care of the oar, sir," said the boatman.

"Now, then," said Randolph. "Run her right in here. So, so. Wilson, the rifle. Take care of your box. By heaven! there they are."

The party got out. In the actual presence of danger the wavering emotions of Frank ceased. The cool courage of his

character gave a manly dignity to his person, and a quiet pride to his step. He felt no longer sure of killing, or of being killed, but only that he was about engaging in a serious contest, in which he must bear himself with perfect composure, and by the consequences of which he was prepared to abide. He never appeared more at ease in his life. Wilson was pale with the deepening interest of the scene, and even Randolph, although a thoughtless and flippant duellist, lost a portion of his colour, and some of his natural coolness. The brave man may step forward to be shot at himself, but the bravest may falter while standing passively by, to behold the instrument of death directed against his friend.

"You had better remain here, my good fellows," said Frank, to the boatmen; "lie quiet, some of us shall want you in half an hour."

"Ay, ay, sir."

But these men were rather too much interested in the progress of the little drama, to obey. Hastily mooring their

boat to a large stone, with eager feet stole noiselessly up after the rest of the party, who were too much occupied with other thoughts to pay them any attention, and planted themselves close to the scene of action, where they could, with absolute undisturbed luxury, be spectators of the scene in the nineteenth century!—fashionable, honourable, oft-repeated, oft-yet-unrepeated, scene. We may all have the opportunity of tasting, like them, the excitement which used to give Commodore and Nero an appetite for breakfast.

“Now, Lennox,” said Randolph, in a low voice, his flippant manner unchanged, “I understand you to assume the possibility of your intention to fire to the best of your skill?”

“Certainly,” said Frank; “I have come here to play.”

The parties now approached each other with calm and courteous greetings, and the rifles were immediately loaded, and the distance measured with deliberate and careful precision. A few words were exchanged between V

and Randolph. The principals were ordered to their places, and the pieces were handed to them.

"Anything more, my boy?" whispered Randolph.

"Nothing," replied Frank, with a smile.

"When I say 'three,' gentlemen!" said the business-like voice of Randolph, as all reeded and left the opponents planted upon the green level lawn erect, silent and alone.

There was one moment's pause.

Randolph advanced to give the signal.

"One—Two—Three!"

Each piece was discharged as he spoke. Frank sprang into the air, and fell heavily to the ground, like an eagle which a skillful sportsman has brought from the clouds, while the blue smoke rolled slowly off, curling away upon the dim morning light, and up through the green branches. All present rushed to the spot. The unfortunate young man lay extended at full length, writhing in great pain, and absolutely weltering in gore, which gushed from his breast and mouth. His eyes were turned

inward in the convulsion of nature's appalling struggle.

Glendinning, from whose face horror drained every trace of colour, staggered forward, and threw himself upon his knees with clasped hands, gasping for breath.

"Frank! Frank!" he rather shrieked than said.

But, on catching a full view of the death he was looking at. The countenance was undergoing a frightful change. A stream of blood, apparently exhausted, continued to flow from the wound. The man cut away the clothing in awful silence. Drops of sweat had burst out on the forehead of the dying man, who, with lustreless and broken eyes, sunken cheeks, the features sharpened with the strain of great suffering, was obviously undergoing a last crisis.

"Frank! Frank!" gasped Glendinning, his hair rising with terror, "speak to me."

"I, I, for"—but he could not proceed.

"Doctor! save him! It's nothing," cried Glendinning. "He's fainting. See! He's fainting. Doctor, quick! Why don't you save him?"

"The lung!" said Wilson, in a low voice. "It has perforated the lung."

"My mother"—gasped Frank. "Tell her—that"—

He fell back.

"But do something, doctor," said Glendinning. "Your instruments—your art—he's fainting, doctor! Why don't you do something?"

"My dear sir," said the surgeon, dropping the heavy hand with a singular smile, "it's perfectly absurd. He's quite dead."

"Dead?" — "Dead!"

And the word went round from one blanched face to another.

"Now, then," cried White, "I hope Col. Nicholson will be satisfied."

"Poor devil!" muttered the boatman, "his jig's up."

"Farewell, noble heart," cried Randolph, dashing the quick coming tears from his eyes.

"Poor young fellow," said White, looking at his watch. "Now, Glendinning, we must be off."

"Dead!" echoed Glendinning, aghast,

dripping with cold sweat, and staring at the outstretched stiffening body and rigid countenance, which had already assumed a marble fixedness. "Frank! Frank!"

There was no answer. There was no motion, and he stood gazing on the dead face of his friend.

"It will pass in a moment," said White, quietly to the surgeon. "Be a man. Come! There is no time to lose."

Glendinning, with a bewildered stare, suffered himself to be led off. Once he looked back. Once he looked up and around, as a fiend just out of hell might gaze upon the upper world of light, and joy, and peace, and beauty. Once he murmured, "Oh God. His mother!" Then dashing his clenched fist against his forehead, he pursued his flight to the boat in violence.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

THE DOUBLE DUEL;

OR,

HOBOKEN.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTESS,"

"NORMAN LESLIE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE DOUBLE DUEL.

CHAPTER I.

By the time they reached the city Glendinning had collected his senses. The steamboat, to start at six for Albany, was lying at the wharf. No persuasion could induce him to land. He went instantly on board and retired into the cabin. His friend hastened to the hotel, and returned at the hour of starting; and once more the gay and animated scene of a setting forth up the Hudson went on around them. Hours stop for nothing. The day advanced. The beautiful shores of the river seemed to fly by, bathed in the tender morning light and dew, and printing their graceful outlines against the sky, as the successful duelist hastened on, leaving behind the great city, al-

ready beginning to ring with the incident in which he had played such a bloody part. It was long before the exquisite scene through which he was passing, the rapid motion, and the crowds around, began to make upon his mind the impression of reality, or to divest him of the feeling that he was in a horrible dream. White was grave and silent. His purpose was accomplished. His duty as a man of honour and a gentleman had been strictly performed, and he left his companion to the course of his own reflections, which gradually fell back into a more slow and collected motion. Glendinning would gladly have avoided reflecting on the past, or on the future, or, indeed, reflecting at all. But he had lost the power of banishing thought; the spectre of his murdered friend presented itself to him everywhere. He saw it upon each green sward. It glared at him even when he closed his eyes. It seemed like a curse. It was beyond all he had conceived possible. It suggested to him the idea, that he might go mad. He blessed God

that he was in the broad daylight, and with people about him. But night must come, and solitude and sickness and death. He shuddered at the prospect.

For a time he succeeded in believing himself excusable,—to be one more worthy of pity than blame. He had not for one single instant admitted the possibility of Frank's death. He had even at first resolved to waste his fire. From this idea White had dissuaded him, after the formidable weapon had been selected by his opponent. But the superior skill of Frank in the use of it, and his own ignorance, had impressed upon him the conviction that he was to fall. Hence he had gone to the ground with the high tranquillity of a martyr,—gone to sacrifice himself to events,—to the revenge of Nicholson, and as an expiation of his early follies. For the position in which he now found himself he was not in the least prepared: for a red hand, for a blasted conscience, for the consequences to Mrs. Lennox, for living in the same world with such a mother, from whose affection-

ate heart he had torn such a son, f
wide and bloody name the circum
must win him, for being pointed o
the man who had first insulted, and
shot his friend—these were new and
considerations.

At noon they entered the High
and passed Rose-Hill Cottage.
damned spirit might be supposed to
on heaven, he beheld the well-l
shores, the familiar rocks and hill
leaning lawn, the White House, its
tiful balcony, wreathed with vine
flowers, and its snowy walls gle
through the trees. The evening of
last parting, the happy group on the
before the door, the sweet, tender r
nal interest Mrs. Lennox had mani
for him, his adieux to that gay, v
circle in the fragrant evening, an
handkerchief which had waved to
from the half-indistinct figures gat
on the little promontory,—all these i
were renewed in his imagination. U
to endure the awful reproaches of
mute witnesses, he staggered below

threw himself into a berth, till the exquisite scene which his hand had now shrouded in darkness and despair, should be no longer visible.

“ Ah! the serpent ! Ah! the fiend ! His imagination began to paint the scene which at this very moment must be taking place in the family among whom his hand had hurled the thunderbolt. The agony, the despair, the broken-hearted mother, shrieking, fainting, raving in delirious despair ; the crowds of sympathizing friends ; the stark-cold, noble body, thus struck ruthlessly down, in its young hopes, its radiant life.

“ Oh God, have mercy on my soul ! ” he strove to pray, but with a sickening effort.

As night came on his fellow passengers retired to their berths. He alone paced the solitary deck, watched the soft glittering stars, and strove in vain to escape from the bloody apparition, which, wherever he looked, lay convulsed, trembling, gasping before him, trying, without success, to utter a word, a parting word, of for-

giveness and love, and the red stream of life gushing from those lips, so full of smiles and sweetness, from which no breath of dishonour had ever fallen, and yet warm with the fond mother's deep kiss.

Southard's form then rose before him, and his wife, and the dead child, and the Bible he had blasphemously hurled away, and the vow he had taken, and the curse he had called on himself if he ever gave up the mild and pure precepts of the Son of Man, to worship the dark world, and follow his own wild passions.

“Wine! wine!” he muttered, sick with horror; and, going below, he roused the steward, and ordered upon deck a couple of bottles of madeira and cigars.

“Ah! ha!” The stream rolled warmly through his icy veins. He quaffed deep and often, and rose superior to his puny fears. New, brighter, more manly views came to him. He was the victim of a stern destiny. He had not shrunk; would not shrink. Duty and honour before all

things. Now, then, he could face the scoffing, sneering, laughing, insolent Breckenbridge. Now he could stand before the malignant eye of the dog, Nicholson! Did they think they could blast him thus with impunity? No! no! The ruin he had wrought must be avenged somewhere. First, he would call to a stern account the arch-fiend who had made him what he was. Ay! though he had to grasp his throat at the head of his regiment. Ay! though he had to stab him as he slept! "Die!—die in peace! horrible spectre! Close those hideous, starting eyes! If there be another world, where I am one day to join you, I shall have a tale to tell, dark as your early grave."

The daybreak found him still staggering to and fro, in the drunken triumph of his bloody anticipations.

On reaching Montreal he separated from White, whose cold indifference disgusted him.

"Ah! my friend!" said Southard, pale and agitated. "Where have you been? What is it I have heard?"

“You would not take my hand, Southard,” said Glendinning. “It is red with the heart’s blood of the only friend I ever had; wet with the tears of the only family who ever took the least interest in me.”

“You have not—you cannot have—”

“All! the worst. Open the window; your room is suffocating!—leave me!”

“Oh! Glendinning! What have you done?”

Glendinning covered his face with his hands.

Southard left him, in horror.

As soon as he found himself alone, the wretched being rushed out of the house, and directed his steps towards the lodgings of Breckenbridge. It was late in the afternoon. The front door was open. Several persons were passing slowly in and out. As no one questioned him, he questioned nobody. He felt that he was bent on a stern mission of vengeance. He was going to seek his insolent enemy, and to dash upon his forehead a blow of hate and insult. He mounted the stairs. Clinton was at the door, but made no salutation.

In the room was a silent group of his brother officers. They stood around a bed. His fierce eye passed rapidly in among them, in search of his victim. The last one his glance fell on was Nicholson. They were all gazing tranquilly upon a form extended on the bed. It was a corpse, arrayed in the vestments of the grave, stretched peacefully, stiffly, at full length; the waxen hands crossed on the breast, the chin bound tightly in snowy linen, the features white, sunken, changed. At first he could not recognise them, till, still gazing, a dim idea, a faint resemblance, dawned on him. It was Breckenbridge!

When he lifted his eyes at length, he found his companions had disappeared. They had left him in disgust. He was alone. His hot hate turned to icy horror.

One moment he laid his hand on the forehead, which sent a sensation of cold to his heart.

He went back calmly to his rooms, where he strove to pray, but could not.

CHAPTER II.

IN the evening a stranger was announced. It proved to be a Mr. Beckford, an old and venerable friend of his father, but one who, in his difficulties with his family, had always been of the opinion that his father was in the wrong. This gentleman had known and loved Glendinning from his earliest infancy.

Beckford approached in the kindest manner, and embraced him.

“What is all this I hear, my dear young friend?” said he, with deep and tender commiseration. “You are looking ill, and are, I learn, in trouble. I have but this morning arrived. Let me be your confidant and counsellor.”

Glendinning frankly related his misery to him, and felt strangely relieved by it.

“ Dreadful ! most frightful ! and what do you mean to do ? ”

“ Oh ! leave the army, of course, for ever.”

“ Right ! quite right ! But, what, man ! don’t despair ! You are not the first who has been in a painful dilemma. Cheer up ! Don’t be too much alone ; and dine with me to-morrow, at four.”

“ I will.”

“ I ’m going to call on your Lieutenant-Colonel this evening.”

“ What, Nicholson ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ He does not dine with you, I hope ? ”

“ I intended to ask him before I saw you ; but will not, now, of course.”

They conversed long together. Oh ! how sweet is the voice of friendship to the heart bruised and broken with treachery, unkindness, and despair !

At length Beckford took his leave.

Early the next morning a note came for Glendinning. It was from Beckford. He opened it, and read :

"August —, 18—

"DEAR SIR,

"Circumstances have obliged me to
leave off the dinner to-day. I shall not, there-
fore, have the pleasure of seeing you.

"Truly yours, HORACE BECKFORD

"Captain Glendinning,
&c. &c. &c."

The next day, and the next passed
without further visit or invitation from Beckford.
Had he, too, abandoned him?

In the meantime Glendinning had
resumed his military duties, dined at the
mess-table, and attended drills, and
parade. But, the coolness of all his
officers, with two or three exceptions,
more marked than ever. The news of the
fatal duel had spread like wildfire.
The papers were full of it, although he
never looked into them. Though he often
saw White, they had no confidential conver-
sations; and he began to conceive for the first
time a loathing which he found it impossible
together to conceal. The deed he had
perpetrated did not seem to have

duced the desired effect. A meeting with rifles startled and shocked the public mind. It was pronounced bloody, savage, horrible. True, the choice of weapons had not rested with Glendinning. But, no matter, he was in the affair; he was covered with odium. He was received everywhere with such stiffness, that he saw, too late, the blind, stupid, dreadful error he had committed. He had risked all, lost all, and gained nothing. He was not long in discovering evidence enough that even Beckford had dropped him. That gentleman was a great deal with Nicholson. They dined together. Their intimacy was a sufficient explanation of Beckford's coldness to him.

"Nicholson again!" muttered the young man.

At this period his mind, unsupported by any strength but its own, appeared to give way, and break down. It was crushed by the events passing around him. He lost his power of self-command, and vacillated even in his purpose of revenge against Nicholson. He was seen more

than once intoxicated in the streets. At length, maddened with grief, shame, indignation, and despair, he wrote Colonel Nicholson a letter, pouring forth upon him every opprobrious name, and demanding to meet him in the field. In reply he was placed under arrest. The principal charge was, disrespect to his colonel. The whole affair with Lennox came under review, and every dark stain upon his character was brought out in its blackest light. He was tried by a court-martial. From the beginning to the end of the investigation was against him. He was sentenced to be cashiered. From that time nothing more was seen of him in Montreal.

Colonel Nicholson's triumph was complete, and he enjoyed it without any punctious visitings of pity. In his defence Glendinning had made an attempt to cast upon him the odium of having caused the second duel; but it had failed completely. White soon after sold his commission in disgust. He was a man of fortune, and fond of pleasure, to which

resolved to devote the remainder of his life. He expressed freely his opinion of the part Nicholson had borne in the affair, hoping to be brought into contact with him ; but that gentleman, from whatever motive, did not condescend to be aware of the fact. White soon after passed down through New York, and sailed for England.

CHAPTER III.

WE must leave the reader to imagine the scene at Mr. Lennox's, when the news of Frank's death was abruptly brought by a messenger, and presently afterwards covered with a military cloak, and borne by hired hands, the corpse, drenched in blood. We shall not attempt to paint the horror, the conscience-stricken anguish of the father, as he gazed on the remains of his own lessons, the despair and sorrow of Mary and Fanny, and the wild shrieks of the mother, who, tearing herself from her hands which would have withheld her, rushed into the hall, met the body of her son after a series of convulsions, fell senseless into a swoon. She caught but a ghastly terrible look on the face of her son, and was buried before she recovered from the delirium which succeeded to her state.

insensibility. In a week her life was declared in danger, and her family waited to behold her also sacrificed to the brutal error of the age. She continued a long time in this dying state, her mental anguish only rendered supportable, perhaps, by excessive bodily suffering. At length the crisis passed, and she recovered, but so changed, that even they who had previously been but slightly acquainted with her could not behold her without surprise and compassion. Her deep mourning struck their attention less forcibly than the emaciated form, the pale countenance, the ever-moistened eyes, the thin quivering lips, and the deep sighs which continually and unconsciously burst from her bosom.

At length thoughts less painful took possession of her. She had herself wished, at a former period, that her son might rather be brought back dead than a murderer. Perhaps the great penalty of so young and noble a life might be received as an expiation. Who shall put limits to the mercy of God?—who attempt to fa-

thom his judgments? As week after week stole away, her excessive grief came more and more to profound melancholy, tempered by pious resignation. She possessed the support of religion, the valuable consolation of prayer. In the midst of these, the merciful hand of Providence has scattered the silent but heavenly blessings of fortitude, hope, submission, and tranquillity. Even while sorrow ravaged her cheek, He, who watches over his own, shed upon the heart a soothing repose; and, after long imploring for power to do so, she was at length enabled to say, with sincerity, "not my will, but Thine be done."

Poor Mr. Lennox had no such consolation, and he began to feel that he could not. The death of his son was by far the heaviest shock he had ever suffered. It taught him at once the precarious nature of human felicity. He did not know how to endure it; and he envied, which he could not share, the holy peace of his friends. Grief had not only shaken his health, but destroyed his spirits. That inexhaustible

flow of cheerfulness,—it was at last at an end. He never jested, and rarely smiled ; he became careless in his dress, and irregular and negligent in his habits ; he seldom dined out, or asked company to his own table ; partook of no pleasures or amusements of any kind, and showed a particular disinclination to business. He was now fifty ; and, even previously to the catastrophe which had thus broken him down, he had entertained ideas of leisure and repose, natural enough to a person of his age and character, after a life of confinement and continual occupation. But the death of his son, with the attending circumstances, rendered him still less disposed to the toils and responsibilities of the office, which he now rarely entered, committing the whole business to the care of Emmerson.

Mary and Fanny were young ; and youth recovers from the stroke of sorrow in proportion to the keenness of its first pangs. These two lovely girls, thus startled by an event as shocking to their imaginations as to their affections, exhausted

their anguish in tears ; and, while had been too faithfully attached to forget the loved lost one, the thought the present and the future naturalized them, with time, from that general and unalterable brooding over the present the destined doom of the bereaved parents.

The affair made a great noise in the city for a while ; indeed, it threw the country into an excitement. Frank's fate was deplored publicly and privately. The press honoured his memory with a burst of mournful admiration, with a few comments on the immorality of the manner in which he had met his death. Several short poems appeared in the journals, tendering sympathy to the afflicted family ; and then new events, new deaths, new actors and operas, new dancers, duels, and other nine days' wonders, drove the incident from the public mind. Frank, if thought of at all, was remembered only as the " young officer shot in a duel."

Whatever might have been the opinion

of that small portion of men who really believe, and endeavour to act up to, the principles of Christianity, the editors, the magistrates, the public men, and leading characters of all classes, by no means excluding women, gave few tokens of disapprobation or of horror, except at the accidental issue. It is fashionable to point at the drunkard the finger of scorn ; but the murderer, and the duelist only by chance prevented from becoming one, hears the murmur of interest, of admiration and applause.

Emmerson watched the course of affairs with interest. By some magical influence his secret wishes seemed already almost realized. Frank, Harry, and Seth were out of his way ; he had become the master-spirit of the office ; and Mr. Lennox had already abandoned to him the general control of his professional affairs. The fortune which had been intended for Frank might now descend to Harry. Miss Elton, with her large fortune, might be persuaded to listen to him, now that Harry was not only away, but had left her with

unconcealed indifference. So entirely had Mr. Lennox been unfitted for business by the late misfortune, that Mr. Emmerson was obliged to appear, not only as an attorney, but in the new character (and one peculiarly his ambition to assume) of counsellor and advocate, and he had several times, in cases of interest, addressed the jury. Although never great, he was always on these occasions respectable; and it happened that various paragraphs appeared in the newspapers, calling public attention to these cases, and particularly mentioning the able and eloquent speeches of Mr. Emmerson. These eulogies were sometimes accompanied by intimations respecting the good fortune of Mr. Lennox, in having a partner so capable of supplying his place, now that his health and mind were so seriously injured by the late affecting family affliction.

Who it was that took such peculiar pains to acquaint the world with the merits of Emmerson, must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is not likely we should be able to get much proof of it

without spending more time than we are at present able to spare, and probably not even then. It is, however, within our power to state that, on several occasions, when Mr. Lennox sent down-stairs for the newspaper, it was found to have been unaccountably mislaid, and that by an odd coincidence, each one of the said mislaid papers contained a paragraph of this kind. Some of them, however, Mr. Lennox could not but see. Far from being offended, however, he was pleased at the compliments to his friend, and took pains to advance him on all possible occasions. He spoke of him enthusiastically to his clients, as a man superior to himself in coolness and business habits. He congratulated and complimented him on his essays as an orator, delicately forced him forward, and loudly praised his efforts. With feigned modesty and reluctance, but secret triumph, Emmerson received these generous attentions.

"Yes, my dear fellow," said Lennox to him one day, "I am done; my heart is broken. I shall never be worth anything

again. You must, in some measure, supply my place till Harry, poor boy, comes back. Let us have all ready now. You and he must take care of themselves. There is enough for both of you. I don't want him to distinguish himself as a lawyer, and at the same time keep near us the rest of our lives. Poor boy! poor boy!" he continued, his eyes filling with tears.

"Has anything happened to him?" he inquired Emerson?

"No: we have not yet had a letter from him, and it's two months since he left. But I was thinking of ——"

He rose, and left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

WE must hurry over this part of our story. The Lennox family, from the most happy, had become the most miserable in existence. If anything could have added to their anguish, it was the particulars of the affair, and of Glendinning's part in it, which they learned in due time. Mr. Lennox even went to Montreal, and ascertained sufficiently the state of the case to comprehend, however, that the unfortunate young man was less to blame than his colonel. Even his father's grief began to turn into indignation as he received from Southard, to whom, as Glendinning's landlord, he had applied, the description of the manner in which he, whom he had regarded as the murderer of his son, had been drawn into his present position. He learned that he was ruined, degraded, and

desperate ; and that he had disappeared, no one knew whither. He conceived at one time the resolution to insult, and thus meet Colonel Nicholson ; but here, in lieu of religious principles, his excellent heart, and his sincere attachment to his poor wife, saved him. He would not, in her present state of health and spirits, subject her to another shock. He would have no more dead bodies brought into the home, once so happy and gay : and he so well knew that the event of his returning to her, his hand stained with life-blood, would utterly destroy her, that he found himself once or twice in society with Nicholson, his arm yearning to dash upon that haughty forehead a blow—fit herald of the death of one or the other ; and yet, great as was the effort, he restrained the swelling emotions of his heart. He had seen that side of the duelling question which the world do not always see ; he had caught a fearful glance behind the scenes. He had beheld the mother's anguish ; he had felt the father's heart.

"No, no!" he said; "poor Katy is not so wrong, after all. No matter what the provocation, a man has no right to fight a duel."

On his way down to New York, from Albany, he had Mr. Lawrence as a companion. This gentleman heard, with surprise, that he had been to Montreal; and, with still more obvious marks of astonishment, listened to the recital of what he had learned there, and what he had refrained from doing.

"What!" said he; "your wife has allowed you to go alone to Montreal, to make inquiries on this subject?"

"Alone?" repeated Lennox; "and why not alone?"

"And you found the blame lay with this Colonel Nicholson, and you met him in society, and, from prudence and consideration for your family, refrained from calling him to account?"

"Certainly. Do you not approve what I have done?"

"Approve! my old, faithful friend!" cried Lawrence: "it is the noblest ac-

tion you ever did in your life. He governs himself is the greatest of all. But you're very well, your mind is tranquil; you don't seem to—to—"

He paused.

"My heart is broken!" said Lennox.

"Yes; but," resumed Lawrence, without showing the sympathy his friend had expected, "your heart is broken, certainly! That's very well! That's right! That's as it should be!—But"

"What do you mean?" demanded Lennox, surprised.

"I'll tell you what I mean. I'll tell you frankly and fully. It is my duty to you, as my old friend, and moreover it is utterly impossible. You! a man capable of such self-government as that!"

"I really don't understand you."

"The long and the short of it, the whole of it," replied Lawrence: "it is generally reported and believed in New York that you are that—that—"

"That what?" demanded Lennox.

"That your reason has been affected by that—that you're, in fact, not in your right mind."

"I?" said Lennox, thunderstruck.

"You! I've heard a hundred people speak of it as a thing certain. Grief, they say, has affected you in this way. Now I see so plainly it is an absurd mistake, that I don't hesitate a moment to make you acquainted with the report, in order that you may take what measures you please to set the matter right."

"But whom did you hear say so?"

"It is a general topic of conversation."

There are few more disagreeable things than this. Such a report, whether true or false, is so sure to be contradicted, that contradiction can scarcely be said to mean anything; and the annoyance is heightened by the difficulty of disproving it.

Mr. Lennox procured from Mr. Lawrence the names of several persons who were under the impression he was not in his right mind. On his return to town he made some effort to trace the rumour, but could not do so. His abandonment of business had given probability to it, and some one had fairly and distinctly made the assertion. Who this some one

was, he found it impossible to discover. Once or twice he came so near him to hear in so many words that the statement had been made on the best of authority, but it had been communicated in a confidence too strict to be betrayed.

"I can tell you who it is," whispered Emmerson one day, "but I would make an enemy of the man for the world."

"Don't be afraid, I will never mention you as my informant."

"On that condition, then," said Emmerson. "It is the young doctor who recently called in, in the absence of Dr. N—."

"What! young Doctor B—?"

"The same. He hinted something of the sort to me, but I did not rightly understand what he meant. Now, I see he must have had some absurd idea of this sort in his mind."

"He shall never cross my threshold again," said Lennox.

"He's a weak, ignorant young man, a poor devil; I wouldn't notice him."

isn't worth it. The report will die away of itself; let it go. Any noise about it, you know, will only spread it wider."

"True, quite true."

"Such an infamous slander must fall to the ground of itself," replied Emmerson, with one of his confidential, friendly smiles.

CHAPTER V.

THE excitement of getting out for the first time to a young fellow Harry is very great. It is one of those immense changes which make life most like a passing drama. In one moment he is in the midst of a gay, crowded existence surrounded by the scenes of his childhood and boyhood, and beholding on the horizon which has till now bounded his existence within a narrow circle next, he is abroad on the eternal sea. All the objects of his love, all the things familiar to him, have passed away. He knows not who can say whether he will ever see them again?

As the last point of land—a dim speck of blue—melted into the air under his thoughtful gaze, he was assailed by various serious, and some tender reflections.

How long should he be absent? What changes might take place before his return? Might he not leave his bones in a foreign land, perhaps in the ocean? Might not death strike some of those beloved objects; and might he not come back, after years' wandering, to find seats empty in the home circle? If fate had decreed it so, which one was it he was destined never to see again? The last look, the pale face, the anguish and trembling agitation of Fanny Elton at the moment of parting, he felt, could never, never fade from his memory; and he felt also, that, but for the certainty he had acquired from her own rejection of him, and from Emmerson's statement, he was a monster to part from her so coldly. All the hopes once cherished respecting her, her beautiful and noble form and face, her easy and graceful manners, the numerous tokens of love he had received from her at various times, all came thronging together upon his memory, and affected him again with the inexpressibly sweet, and yet painful, idea

that her alienation was the result of error. It is no imputation on his honour to say, that, as he stood on the deck of the now fast-advancing ship, and gazed at the last point of blue cloud which marked the spot which contained all he loved, where so many hearts beat with love for him, an irrepressible tendency to dwell on it obliged him to keep his eyes fixed for a time longer than he should otherwise have done, away from the observation of his fellow-passengers.

These tender emotions were, however, soon lost in those with which fatherly affection tune delights to agitate inexperienced intruders into his watery domain. It was not till after the expiration of several days that his health and appetite returned. When they did, he felt that, if the burden of suffering had been great, they were more than compensated by the pleasure of convalescence. His spirits were lighter, nor his thoughts clearer. The natural elasticity of youth were again the anticipations and excitement attendant upon his voyage. For some

these occupied his mind almost exclusively, in a manner of which an European can form but a faint idea.

The abrupt and total transition from the New World to the Old, to one quitting the former for the first time, is perhaps the nearest approach to enchantment ever granted to a mortal. Let the European be indulgent when he remarks the amazement, bewilderment, and enthusiasm of the newly-arrived American. The poor fellow is in a dream, looking on what have always been to him mere ideal forms, now suddenly conjured up around him in shapes of still only half-credited reality. London and Paris have hitherto been mere sublime visions of his imagination side by side with ancient Rome, Babylon, Thebes, or Jerusalem. The town of Louis Philippe, or that of Queen Victoria, is as astounding a spectacle to him as the city of Pilate or Pharaoh; and when he first gazes on Peel, or Moore, or Wordsworth, or Wellington, the delightful novelty would scarcely seem greater were he to discover among these

celebrated personages Shakspeare, Cæsar, Pericles, or old Homer.

For some time these reflections formed the subject of our young traveller's reveries, but by-and-by his mind again reverted to his home, to the bright scenes of his native city, to his happy family circle, to the well-known rooms, the loved voices, the familiar forms, already beginning to be hallowed by time and distance. Among them his fancy distinguished Miss Elton with new and strange emotions. Despite all the proofs he had of her frivolous and capricious character, there were certain words and looks which remained printed in his memory. Her image no more came to him as that of a coquette, but was arrayed in all the charms of tenderness, fidelity and patient sadness. He was beginning to count over, with the solitary delight of a miser, each look and word of hers, when, recollecting he had promised positive from Emmerson that she was but a trifler, he refused to follow the subject farther, and resolved (not for the first time) to think of her no more.

At last he recollected the promise he had given his mother to read the volumes with which her affectionate piety had supplied him.

“What time so proper as the present?” thought he, with a yawn and a smile. “To be sure, I had rather study something a little more profitable and interesting, and more immediately in connexion with the countries I’m going to see. But, once ashore, I shall have no more time or inclination to wade through these books. Here, at least, we have plenty of time.”

So he went down, and, taking out the volume in which were inscribed the words, “To Henry Lennox, from his affectionate mother. Be not wise in your own conceit!” he commenced it with a sturdy determination to devote a large portion of every day, until he should complete it. He accordingly set himself seriously to the performance of this resolution. He felt a certain consciousness of embarrassment and shame when any of his fellow-passengers, walking

near him, discovered what he was reading.

"They'll take me for a Methodist son, I suppose," said he to himself. "no matter! I don't mind their opinion, and I quite agree with my mother, as a mere matter of curiosity, as an accomplishment even, the book ought to be read by every gentleman."

For some days he read steadily. The weather happened to be calm and pleasant, and he pursued his task with unremitting assiduity. He was habitually a rapid reader, and, once fairly engaged, he made great progress. In a week he had finished the Old Testament, and was far into the second Evangelist.

"You pursue your studies with great diligence," said a voice to him one afternoon, as he was absorbed in his labour.

The person who addressed him was a gentleman of about fifty, of a pleasing and dignified exterior, whom Harry had previously remarked accompanied by a young lady of a more than prepossessing appearance.

"Oh! I am—I was going to say—performing a wager. I mean, I am fulfilling an injunction, in giving the Bible the benefit of a continuous perusal."

"You do not read from the attractions you yourself find there?"

"I did not at first, but I find some parts of it more interesting than I could have supposed."

"Really," rejoined the stranger with a smile, "you must think that very odd."

"Oh no, I don't," replied Harry. "In the first place, any resolute employment is a protection against *ennui*, the fashionable malady on board a ship, you know."

"May I ask, without boldness, who has enjoined this task upon you?"

"My mother."

"She is a believer, then?"

"Oh yes, she believes it all."

"And you do not?"

Harry paused, and looked his interrogator in the face, uncertain whether to be pleased or offended at his freedom. There was something, however, in his countenance and manner so benevolent and in-

telligent, that he replied with firmness—

“ I don’t think any man of sense believe literally. It is rather too heavy a tax upon credulity.”

“ Has it interested you as a literary production ?”

“ Yes. Some scenes are dramatic, some descriptions poetic. It is a curious and a very curious book. Did you ever take the trouble to read it through completely ?”

“ Yes, I have read it quite through. But I fear I interrupt you.”

Harry returned his polite salutation and resumed his reading. In two weeks he finished his task, and closed the volume with a sigh of fatigue.

“ Well, it’s done at last,” thought he, “ I really had no idea I could get through it in so short a time. I had always a fancy somehow or other, that reading the book was a work of years, and consequently postponed it to some indefinite period of sickness, confinement, or old age. Now it’s done, and, thank Heaven, it’s off my mind.”

mind. I hope my poor dear mother will be satisfied."

Thus was one of the works disposed of; but without one beam of light which his "poor mother" hoped such a perusal would send into his mind. He had read a curious historical monument of ancient credulity, palmed upon mankind when there was no press, and descended to the present time in some odd way, which he remembered Gibbon had admirably explained, though he did not recal exactly how. So far from having become any more inclined to believe, he was ten times more confirmed in his incredulity.

In this mood of mind he took up Newton on the Prophecies, and fell fairly asleep a dozen times before he reached the welcome "finis." Here was another mystery; a real unsoluble problem. Did Newton believe in what he has displayed so much learning in attempting to prove? If so, by what extraordinary hallucination of intellect, by what unimaginable train of reasoning, had he formed his opinion? If not, why had he lent himself, with such

apparent earnestness, to a fraud, a pious one perhaps, but still a palpable fraud? There was something despicable, he found, in such an enterprise. He must have been, then, either a blockhead or a charlatan.

From Newton on the Prophecies he went to Butler's Analogy. But he was now tired of following an ungrateful subject, and could not accompany this author through his deep reasonings. They demanded an attention too unremitting and severe. Besides, he was already convinced that Butler was attempting to establish the truth of an impossibility. He might certainly do this with more or less acuteness and logic. A skilful lawyer may throw a wonderful plausibility around a bad cause, particularly if he believe it to be a just one; and an enthusiastic mind may be led by sophistry to believe anything. He therefore read on with his eyes, but not with his reason. His mind, too, began to be crowded again with brilliant images of Europe, or with soft recollections of home, or of Miss Elton. He

would read—that he had promised to do—page after page; but he aroused himself at the end of each chapter to a weary conviction, that, instead of accompanying the author through his abstruse complicated arguments, he had been, in imagination, leading Miss Elton down the road from Rose Hill to the landing-place, or bidding her good-b'ye with affected indifference, while his heart thrilled with the expression of her face, and those faltering words, “ Harry, good-b'ye; God bless you!”

In short, he laid by the volumes, of which, according to his promise, he had read every word, with a renewed disbelief. He had not felt any moral power. The mysterious Being to whom all tends, and from whom all flows, was no more in his eyes than an historical character, extraordinary only from the notice subsequently taken of him. If, before, he had disbelieved from instinct, he now conceived himself entitled to reject upon more rational grounds: he had examined, and remained unconvinced. He acknow-

ledged himself a Deist ; and, true to his impatient and decisive character, from deism he stepped to atheism. If there were no God, of course there was no hell after.

Thus in the minds of youthful philosophers (!) are disposed these grave questions.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY had scarcely made any observations on his fellow-passengers, so much had he been engaged in his reveries and studies. He exchanged with them the ordinary courtesies of the day, but had experienced no desire to cultivate the acquaintance of any, with the exception of the familiar and kind stranger, Mr. Rivington, and his daughter. Several casual occurrences brought them more together, and, on a nearer view and better acquaintance, he perceived that they were particularly agreeable, and that the young lady was a very charming person in mind and manners. She had not appeared to him, at first, beautiful; but, while conversing, he perceived that a certain loveliness dwelt in her countenance, which, as if a quality of her soul, as well as her

features, seemed to increase in proportion as the conversation grew animated and interesting. There was in her a mixture of frankness and modesty, of self-possession, and yet of reserve, which at first attracted his attention, and then captivated his taste. On seeing yet more of her, he found that Nature had not been less bountiful in the solid qualities of sense and virtue, than in that external grace which made her so engaging.

One day a death occurred on board—the little son of a poor Englishman, who, with his wife and three children, had emigrated several years before to America, been unsuccessful, and was now returning in the steerage to his native country. The small body was the next morning sewed up in a piece of sail, and consigned to the deep. The Burial-Service was read by Mr. Rivington. The mother stood by without a word, and heard the plunge of her child's corpse into the waves. It was painful to conjecture, by the deadly paleness of her face and the expression of her features, what emotions filled her soul.

The circumstance drew the attention of Harry to the family. Fearing, from their appearance, that they were but ill-provided with the necessaries of life, he offered to supply their wants, but found Mr. Rivington and his daughter had already anticipated him.

It was by-and-by discovered that another child was ill, and with a dangerous and contagious malady. There was, among the passengers, a physician, who called himself Dr. Mason. Mr. Rivington politely informed him of the illness of the second child, and the distress of the family.

"Pray, doctor, see her at once."

"Not I," was the answer.

"No?"

"Certainly not." And, taking out a fire-box, he lighted a cigar. "I don't consider myself on duty at present; and to a contagious disorder I don't deem it necessary to expose myself, and the other cabin passengers."

"I will cheerfully compensate you," remarked Mr. Rivington, after a pause.

"Oh, hang it ! that 's not it."

"But it seems to me, my go
resumed Mr. Rivington more grav
duty do not urge you, humanity—

"Of that," replied the doctor
"I must be the best judge."

"My daughter has been at the
of the little girl!" said Mr. Rivington.

"But Dr. Mason is not your
ter," remarked Mr. Barnett, a tall
looking young gentleman of one
and-twenty, and a great ally of
tor in smoking, drinking, and b
mon?

A few days after, despite the a
attentions of Mr. and Miss Rivington
Harry, the little sufferer also die
same funeral ceremony was pe
The mother heard the same plun
the same pale silent face; while th
in a distant part of the ship, sa
leaning his head on his hands.

Harry's soul was struck with de
passion. He had watched the littl
with interest; and, ardent in his
he at once formed a strong and

attachment for Rivington and his daughter, and at the same time conceived a lively indignation, mingled with disgust, which he scarcely made any effort to conceal, against Dr. Mason.

At length, the poor mother became ill—too much so to leave her berth; and, to fill the cup of her misery to overflowing, the third and last child, a very pretty boy, three years old, was attacked with the same disorder which had carried off his brother and sister. Miss Rivington determined to descend into the dark and filthy hole where the poor sufferers lay, but she was met by Harry, who gently, but firmly, refused her admittance.

“I have been below,” he said. “The child must die. I don’t think the poor mother will. For her sake, one might almost wish she might. Her only ailment is grief, and that does its work slowly. I will see that the little creature has all the attention possible.”

“Is the father below?”

“Poor fellow, yes; but completely prostrated with despair.”

"I think, Mr. Lennox, I had better
down."

"No; I positively interpose force. I
will not permit your daughter, sir, to
pose herself to any more danger. I
been below. The child must die, prob-
to-day; but, while he exists, suffer me
be his nurse. The exposure of one
son is necessary; that of two would
useless and imprudent. You and
daughter attended the last. Now
my turn."

Mr. Rivington shook him warmly
the hand.

In the evening, as he had predicted,
the boy died. This time the mother
too weak to witness the third ceremony,
which left her childless. The father
tired, as before, to a distant part of the
deck, and covered his ears with his hands,
as if to shut out the sound of the dirge,
plunge.

In pity to the bereaved mother, he
spent some time below with her. He
spoke with him freely, and even cheer-
fully.

"You do not seem, my good woman," remarked he, one day, when they had been speaking of her bereaved state,—“you do not seem to be so much prostrated by your loss as I feared you would be.”

Her lips quivered, and she wept a moment in silence.

“I feel, but I do not yield to my feelings generally. ‘Whom He loveth, He chasteneth.’ I am in His hands. My children are removed, I doubt not, wisely, from a cruel world, where I had little power to protect or make them happy. They are in heaven, where I hope to meet them soon. Their sufferings are over. ‘The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!’”

Harry felt as if he could have shrugged his shoulders; but he contented himself with the reflection that her trust in the Lord had been but poorly answered.

“I would not be ungrateful for the blessings left me,” added the woman.

“Blessings!” echoed Harry, looking around upon the wretched den, which he could not remain in a moment without a

sensation of disgust, and then upon the emaciated form and face, the ragged clothes of the poor woman — “blessings! — what blessings?”

“Here,” replied she, laying her hand upon her bosom, “and here.”

She produced from under her pillow a small Bible. Harry took it, and turned over the leaves: they appeared worn, and almost ready to fall to pieces by the constant use of years.

“You love to read your Bible, then?”

“I hope so. I should be very ungrateful if I did not; for it has consoled and supported me through many a long year of suffering. My story is rather a sad one; but, the more sad the life, the more dear appears the Divine power of that book. I have often thought it is like the stars, which, the blacker the night, look more bright.”

“You have not always been in your present impoverished state?” inquired Harry, becoming interested. “Your language and thoughts imply education and reflection.”

"Oh yes, sir; I have always been poor and wretched. But people are apt to think that those in our class have not thoughts and feelings like others; and when they find we have, and when they hear us utter them, they are as surprised as if a dumb animal should speak."

"There is a good deal of sad truth in that. But where did you learn to express yourself so well?"

"If I express myself better than others of my condition, it is because I have been more diligent in studying my Bible. It has been education as well as happiness to me. It has, moreover, taught me how to live, and, I hope, how to die. The loss of my sweet children, in one sense, makes me happy; and I bend to the judgment of God with more patience than others might. Those children were so dear to me!—they were all of them so sweet, so pretty—so—"

Here she stopped and wept again.

"My mind," resumed she, "was always disturbed with apprehensions about them. I could neither live nor die in peace; for

"I perceived some time ago," observed Mr. Rivington, "that, while Providence has blessed you with a heart capable of feeling all the necessity of religion, you have not yet become aware of its truth."

Harry looked at Miss Rivington with a certain embarrassment.

"Oh! you need not mind Helen. She has made the subject a study, and will not be any more frightened at your open acknowledgment of infidelity, than a good physician at the confessions of a sick patient."

"I could hope Miss Rivington might pardon me," said Harry, "for acknowledging my own deficiency."

"You mean by that—boasting of your own superiority!" said Miss Rivington, smiling.

"I should not pardon myself," continued he, "were I to expose her to the contagion of bad example."

"If it were not," said Mr. Rivington, "that I never approach lightly a sacred subject, I would let you try the effect of

your example on her. The contagion would not take. You have not an argument or an impression which she could not confute. Pray, confess what you like. It will, perhaps, prove the first step to reformation."

"Well, then," said Harry frankly, "I confess at once that the only mystery in religion to me is, that any one of education and sense can be found to believe it."

"You have not examined the subject," said the young lady.

"Oh yes, I have, carefully; and believed less after the examination than I did before."

"You did not come to the task with the proper spirit," observed Miss Rivington.

"Ah! that is the way the advocates of Christianity defend their cause. First, it is, You have never examined; then, You did not examine in the proper spirit. Pray, define to me what sort of spirit a man of sense must have before he can be made to believe that black is white?"

"My father can, perhaps, explain," said Miss Rivington.

"No," said her father. "It would be like explaining what light is to a blind man. Life will explain it, as it rolls on over your head. Death will explain it, when the spectre appears to you."

"Mysticism, transcendentalism, and all the isms," said Harry, laughing, "can't have any more incomprehensible ism than this. What can a fit of the gout have to do with an opinion on the subject? You place a sum in arithmetic before me, and tell me twice two make five. I don't believe it. You accuse me of not examining. Well, I do examine, and find two and two make four. Then, my spirit is not yet prepared. I must wait till I get very ill (and imbecile, perhaps); then, you come to me with your arithmetic, and I tell you, perhaps, two and two make five, or twenty, if you will; and believe it, perhaps, simply because my feelings predominate over my reason. And yet, after all, two and two do make four."

"I never debate on religion," said Ri-

vington gravely ; “ because a debate is a struggle for victory, not a search after truth. Only do not deceive yourself with the idea that you have examined the evidences of Christianity. If Heaven spare your life, you will one day feel the want of religion. With the want will come the spirit ; and then you will understand me.”

Harry was silent before the mild dogmatism of the amiable enthusiasts. He shrugged his shoulders while alone he paced the deck late that evening to enjoy his cigar.

“ Thus it is,” he thought, “ that education makes of men what it will ; just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined. Had this amiable person been educated to believe theft and murder justifiable, he would still retain the opinion. Had he been taught that Mahomet was the true God, he would tremble and bow at the name of Mahomet. Hence, through the wonder-working power of education, a Galilean peasant, executed for disturbing the public peace, becomes a Divine being, and receives the worship of the same in-

telligent mind which would think a
tion paid to Mars or Minerva utterly
culous."

"And what do I believe?" he a
gloomily, after a long pause. "That
world has ever been what it is; will
remain what it is. If God may be ete
and from eternity, why may not
world? If God made himself, why
not Nature have done the same? V
then, is man? an insect? an accide
Where have gone those dead child
Into the deep; to the fishes. The
matter, nothing more; and the
duped mother, who thinks she will
them again beside summer streams,
amid perennial groves—she is a fool!
there is no real difference between Ri
ton and Barnett, between Miss Rivin
and Dr. Mason. One is as good as
other. Yes: this lovely being, so
so gentle, so self-sacrificing, has no
only an abstract, temporary superi
over this selfish, cowardly Mason
ought to respect one as much as the o
Certainly, to the eye of philosophy

are the same. A rose is sweeter, but not more innocent, than a thistle. God, that is, Nature, made them both; and hereafter they will go together to the dust. The difference between them will not exist after death. The admiration I feel for the one, the disgust towards the other, is a weakness. Strange world! but, as it is—it is!”

And, with a cold and barren heart, the young infidel paced the deck, quenched in his bosom all holy impulses, and strove to turn from Truth and Nature into paradoxes and follies, which he called reason and philosophy. Strove! and for the time succeeded; for, to his youthful fancy, life seemed endless, and he was surrounded by all that could make it gay and happy. Memory brought him scarcely a care, and hope pointed to joys which filled him with delight. He was rich, handsome, young, gifted, absorbed by this world, its proud plans and graceful pleasures and virtues. He was satisfied with infidelity, because he felt no need of God or religion. He had resources enough without them. His

happiness was his misery. His hopes
his despair. He was like some tra-
carrying a torch, whose smoky and
light prevents his beholding the moon
the stars, the order and harmony of
universe, and the hand that created
sustains it.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the mean time the great ship ploughed her way, rushing and thundering on, sometimes half engulphed in the black and smoking waves, sometimes groaning, shrieking, and trembling beneath a tempest: now advancing, regularly and majestically, over the blue deep, now becalmed, and abandoned to the heaving, glaring flood in a very disagreeable state of inactivity.

For want of other excitement, Dr. Mason and Mr. Barnett had undertaken to amuse themselves by quizzing Mr. Seers, a young, modest, and rather shabbily-dressed man who had been sea-sick nearly the whole voyage; who scarcely ever opened his mouth, and never without blushing, and who turned out to be a Methodist clergyman travelling to regain his health. A slight attempt had been

made to pursue the same course with Harry; but they were speedily satisfied that, however gay he might naturally be, he was not exactly the man to engage in much quizzing from them. Their serious humour therefore sought a less dangerous object.

On the health of Mr. Seers being sufficiently re-established for the purpose, it was proposed by some one, that, being Sunday, and destined probably to be the last sabbath of the voyage, they should perform a religious service. One acquiesced, and the company assembled accordingly.

The service commenced with a prayer which, though not long, was fervent and eloquent, without in the least offending against the coolest episcopalian. The bashful hesitation of the speaker disappeared as he proceeded, and Harry listened to his strong devotional language with an interest for which he could not account.

Becoming accustomed as he grew to analyze his feelings, he asked himself

whence came his emotion? He did not believe the young preacher was right in his creed, or that the Creator, if indeed there were one, of the infinite system of things, cared or knew what was said or done in our globe, which, compared with the whole universe, was so inconceivably insignificant; far less what a few individuals were doing in an obscure spot of the globe. Yet what was it which during the earnest prayer, and more particularly during the succeeding sermon, enchained his attention, calmed his thoughts, elevated his mind, and thrilled his soul? He ascribed it partly to a re-awakening in him of early religious associations,—dim, sweet, tender visions of those years when he also had folded his little hands, and, on his bended knees, offered up thanks and prayers to the Creator at his mother's knee.

Partly, too, he perceived in the picture before him something strikingly poetic and sublime. There was no God; there was, at least, no revelation from Him, except through the ordinary course of

nature: but it raised in his mind the reflection of what a different scene the earth would be, what a different thing life would be, if there were a God made manifest; if the mysterious and celebrated Being, who, from the lowly position of a Galilean peasant, an untravelled, uneducated Jew, a Roman slave, were really an incarnation of the Divinity, descended to walk with man as an example, a guide, and a star, such as that which led the fabled shepherds to the holy child! He was not a believer, but he was beginning to be a thinker. The grand fabric of Christianity rose before him at a distance, and he was beginning to look at it; and the form of Jesus began to appear to him, amid the crowd of historical characters, as a remarkable one, remarkable from the purpose He had adopted, from the effects He had produced. Various questions concerning Him began to rise in his mind, to arouse and awaken his curiosity. Had He really lived? Was there such a person as Jesus at all? if not, the wonder was not less striking, that such a character should

have formed itself in the human imagination, and glided into the credulity of so many ages and countries! Even had the sublime structure of Christianity been raised upon the life of a real personage, only altered by the Oriental mind at a superstitious period, still the wonder continued; for how came the cold science of modern times to receive it? A fable it seemed upon the face of it; but what a fable! and by how many millions received as the most sacred of truths!

Beside him sat the bereaved mother. He could not without emotion behold her, as she listened to the glorious visions of the speaker, who represented this world, and its cares and pleasures, as so insignificant compared with the mansions of bliss prepared for mortals in another and better state of existence. The unfortunate woman listened with eager devotion, and, although tears were on her cheeks, they were obviously tears of joy; she was drinking in, from the lips of her spiritual teacher, not only consolation, but triumph. Although her hopes might be but illu-

sions, yet, in her case, the grave was deprived of its victory, and death of its sting !

At this picture Harry felt, with singular force, what a sublime, what a magnificent thing life would be, if religion were true ! If there were a God to superintend, to guide, to reward ; if Death, the remorseless, resistless tyrant, might be overcome ; if this mortal scene were but a state of probation and preparation.

For the first time in his life, the meaning of his mother's exalted enthusiasm respecting Christianity began to break upon his comprehension. He believed not that it was or could be true ; but he saw, if it were true, how glorious it would be ! Thus, for his mind was pure and his heart good, his humanity towards, and his sympathy for, this poor woman, awoke in him the first conception of spiritual light.

In the midst of the sermon, and of Harry's reflections, Dr. Mason and Barnett fell into a fit of laughing. For some moments they appeared willing to sup-

press it; but at length, finding this not easily done, they leaned forward their faces on their hands, and continued to indulge in a mirth so noisy, as not only to disturb the little congregation, but, at length, to render the speaker's progress impossible. The young clergyman stopped, waited a few moments, resumed, stopped again, unable to go on, and then mildly remarked upon the indecency, as well as the impiety, of the interruption. This only made the offenders laugh louder; upon which the clergyman, with dignity and firmness, requested that they would leave the cabin, or he should not proceed with the service.

"I shall certainly not leave the cabin," said Barnett; "I have paid my passage. I have as much right here as another. My consent was not requested to have the service here; and no man has a right to convert my house into a church, any more than I have a right to turn a church into a theatre."

"I shall send for the captain," said Mr. Seers.

"The captain's business is with his ship, not with me," replied Barnett.

"Then I must desist," said the clergyman mildly.

"My good friend," remarked Rivington, "the occasion seems to warrant the interference of your fellow-passengers."

"Indeed!"

"At least of the captain" (who was on the deck at that time).

"If the captain, or any one else," cried Mason, "attempt to prohibit a man's laughing at what amuses him in the cabin of a packet-ship, where he has paid his passage, he will find himself in the wrong box."

"I quite agree with you," replied Rivington, with perfect forbearance; "and, rather than promote any difference, now we are so near the land, I think, sir," (to the clergyman,) "you had better desist."

This circumstance rendered the doctor and his friend extremely ashamed and indignant, but, at the same time, more bold. They now took pains to annoy the rest of the passengers on all possible occasions,

playing whist and backgammon, with loud oaths, and in as noisy and reckless a way as possible. The captain was vexed ; but, being a mild man, and the voyage being nearly concluded, he begged the company to bear it as well as they could.

One day Mr. Seers was walking the deck, when Barnett commenced also walking, in a way to meet him. Mason stood by, with a singular expression on his face. It was after dinner, where, as no deduction was made in passage-money for those who did not take wine, these two gentlemen had at command the whole stock of the ship, into which they appeared every day desirous of making as great an inroad as possible. Harry was standing by, and watched the manœuvre with considerable interest. It struck him, from the manner of the young bully, that he had the intention to offer an insult ; although he could scarcely have expected to pick a quarrel with the most inoffensive and amiable of human beings. The proceeding continued, with a more and more definite approach to a crisis. At each turn Barnett gave

less way, till, at length, Mr. Seers, who did not seem to understand the spirit of the thing, and who had kept yielding more and more place as he was pressed upon more rudely, not supposing it necessary to go entirely out of his path, received such a violent push with the shoulder of Barnett as to throw him aside with some violence.

"Mr. Barnett!" exclaimed he, with mild amazement.

"Get out of the way, then, can't you?" cried Barnett coarsely. "You don't expect people to give you up the cabin and the deck too, do you?"

"I expect nothing from you, sir," said Mr. Seers, with a flush of indignation, "which a gentleman would require, or a gentleman bestow."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Barnett, coming close up to him, with a clenched fist held threatening just behind him.

"I can have but one meaning," replied Seers, folding his arms.

"You wouldn't dare to brave me so,"

cried Barnett, with a contemptuous laugh, "if you did not feel safe in your insignificance and helplessness."

"If I am insignificant and helpless," rejoined Mr. Seers, "why does Mr. Barnett select me as the object of his insults?"

"That's good!" interrupted Mr. Rivington, emphatically; "and you deserve it, young man."

"Pray keep your opinions to yourself, sir," retorted Barnett, in an under voice; for there was something in Mr. Rivington's figure and countenance which inspired respect as well as fear.

"Oh! my lad," said Rivington, with a quiet smile, "you have the power to prevent religious worship in the cabin, but not to prohibit conversation on deck, I believe."

"Who wants to prevent conversation?" demanded Barnett fiercely. "D—n me, sir, who are you? and whom do you take me for?"

"I am a gentleman, very much disgusted with your bearing during this passage; and I take you to be an ill-educated boy,

with a very weak understanding, and, I should judge, not a good heart, who knows what is due neither to himself nor to others."

"I'll be hanged, sir, if you shan't unsay that!" exclaimed Barnett.

"Then you'll be hanged, without a doubt; for I shall not unsay it."

"If you are a gentleman, sir—"

"Oh! if," retorted Rivington, laughing.

"You are very polite to apply that celebrated little word to me."

"And why not, sir, pray?" demanded Dr. Mason, coming to the support of his friend, with a swagger.

"Because *if* supposes a doubt," rejoined Mr. Rivington. "Respecting the claim of yourself and friend to the character of gentlemen, I hope you will agree with me there can be none."

"Certainly not, sir, certainly not," cried Mason, not exactly knowing what it was he was agreeing to.

Another laugh from various bystanders, who had collected in a circle, now made Mason almost as enraged as his comrade.

"Are you presuming to quiz us, sir?" demanded Barnett, in a manner intended to intimidate.

"Yes, I am," replied Rivington.

"Why, d—n me, sir, that's an insult!" said Barnett.

"I meant it as one," replied Rivington.

"You dare not refuse to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

"Oh! yes, I dare. I dare refuse to give you anything that can't possibly belong to you."

"Do I understand you to say, sir," interrupted Dr. Mason, with a swagger, "that you decline meeting Mr. Barnett?"

"Of course I do, if possible, either as a friend or an enemy."

"Then, sir," cried Barnett, with a swagger of importance and triumph, "I shall post you for a coward."

"Thank you. It will save me the trouble of posting you for a fool!" rejoined Rivington, laughing heartily and good-naturedly, and without at all altering his usual manner.

A general laugh announced that the

scene, so threatening in its commencement, had now changed into one of mere merriment, and appeared to overcome the young men with rage and shame. They sneaked away to plot some other better method of revenge than seemed attainable by their conversational abilities.

It was very soon observed, however, that the several outrages they had committed with impunity, particularly their discovery that the gentlemen on board would not fight them, added to their impudence and audacity. They strutted about the deck all day, making whispered remarks to each other, and then laughing aloud, smoking, drinking, and swearing, and intentionally annoying their fellow-passengers. They had now attacked both Mr. Seers and Rivington without any particular danger or inconvenience, for they were not persons to feel to their full extent the "whips and scorns" of superior wit. Harry thought that he himself might be their next object. He had been delighted with the admirable manner in which Mr. Rivington had met their vul-

gar attacks. There was something in that gentleman's age, appearance, and manners, which rendered such a mode of self-defence proper. He was too old and too dignified a man to be engaged in brawls and duels, at least with such characters; but Harry was young and hot, and he immediately vowed to pursue a different course should the least occasion present itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE voyage was now nearly completed. It had been, luckily, free from storms, and, generally speaking, favoured with pleasant weather, although long delayed by head-winds, and sometimes by no wind at all. Harry grew more and more happy. When he thought of home and Fanny Elton, his mind was shaded sometimes with sadness; but he found it every day more easy to shake off this amiable weakness; and to forget Miss Elton he resolved to make the first purpose of his life. What with the various incidents of the ship, the anticipations of soon seeing England, and the attachment, each day more strong and familiar, which had mutually arisen between him and the Rivingtons, he had scarcely found time to think of *ennui*. As to the two persons last-men-

tioned, he fairly loved them : they appeared to love him also, and to enjoy a certain benevolent amusement in hearing his opinions, anticipations, and raptures about Europe. The approaching end of the voyage, and disembarkation at Portsmouth, and their return to the great, mighty, gigantic London, appeared to interest them less for themselves than for their pleasure in beholding the effect on him ; as an old theatre-goer enjoys the amazement and delight of an intelligent child, for the first time introduced into that magical scene, much more than he does the scene itself.

The captain's daily reckoning was now listened to with intense anxiety ; and his announcement that they would make land that same day was received with a profound satisfaction of which mere "land-lubbers" can have but a very feeble idea. The breakfast to-day was ominously fine ; and the dinner appeared to have no object on earth except to throw the breakfast into the shade. Champagne was added to the usual fare, and carried to a yet higher

point the good-humour of the passengers, which, even before, seemed to admit of no augmentation.

After dinner, Mr. Rivington, having chatted, as a man might with his son, (for there is nothing which creates so close an intimacy as a sea-voyage between people of kindred nature,) had taken a seat and a book. Harry offered Miss Rivington his arm, and they began talking and pacing the deck.

"I think you said you had been but little in the United States?" remarked Harry, for he had long ago discovered his friends to be English.

"My father has an estate in the West-Indies. It required the presence of a confidential agent. My father was not very well; my health, also, was rather delicate; so he was advised by the physician to give both himself and me the benefit of the voyage. It was our intention to see much of the United States, but my father being called to London by business, we were obliged to leave at once. We saw your sweet Hudson, and magnificent Niagara, however."

"Of what profession is your father?" asked Harry, with all the frankness of a sea-friend in the last days of the voyage.

"What should you think?" asked she, smiling.

"Well, let me see!" said Harry thoughtfully, measuring with his eyes the quiet, noble form of the plainly-dressed but gentlemanly-looking person who sat reading at a little distance,— "a physician? — the army? — an author? — a lawyer? — a merchant?"

These guesses were replied to by a smiling negative on the part of Miss Rivington, who was greatly amused by them, and who at length said —

"You must not think too badly of him when I confess he is not anything."

"Is London your residence?"

"Sometimes."

"And sometimes the country. How delightful! Do you know, I look upon you with extreme curiosity, Miss Rivington, as one who has seen and knows London and England."

"And I look on you with equal inte-

rest as one who has never seen London. It seems to me impossible a person can have lived a whole life-time and occupied himself and been happy, and never seen London. I hope you will let us see you when we get home."

"If you will allow me to renew my acquaintance?"

"Oh say, to continue, not renew," said Miss Rivington, laughing; "for it is not going to be broken off, I hope."

"Which is a good hotel in London?" inquired Harry.

"Really," replied Miss Rivington, "there are so many that I know not which to recommend. Some are rather expensive; but as you have no wife, and don't wish to dazzle, I should recommend L——'s hotel in Bond Street."

"It is in a good neighbourhood, at all events. Bond Street is a term in the language for splendour and fashion."

"Oh dear! Bond Street is not splendid. It is a very plain-looking street. You mustn't have too high expectations. All London is plain, indeed. A dark, black,

dull-looking place. You must not expect the bright architecture and hanging-gardens of Athens or Babylon."

"What I am most interested in seeing," said Harry, "is your distinguished persons. We have heard all our lives of their great names, and we naturally wish to behold them. What should you say now, if I possessed the ability to raise up before you any personage of history?—whom would you most like to see?"

"Napoleon, Dante, Shakspeare, and your own Washington. But I hope, if you really have such miraculous power," she added laughing, "you would not confine me to so few."

"Well, I feel, when about to enter London, as if I had acquired such a power, and I shall be as much thrilled with curiosity and delight in first beholding Moore, Peel, Lyndhurst, Rogers, &c., as you would be on having raised up before you on the deck of this ship, Pontius Pilate or Pliny."

"You Americans are the most enthusiastic beings on earth, I believe," observed she.

"Did you ever see Moore?"

"I know him very well," replied Miss Rivington.

"I should have asked you at once if you knew him: but the simplicity of us Americans in coming abroad is to be borne in mind. The expression, 'Do you know Moore?' has in it something as extraordinary to me as 'Do you know Nebuchadnezzar?' or 'Have you seen Anacreon lately?'"

At this moment, just from their after-dinner wine, Dr. Mason and Mr. Barnett came on deck, and began pacing to and fro, so as to meet Harry and his companion at every turn.

"Those interesting gentlemen!" said Miss Rivington. "I am really afraid of them since they got what the captain calls such a 'regular setting down' from my father."

"If I dare ask so much confidence in me, I beg you will not gratify them by going away."

And they continued their walk. Closer and closer came Mr. Barnett, till at

length, although the young lady shrank perceptibly away from the contact, she received a by no means equivocal push with his shoulder. Harry's quick blood mounted. He disengaged her from his arm, turned upon the offender, and knocked him down. He rose with an impious oath, and rushed upon Harry, who coolly knocked him down again. A second time he rose, and, with desperate rage, leaped again on his foe, but stopped short on beholding his cool, stern attitude, and flashing eyes.

"Mason, come down stairs, here," he cried; and, pulling his friend violently along, they descended into the cabin to do—no one could conjecture what.

A general exclamation of the passengers applauded the course of Harry, who did not seem at all flustered by the circumstance.

Mr. Rivington smiled, and, shaking him by the hand, said "You're a true John Bull, Mr. Lennox, and I'm very much obliged to you. I'm quite sure you may now pace the deck all day with my daugh-

ter, and they will not be impertinent again. But where is the enemy?"

"I'll tell you," said Harry; "they're gone down stairs, probably for pistols."

Miss Rivington turned pale.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Rivington, either at their measures, or mine. That they are bullies is plain enough, and as despicable cowards as ever breathed. Did you see him stop when he came up to me the second time, and quail when I looked at him? He has gone down for pistols. I am a shot, however, such as is rarely seen. I venture to boast, because I can give you proofs of my skill. These men will never dare to proceed to extremities. They count on our contempt, on the interference of the captain or the police, when we land, &c. Let us be repaid for all the annoyance they have been to us, by amusing ourselves with them; and, should they really not back out, before the matter goes so far, I shall exhibit to them evidence of my skill, which will bring down their courage."

All agreed. The Captain said he would

not have any serious affair occur on board his ship ; but he was so convinced they were a pair of cowardly poltroons that he promised not to interfere.

"Now, sir," cried Mason, coming up with a note, "I have to request your perusal of this document, which requires you to name a friend. There, sir, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Harry read the challenge, and immediately referred the bearer to Mr. Rivington.

"You will be so good," said Harry to the latter, "as to bring this affair to an immediate conclusion."

"I see no occasion for consultation," remarked Mr. Rivington gravely ; "your weapons, I suppose, are pistols?"

"Certainly, and I have them ready below, with powder and balls."

"Ten paces," said Rivington, "and fire when I say three ; and the time of meeting—?"

"The daybreak of the morning after our arrival at Portsmouth," replied Mason, "the very, very first morning, sir."

Barnett, who stood by and heard this colloquy, turned pale.

"No. I cannot then attend to it," said Rivington. "I have an affair of the same kind in my hand on that day."

"Well, as soon as you possibly can," said Barnett, unable to express his relief.

"You had better arrange this little matter here?"

"What, on board the ship?"

"Certainly; now, this moment."

"Agreed!" said Mason firmly, "I have no objection."

"Agreed!" echoed Barnett, in a somewhat fainter voice.

"Here are no policemen," said Rivington, "no magistrates, no impertinent meddlers. Here we can do it perfectly at our ease."

"But the captain," stammered Barnett, in vain endeavouring to keep up his swagger.

"Oh, pray don't mind me," remarked the captain.

"Well, gentlemen," said Rivington,

"it is arranged, then. You have pistols, I think you said, Mr. Barnett?"

"Y—y—yes—but my pistols are not ready for immediate use. They want cleaning, besides some repairs."

"Oh, I have pistols," remarked Harry. "I never travel without them, or part with them even when at home. My greatest pleasure is practising with them, which I have kept up for these ten years. I'll go down and get them."

He went down, and presently reappeared with a box, which, on being opened, presented, sure enough, a pair of rather large duelling pistols, with the necessary appurtenances.

"Captain," said Harry, "put a board up there, will you? Not having used them since I left shore, my hand may be a little out."

The captain ordered a plank, chalked a circle on it about as large as a man's head, to which it bore a ludicrous resemblance, from the eyes, nose, and mouth, and a large quantity of out-standing hair with which it was adorned, and ordered a

"I will go so far as to say, that it was merely accident that made me push against Miss Rivington," exclaimed Barnett. "It was the rolling of the ship."

"Don't make any apology," said Mason fiercely.

"My friend, Mr. Lennox, requests me to say that, if he survive this affair, he shall give Dr. Mason the pleasure of a shot with him. If not, that honour will fall to me," said Rivington, with a stern look.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lennox," cried Barnett, walking close up to him; "I cannot massacre you in this way, when I feel myself to have been the aggressor:" and he suddenly discharged his pistol in the air.

"I can't accept an apology, sir," said Harry firmly. "You must load again!"

At this moment the man at the mast cried out, "Land a-head!" which the captain said was the Scilly Isles.

"At such a moment as this," cried Barnett, "I can no longer entertain feelings of revenge or anger. You may fire

at me, if you will. I am not afraid of you; but I will not be frightened into anything—d—n me!”

“Your magnanimity,” exclaimed Harry, “is no more than I expected, and equals your courage. I have always found that the most brave are the most generous. For sparing my life in this chivalric manner, your own feelings must be a sufficient reward. If not, you must find the honour you will gain by this circumstance an ample compensation.”

“Don’t mention it, I beg,” said Barnett, with a mock-heroic air, which infinitely amused the spectators.

The scene indeed had been exquisite, and, in its full breadth of caricature, was so far beyond what could have been imagined, that, while it reduced the two heroes to a most laudable tone of quiet politeness, it elevated the good humour of the rest of the company to its highest point. Harry gained golden opinions from all on board. As everybody saw, in the exposed bully, only an object of contempt and ridicule, it seemed to be

generally understood, by tacit consent, that the tone of mock-admiration assumed by Harry should be adopted by all. The poor devils, therefore, found themselves, during the rest of their stay on board, quite amazed and bewildered by general tokens of exaggerated respect, which they knew not whether to consider real or ironical. Every one took off his hat to them with a reverential salutation. Everybody turned widely and ostentatiously out of their way. The ladies made them timid curtseys. The captain asked, if everything on board the ship was to their liking. Never was a pair of braggarts honoured with such gratifying attention. At dinner, everybody drank wine with them; the steward was ordered to serve them first; their opinion was asked by everybody on all possible occasions. All regretted such a rich hoax had not been put in operation at an earlier period of the voyage.

CHAPTER IX.

As the packet neared the land, Harry was in a state of excitement more like an enchanting dream than sober reality, and, opened as his heart was by novel and delicious sensations, he gave vent to his feelings in all the eloquence of his nature, to the great amusement and pleasure of his more quiet friends, the Rivingtons. These amiable people were charmed with his freshness of character, his intelligence, and nobleness of disposition, which qualities were now fully developed. With a sort of incredulous rapture, he beheld, at last, that little speck of blue, the first dim herald of mighty old Europe. A fine breeze carried them swiftly along up the Channel, over water as smooth as a summer lake. The passengers appeared in their best attire. The sky was bright, the air

balmy. Everybody was animated. The sheep and poultry, even, had a contented look; the chanticleer began to resume his majestic bearing, which, at one or two windy points of the passage, had been unquestionably laid aside.

What is there on this earth so delightful as the American's first approach to England, his venerable and beloved mother? If it may be said without irreverence, it more resembles the sensations of a blessed angel, who has just passed the dark valley of the shadow of death, and rises into the enchantment of a new and brighter existence. The limpid, idle water has lost all its terrors, and the threatening wind sinks from a sublime and despotic fiend into the softest and sweetest of playful spirits; weeds and branches are seen floating around, lately washed from the near shore; and Mother Carey's chickens have long since disappeared with the flying froth of the tumbling billows, and land-birds come singing in gay flocks from the yet unseen European groves, and English and French

porpoises are tumbling together in amity, and a delicious sunshiny atmosphere of hope and happiness wafts onward the good ship, after all her dangers on the ocean's surface ; vessels of all kinds are passing outward-bound, and fishing-smacks lie scattered around, and the pilot, with a silent, weather-beaten English face, comes on board with newspapers, and your fellow-passengers, on learning that the breeze is fair for landing that very afternoon, appear half-bewildered and incredulous in their joy. Everything speaks the end of the mighty traverse. The poor captain looks like an ex-monarch. He, who was regarded at sea with such profound veneration, the oracle of that mysterious and awful world, now stands, with his hands in his pockets, unquestioned, uncared for ; like a poor player—his occupation gone.

Harry was giddy with delight as he beheld at last the picturesque shore now expanding before him, and heard repeated the names of Dorset, Cornwall, Devonshire, Cowes, and Lymington, for they

were gliding up to Portsmouth. Scenes bright in varied beauty met his eyes on every side. Old castles covered with ivy, ancient towns, orchards and roads, gardens and hills, rich in foliage and flowers, vales and creeks, the peaceful cot and opulent mansion, steeped in shadow and sunshine, all soft as a vision, all harmonious as music, all beautiful and pure as Heaven itself; and the land odours were upon the air, and the land sounds came floating to his ear—the barking of dogs, the lowing of a cow, and the singing of birds.

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed he, as the Rivingtons stood at his side, answering his questions, but not interrupting his enchantment by unbidden information, for they felt he was enjoying a rare sensation, granted only once, or twice, perhaps, in a life-time.

“ Oh,” cried he, while his handsome face was lighted up with emotion, “ this is ecstasy. This it is to travel; and I have crossed the Atlantic! I am looking on England!—England! beautiful, merry, brave, time-worn, warlike, intellectual, immortal England! ”

"Yes, there she is," said Miss Rivington, whose eyes were not quite dry. "There's my country!"

"I protest," said Harry, "that the spirits of the past seem hovering around me in the air, and welcoming me to these renowned and hallowed shores.—Kings and queens, fierce nobles and unshrinking commoners, poets, statesmen, and orators, Shakspeare and Scott, Charles and Cromwell, Burke and Chatham, Elizabeth and Mary, the past and the present—all crowding together in my mind. Hail great parent! Hail! England."

If these rhapsodies read rather wild on shore, allowance must be made for the high-wrought excitement which reigned around Harry at this moment; nor did the Rivingtons see in them, other than the manifestations of an ingenuous, and very warm-hearted young man, under circumstances well calculated to awaken lively emotions.

The ship at length came to anchor off the town of Portsmouth. The usual visit of the government-officer was made,

a pretty yacht-like boat was sent by the packet agent to bring the passengers ashore ; and Harry, at last, with a thrill of enjoyment, placed his foot on English ground.

His pleasure was a little damped by the necessary separation from the Rivingtons, who said they had friends in Portsmouth, to whom they intended to repair, adding, that they might possibly go up to London without delay. Rivington, on parting with Harry on the quay, shook him warmly by the hand. His daughter, who had learned to entertain for him a sincere friendship, was equally cordial in her leave-taking.

“ You will find us at No. —, Grosvenor Street,” said Rivington. “ Come and see me when you get to town.”

The doctor and his friend were not visible after landing. The unfortunate parents were not forgotten by Harry in his whirl of delightful sensations. He inquired particularly where they were going to put up, what their prospects were, and what they were going to do.

He found he had been, however, anticipated by Rivington, who, besides a rather ample donation of money, had given them his address in London with a promise to befriend them further. On their way up from the ship, he requested them to step with him into a bookseller's, where, remembering the scene in the steerage cabin, he bought a plain, well-printed bible and prayer-book, and presented them to his unfortunate protégés, who received the gift with tearful eyes.

"This Rivington is really a sterling character and a true Englishman," said Harry, to himself, as he took possession of his room at the Ship Hotel. "I wonder who he is?"

If anything on earth can be more delightful than the deck of a ship on approaching the end of the voyage, it is the well-furnished, neat, and comfortable apartments of an English hotel. The excellent quality of the viands, the admirable attendance, in short, everything you see, hear, taste, and feel. Harry had brought Mr. Seers up with him. That excellent

young man, although regarded by Harry as a mere enthusiast, was so pure, sincere, and intelligent, that he could not have wished a more agreeable companion. They spent a day together at Portsmouth, went to see Netley Abbey, and wandered round the town, and were regaled so sumptuously at the hotel, that Harry, in the fulness of his ecstasy, spouted with Othello :

“ ‘ If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate ;’ ”

while Seers, who, when brought out, was full of sensibility and humour, proposed, with half sincere gravity, to proceed no further in their travels, but spend the rest of their lives happily at the Ship Hotel. Right heartily did they laugh over their voyage, and the glorious *dénouement* of the little tragedy in which the two turkey-cocks, Mason and Barnett, had played such distinguished parts. At length it was agreed, that they should

start the next day for London, on the outside of a stage-coach.

Harry retired to his room, to sleep for the first time in a foreign country ; but he could not sleep. The transcendent loveliness of the night, the cloudless sky glittering with stars, (the only familiar objects which reminded him of home,) the broad, full moon just opposite his window slowly ascending the magnificent canopy of heaven, and the soft air wafting into his apartment the land odours, of which he had been so long deprived, disposed his mind for serious and tender reverie. He sat by the window, he knew not how long, lost in sweet, silent thought ; fond dreams of the past, and images of home, mingling with vague, high aspirations of future bliss. The idea of Fanny Elton awakened the only discord in the general harmony which seemed to wrap earth, the heavens, and his own soul, in one emotion of tender delight.

“ Ah, Fanny,” he thought, “ if to all this I could be convinced you were not unworthy ! If I had not heard those

scornful words, and if Emmerson himself had not told me what he did, at this delicious moment I would dismiss all doubt from my mind, and my happiness would be complete, full, perfect. Perhaps she now sits also in solitary thought. Perhaps she gazes on those flashing stars, that amber moon. And he gazed, and gazed lover-like, lost in a tide of absorbing associations.

“This is weakness,” at length, he said, “a boyish weakness. Time and travel will overcome it. In the meantime let me enjoy myself. Her ungrateful and capricious conduct shall not prevent it. The world is bright before me. Who says it is not a happy one?—whining moralists and canting priests. It is at least happy enough for me. I ask no better, want no other. I have health, wealth, an affectionate, cheerful home. I have before me the most brilliant tour possible. After a few dazzling years abroad. I will return and forget, in the sober duties and mature pleasures of a man, the once sweet and tender dream of love, of youth.

As he spoke he perceived the sky had changed its appearance. The moon had assumed a silver cast. A new pearly lustre had overspread the heavens, and the smaller of the recently-glittering stars had disappeared, while the few larger ones had paled their lustrous glow. It was morning, which, in the northern latitude of England, at this period of Midsummer, is visible in the east, within a brief interval after the radiance of the dying yesterday has faded from the western horizon.

CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING his romantic night reveries, Harry was up early, perfectly refreshed, and in bounding spirits. The day was again one of those preternaturally bright ones with which Nature blesses the foggy, "sea-girt isle" at this season, as if in compensation for her indifferent generosity during another period of the year. The sky and atmosphere of Naples seemed transferred to the particular road over which the coach took its way. With such a road, and such enthusiastic admiration as it inspired our two travellers with, they asked eternal questions of the coachman, and the latter evinced much astonishment to be asked such questions by those who were evidently Englishmen, and still further amazement on discovering they were

Americans. Harry experienced sensations of intense interest as they approached London, and what an immense, endless, black, crowded, busy, stupendous sort of place it proved to be! In short, if the reader have any sort of experience in such feelings, he must admit that to describe it adequately is impossible. Besides we are not quite certain that we ought to expose to view the simple and earnest emotions which fill the breast of a susceptible young Yankee on coming abroad for the first time. Harry himself, however, was afterwards heard to confess, that he was as much astonished on seeing Piccadilly and Hyde Park Corner, as the boy in the story was on being shown, for the first time, the useful and celebrated letter A!

A hackney-coach conveyed the two wanderers to L—— Hotel, in Bond Street. Harry immediately afterwards indulged himself in a short walk; in which he was rather disappointed, though conscious of his own absurdity, that he did not see St. Paul's, Drury Lane, Westminster Abbey,

Windsor Palace, the Parliament House, the Tower, and the Monument, all standing together in a row, to be looked at; and that, although he met people without end, he did not see O'Connell, or Lord Byron, or Shakspeare, or Scott, or Lord Chatham, or Falstaff, or Richard the Third. He was almost vexed that he escaped having his pocket picked, so anxious was he to meet with some adventure on the occasion.

It would give us infinite pleasure to describe each of his sensations as he gradually became acquainted with the wonderful metropolis; how certain absurd American ideas were now and then corrected; what surprises and delights he experienced, and so forth. After a few days so spent, his feelings of wonder began, however, to subside a little. He had graduated himself to the dimensions and peculiarities of the place he was in; and his consciousness returned that he was living in the nineteenth century, and that the various eminent personages he was so anxious to behold, might possibly have other occupations than walk-

ing about the streets of London, to be stared at by very green Yankee travellers.

Seers was to start for the continent in a day or two ; and, before he went, they both recollected the promise they had made to their kind-hearted sea-comrade, Rivington. Having hunted up his address, which Harry had taken in his pocket-book, and inquired the proper calling hour, they repaired to Grosvenor Street.

The house was rather a stately one, and both the visitors fancied they had made some mistake as they rang the bell. An important-looking man, in a plain livery, with powdered hair, opened the door, and, in answer to their inquiry if Mr. Rivington lived there, said, with an air of some surprise, but very respectfully,

"The Earl of Rivington lives here. His lordship is at home. Shall I take your names?"

"The Earl of Rivington!" echoed Harry.

"His lordship!" said Seers, stepping

back. "Oh! no; certainly not! We have mistaken the house."

The servant waited, with deference, to hear their determination. Seers was for going back at once; but Harry differed from him.

"Pray, has his lordship lately been absent from England?" he inquired.

"His lordship returned a few days ago. Perhaps," continued the man, still more respectfully, "you are the two American gentlemen who came with his lordship from New-York!"

"Yes," replied Harry.

"Let us go back!" whispered the modest Seers. "An earl! bless me! I have no desire to—"

"Oh! no; let us go in," said Harry.

"You were expected," said the servant, "some days ago."

The man led them through the hall to the broad staircase, where they were received by another servant, who conducted them through several lofty and richly-furnished rooms, into one which appeared to be an ante-room. Here they were left a

few moments alone, struck with the taste, elegance, and opulence of all they saw; with the beauty of various marble statues, and large and splendid paintings which adorned the walls. Seers, who had, probably, pursued a path of humble obscurity, and simple poverty, scarcely dared sit on the deep *fauteuils*, but took his place modestly on the edge of a damask chair. Harry had seen luxury before; but he was rather curious to see how the distinguished nobleman, whom he had been so very free and easy with for the last few weeks, would receive his humble travelling companions, now that his rank was no longer concealed.

"Why, Mr. Lennox," whispered Seers, "this is an extraordinary adventure!"

"Yes; but a pleasant one."

"I don't know, really; I certainly had rather be well out of it. What if there be ladies with him?"

"Well; you're not afraid of ladies, I hope?"

"But, will he come in his own dress, just as usual, do you think? or have ears any particular costume?"

“What! cap and ostrich feathers, and velvet-robcs, do you think,” said Harry, laughing, “like a stage nobleman?”

“At least,” said Seers, “it’s very embarrassing to feel such an immense difference between one man and another; to stand before a mere fellow-creature, as if he were a—a—”

“Pooh! nonsense!”

“And to have people looking down upon you with their high greatness, and asking you to kneel, like Mordecai, the Jew, at the King’s gate. When he was *incog.*, he was, of course, very civil; but now, I don’t believe he can be pleased to see such an humble man as myself in his mansion. I think I’ll go back.”

“No—no,” said Harry, laughing, and holding him by the arm. “You sha’n’t stir a step. The Earl of Rivington is a gentleman, as you are; and a gentleman is the same in all countries, and all ranks. He asked you to his house. But, hush! some one comes!”

The door was opened, and the object of Seers’ apprehension entered, with a rapid

step, and a delighted smile ; and, taking the hand of each in succession, but first of Seers, in both of his own, said,

"I beg a thousand pardons for detaining you. I had some one with me. How do you both do?"

"I'm very well, your lordship, —very well, indeed," said Seers, with a most unequivocal blush. "I am, in short, your lordship, perfectly well."

"You have deceived us," said Harry. "I was quite ignorant we were honoured with the acquaintance of the Earl of Rivington."

"I shall consider that title a misfortune, if it make the least alteration in our friendship," replied the Earl. "But, you are standing. Now tell me what you have been doing with yourselves? Where have you been? Have you seen anything of London?"

"Part of it," said Harry.

"A part of it, my lord," echoed Seers.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Seers, on looking so well; if you left home in

search of health, you will not be obliged to go further, I hope."

"Oh, yes, my lord, I am going to the continent, in a day or two."

"But you must not go without seeing something more of our little island. I have been expecting you several days."

"May I inquire after—after—"

"—My daughter? Oh, she is getting on famously, and raves about her voyage. She'll be delighted to see you, and will be here in a moment. She will not forget in a hurry the noble reply you made, Mr. Seers, to that sad scamp, Mr. Barnett."

Seers bowed, and blushed, and placed himself more comfortably on the chair, which before he had scarcely touched.

"Ah, there she is. Here are your friends, at last, my dear."

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves, both of you?" she exclaimed, cordially offering her hand to each, her face beaming with pleasure; "we thought you had forgotten us."

"We are indebted to you for such a pretty, romantic adventure," said Harry,

“that forgetfulness for the future is quite out of the question.”

“And so you are staying at L——’s? well, I must insist upon Mr. Seers putting off his departure for a few days. We must not let him go away without doing the honours of Old England for him. You must go into the country for a week; and we must show you a little more of the town than mere passing strangers see and”—

“My lord!” said a servant, opening the door, “the Duke of D—”

Seers started, and blushed deeply.

“Two American friends, Mr. Lennox, Mr. Seers,” said the earl.

“Just arrived from America?” inquired the duke.

“Yes,” said Harry; “and I believe I have the honour of bringing you a letter of introduction.”

“Delighted to meet you,” said the duke.

A pleasant, familiar conversation of several minutes ensued, in which both Harry and Seers were unconsciously made to

bear a part; and in which they already felt as much at their ease as when chatting on the deck of their old packet-ship. Harry, fascinated as he was, however, soon rose to go, when the earl said

“What! have you already learned to be so careful of your time? Well, we must not detain you; but you must come to dine with me on Saturday, at six—both of you.”

“With the greatest pleasure,” said Harry, while Seers blushed and bowed in speechless astonishment and delight at finding how idle were his previous fears of English aristocratic society.

“And, before I let you go,” added the earl, following them to the door of the apartments, “I must have your promise to spend at least a week with me in the country, and to let me put you in the way of seeing something of town.”

The two young Americans found themselves, a few days after their arrival in London, with the highest circle of that celebrated society—a privilege for which so many *millionaires* sigh and strive in

vain, and under the friendly and familiar protection of one who, they had no difficulty in perceiving, without making further inquiries, was one of the wealthiest and most distinguished noblemen of England. Seers was absolutely astounded. He remarked to Harry, that he had never felt more at ease in the company of his most intimate friends. It had never occurred to him as possible that he should ever be on sociable terms with a duke and an earl !”

CHAPTER XI.

ON returning to the hotel, Seers found a letter for him. He became pale as he saw it, for it was sealed with black. While reading it, he trembled violently, sank into a chair and burst into tears.

Harry had learned to love this young man for his purity and gentleness, his warm heart and intelligent mind, which, although he was totally unacquainted with the world, was richly stored with knowledge derived from books. He approached his friend, and feelingly intreated him to communicate the cause of his distress.

"My wife!"—uttered poor Seers, in an agony of grief; "we were all in all to each other. She gave up a little income of her own in order to enable me to travel abroad. She refused to accompany me from motives of economy. I left her in perfect health, and now she's *dead—dead!*"

he repeated this last word as if he had forgotten all other things in the tremendous idea it conveyed. Harry manifested the deepest sympathy, and attempted to offer consolation. The poor fellow, quite overcome, took his hand and said

“I thank you for your sympathy, Mr. Lennox ; but, for the present—leave me.”

For a moment, Harry hesitated, almost apprehensive lest the sudden and violent shock might lead to some act of desperation. But, on looking at the face of his unfortunate friend, his streaming and upraised eyes, and the tranquil resignation which even acute anguish did not deprive him of, he felt ashamed of his suspicion, and still more ashamed of the manner in which he himself had met the first, and, compared with the present affliction of Seers, insignificant shock he had received from the displeasure of Miss Elton, when he for a moment meditated self-destruction.

The whole of that day, and the next, Seers kept his chamber, refusing even to see his friend. In the afternoon of the

the world itself, runs through all human history, and, embracing the creation, the universe and man, passes over death, and comprehends the ultimate destiny of the soul beyond the grave, and the final termination of sublunary things. So vast a subject may be supposed to contain some discrepancies, or at least what may appear so to us."

Harry listened with respectful attention and interest.

"What do you mean?" inquired he—"for I am very ignorant on this subject—by the scheme of Christianity extending from the beginning of the world? Christianity is only eighteen hundred years old, is it not?"

"Have you ever examined the prophecies?"

"I have looked over them."

"Well! You are but a young pupil; but I now propose, added he cheerfully, "that you shall go through a course of religious reading with me. It will not, believe me, be either a dull or a sad task. We will look into the evidences of Chris-

tianity together. It will relieve me" (and his eyes were full of tears while he spoke) "from a weak indulgence of grief, and I can venture to prophesy that either you will make me an infidel, or I shall convert you into a Christian."

"But," said Harry, "I have already examined the question. I have read the Bible continuously through; I have read Newton, Butler, and other writers on the subject."

"But an examination, by a mind in such a state as yours, unaided by one more experienced, is sometimes likely to do more harm than good. Let us do it together. Let us leave London together. Accompany me to Italy, for I have now less cause to return to America than I had before. We will read and study the whole subject together. I will point out the way. It is the most important of all things to you, for, what avails it, if a man gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Oh, you will find more happiness in this than in any other existing thing. One day in His courts, is better than a

thousand elsewhere. You had better be a doorkeeper in the house of your God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness. You will then be able to say, when misfortune overtakes you, as it has now overtaken me,—and it will overtake you, for you cannot expect to walk through this vale of tears unscathed,—you will be able to say as I do, ‘Yea, the sparrow has found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars O! Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.’”

From some unknown association of thought, there was nothing which repelled Harry more than phrases from the Scriptures, quoted in conversation. Strong in hope, and full of buoyant happiness, he felt a disagreeable impression from the sight of his friend's sorrow, and he was not pleased with the prediction of evil to himself. He therefore only replied,

“My good friend, you know I have come abroad to see Europe, not to study what I might better have studied at home. Besides, I am engaged to-day to-dine with the Earl of Rivington, to go into the coun-

try with him, to pay a visit to the Duke of ———; in short, to do a thousand things. You also are engaged to the earl's, you know."

"He will require no better apology for my absence from his table, and from London, than the sad event which has occurred, and which you will please to communicate to him. I shall start for the continent to-morrow. I now see that I was wrong to press you to accompany me thither. Your time will doubtless come. In the meanwhile we must bid each other farewell. You are now going to dine with the earl, and will be late out; I shall take my departure early in the morning, and we shall not see each other again."

"Good-b'ye, my friend, We shall meet doubtless once more, when I trust time will have softened your anguish."

"Time!" said he; "I trust myself to Him who made Time."

Thus the friends separated. Poor Seers left to his sad thoughts and spiritual consolations, Harry about to mix in a scene

of brilliant gaiety and novel delight, which might well have dazzled an older person, and in his anticipation of which, the gloom caused by the grief and the prediction of Seers soon passed away.

Our limits do not allow of a full relation of the experience of our hero as a man of pleasure and fashion. Suffice it to say, he found himself, shortly after he left Seers, at dinner, in the midst of the most distinguished society that his fancy could have conjured up, nearly every individual present being eminent in literature or politics. Moore sat opposite him, and Lord Brougham near, and Sir Robert Peel on one side, and Bulwer on the other. The delightful young lady he had known as Miss Rivington, smiled and whispered to him something about Pontius Pilate and Nebuchadnezzar; the earl himself behaved almost like a father to him; and in Lady Rivington he found a most charming person. Thus encouraged, he found himself at perfect ease. Plans were made for his future sight-seeing, and he had another invitation to pass a week or two at

the enchanting seat of Lord H. After leaving this dinner-party, he went to the King's Theatre, to hear the most magnificent music in the world, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Taglioni floating about the stage like a sylph. At length, after he had seen London pretty well, and made some agreeable acquaintance, he proceeded to avail himself of the kind invitation his distinguished host had given to visit his country seat. In short, he had never before felt so enchanted with life and this bright world. It was, indeed, a poor time for the sad and spiritual Seers, to ask him to leave London and all these fine things, and bury himself in studies of so grave a nature as religion.

Two weeks thus passed away, as time would naturally pass with such a young man, amongst such friends, and under such circumstances.

In the very midst of all this gaiety and enjoyment, when his sky was the most cloudless, and his prospect the brightest, the news of the dreadful and inexplicable duel, of Frank's death, of his mother's

fatal illness, and of the grief and despair of the family, burst upon him like a thunder-bolt. It was communicated in a letter from his father, but in a style so different from his usual gaiety, that the manner shocked Harry almost as much as the matter. The letter was not long, but, after simply detailing the event, their horror and wonder, concluded by requesting him to remain abroad, as it was the advice of the physician, and the intention of Mr. Lennox to take his wife and Mary to Europe in the course of the autumn. Emmerson also strongly advised it, and offered, with a disinterestedness so characteristic of him, to bear the whole burthen of the office till they should return.

But for this injunction, Harry, in his anguish, would have sailed for New-York in the next ship. The blow was almost too much for him. He staggered into his room, on finishing the letter, blind with tears, stunned, and in an agony of horror and despair. He could not believe it. The last letter of Frank was lying on his table, fresh from his hand. He could

only exclaim, amid his bursting sobs, "Oh, Frank, my brother! My beloved brother! Shall I never see you more?"

Never was brother more tenderly beloved. In a moment all the splendid gaieties around him lost their charm. All his hopes and views seemed blighted, and the idea of future happiness utterly impossible.

CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL NICHOLSON contemplated the ruin he had caused with a malicious delight. It soothed his wounded vanity, and gratified his revenge. Glendinning, who had presumed to assume an equality with him, had fallen into insignificance. White, whom he feared as much as he detested, had been obliged to act as the humble instrument of his friend's destruction, and his own disgrace. Let not the reader suppose his character too darkly drawn. Life affords examples enough, although the unthinking world does not always become fully acquainted with them. When selfishness and ambition form part of a man's character, not blessed with the Divine light of religion, that character will go as far in the way of evil as its own interest will permit. The death of Frank, the desperate folly of Glendinning, who

ran directly into the snare laid for him, his degradation from his rank, the resignation and departure of White, were all so many triumphs to Nicholson, while it rendered him more arrogant, inflated his ideas of his own importance to a still higher degree. His ambition had been conspicuous before, now it was overweening. His parasites and flatterers, and they were not few, played upon his weakness, and so increased it, that it became a malady, a monomania. His demeanour to all whom he did not consider his equals, became intolerable; and to insult every one near him who had not the means of resenting the affront, from a vicious amusement became at length an unconscious habit. His exorbitant pomposity appeared to be pampered by the course of events; and, as if Providence were willing to punish such a character, by displaying it fully in the broad sunshine, a circumstance occurred calculated to inflate him with new arrogance, and to cause him to parade his peculiarities without a pretence at concealment.

This circumstance, which seemed to show that the worse he grew, the more favoured he was with worldly success, was the sudden death of his elder brother, followed, immediately, by that of his father. By this double event, a princely estate, and the title of Lord Middleton, fell, very unexpectedly, to him, and he returned to England.

On reaching London that love of display, which was one of his strongest passions, led him to an immediate assumption of a style dazzling even amid the splendours of this most luxurious metropolis. The once-admired *soirées* in Canada of the comparatively humble Lieutenant-colonel Nicholson were cast into the shade, by the costly elegance, and gorgeous hospitality of Lord Middleton. Few gave more or better dinners. But, however his love of show was gratified by this munificence, that was not his principal object. It had been always one of his strongest desires to receive a diplomatic appointment, and both his late father and brother had long been engaged in

negotiations to obtain this object. If these negotiations had not been carried on with any particular prospect of success, they had kept the subject alive in the minds of certain distinguished persons in England, and they had kept alive the pleasing flame in the bosom of the great man himself, engaged in the arrogant and haughty exercise of the duties of his distant post ; and if they had been broken off by the death of his two relatives, they were destined to be renewed, with much more energy, by the party principally concerned.

Amongst those who, unacquainted with the real character of the present Lord Middleton, had yielded to his solicitations and promised him their influence, was the Earl of Rivington ; and his influence was of a kind not likely to be exercised without effect. At the moment to which we now call the attention of the reader, he had exerted himself with so much sincerity, that success appeared about to crown the most determined, the most brilliant desire, which had ever swelled

Lord Middleton's cold and pompous heart with the sweets of selfish triumph.

The Earl of Rivington had a seat, about thirty miles from London, to which he was in the habit of resorting, when business did not permit a more distant excursion, and where he constantly gave rendezvous to his noble friends. Here he lived with the freedom and simplicity of a farmer, though surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life. Here he was staying at the opening of our present chapter.

Harry had become a familiar, and very favourite, guest, in the family of his benevolent and distinguished travelling companion, before the affecting intelligence of his brother's death had reached him. The high polish, and thorough acquaintance with the world, of the English nobleman, combined with his cultivated mind, open, warm heart, and easy manners, were so fascinating, that Harry not only admired but learned to love him, almost as a father, and the freshness, intelligence, and ingenuousness of the young American,

his warmth of heart, strength of mind, and straightforward sincerity and honesty of character, combined with (for so young a man) very considerable attainments, and particularly pleasing manners and person, charmed the earl into an intimacy, which became gradually a friendship. Long before the dreadful blow had fallen upon him, Harry had unbosomed himself to his illustrious host who now knew all about him, his unlucky affair with Miss Elton, his affectionate family intercourse, his generous, warm-hearted father, Frank's prompt and spirited character; all were familiar subjects to the earl. He had brought to Europe with him, also, such letters of introduction as did not at all check the earl's predisposition in his favour.

When, in some degree, recovered from the first effects of the appalling calamity which had fallen upon his family, and in pursuance of the advice and request of his father to remain in Europe, Harry resolved to spend a year or two in travelling over Great Britain, and carried the

plan into effect, thoroughly, with great benefit to his mind, but not without a perceptible change in his health and happiness. He had found it impossible to bear, with anything like the philosophy of which he had been somewhat previously in the habit of boasting, the loss of Frank, by such deplorable means. Time seemed rather to strengthen than diminish its effects on his imagination.

No kind of philosophy but one can afford consolation to us in our grief for the dead, without hardening the heart and narrowing the mind ; and Harry was far too sensible and affectionate to seek relief in flippant forgetfulness or selfish pleasure.

In these two years his character had as much altered as his appearance. He had grown thin and pale. The solemn idea of death—the most tremendous of thoughts—had occupied his mind. He had several times, since his departure, seen its effects upon others ; but now it presented itself to him in a new aspect. He so loved his brother, he had been

so much with him, all his plans and thoughts of life were so interwoven with him, that Frank formed a part of the world of nature, in his imagination. This part of nature was now annihilated. One black, terrific, and ominous blot, had been dashed upon the picture, before all happiness and sunshine. He could, hereafter, do nothing without thinking of Frank; he could enjoy no pleasure, cherish no hope, overcome no difficulty, achieve no honour, accomplish no enterprise, without being haunted by the shadow of Frank. Since his visit to Europe a frightful cloud had intervened, a cloud which could never be dissipated, and, on his return home, among all the images which awaited him, there stood, in horrible prominence, shrouded in unnatural gloom, the grave—the early, unhonoured, blood-stained grave of him who, till now, had been his brightest hope and surest reliance. By nature he was of a thoughtful and brooding disposition. There are men who can thus behold a beloved object struck suddenly down, and mysteriously

hurled from the arena, and yet forget, in their selfish interests, the solemn lesson. Harry was not one of these. He felt he could never forget, never recover from the shock. He could never be again to others what he had been. The world could never be what it had been to him.

But it was not grief alone from which he suffered; it was not only his heart which had been struck;—a new idea, and the most mighty and startling of all ideas, to those who are not wholly possessed by mere commonplace thoughts, had entered his mind. Death, like some sublime discord, had made itself heard through the deep universal harmony of nature. His meditations thus aroused, he saw, with horror, could never again be laid at rest. Death had been revealed to him. The scales had fallen from his eyes; the universe had become a new universe to him; the real had been transformed into the unreal; all the pomp and promise of the world had shrunk to a theatric spectacle: those he loved destined, like empty visions, to vanish at any moment, — himself

to an insect, without any just value or rational object.

This state of mind prevented all the expected enjoyment of travel, and counteracted, in a great degree, the desire of self-cultivation. Without faith in revelation, the idea of a future existence appeared ridiculous. Even grief for the loss he had sustained seemed a weakness; for, why deplore, or continue to love, that which does not—which never more can exist?

Exhausted by these reflections, he, at length, found a certain relief in the languor by which they were succeeded, though this languor itself soon became almost insupportable. In his desire to escape it, he consulted a physician.

Of all men, physicians possess the best opportunities of doing good. None have such influence over a vast variety of individuals; none are the depositaries of so many family-secrets, behold the human mind more in a state favourable to the reception of true knowledge. But how few of these gentlemen are religious men!

How few, while they anxiously examine into the ills of the body, think of looking into "the mind diseased!" In the pursuit of worldly learning, how frequently do they forget to seek, and so be enabled to administer, spiritual light!

Dr. Jackson was a fat, florid-faced, sleek little man, with a very round stomach, who had his guinea a visit, rolled about town in a luxurious carriage, loved the pleasures of the table, and never thought of looking beyond the world to remedy the world's evils.

"You want pleasure, society, excitement," said Dr. Jackson. "Take your bottle of wine, good port or sherry; go to the opera, dash into the world a little. You want excitement."

Harry sighed. At the moment a note was brought in from the Earl of Rivington, begging him to come down to his seat.

"There!—there's your man!" said the doctor. "Go to him, dine, sup, play, laugh, fall in love. Tut, man! in a month there'll be no holding you back!"

So Harry accepted the earl's invitation, and resolved to seek excitement. He had been too much with his own thoughts. The affair of the duel had absorbed him. He had not yet learned the details, and he could not imagine them. He seemed to be the sport, indeed, of a destiny equally cruel and capricious. First, Miss Elton, whom he loved, and who, on mature reflection, he could not but believe loved him, had chosen to cast him off with unconcealed scorn. Then Frank's bosom-friend, the amiable and beloved guest of his family, had left them in apparent friendship, and returned to murder him. The cause was a mystery to him, which he had yearned to fathom ; but he dreaded to probe his yet unhealed wound by the discovery of new details. The grief he experienced was scarcely more strong than the deep disgust and indignation with which he regarded Glendinning, who appeared to him a hollow and unprincipled man of the world, whom he felt he could not meet without losing his self-command. This thought, by degrees, became habitual to

him : it was the only one which afforded him any relief, or, as Dr. Jackson would call it, "excitement." He would not seek Glendinning. He had no reason to suppose his brother had not fallen in a fair duel, such as must, and ought to, take place between gentlemen ; but, in the present one, the circumstances appeared so peculiar, that the anticipation one day of meeting Glendinning afforded him a dark delight. He would not seek him. That would be called blood-thirsty ; but, on an accidental encounter, he loved to picture the blood-stained false friend quailing beneath his eye, and accounting to him for the extraordinary event which had happened, in a way sufficient to satisfy his most scrupulous doubts, or else brought to a stern account beneath a brother's indignant arm.

It has been seen that our hero had acquired an unerring skill with the pistol. This skill he had kept perfect by practice. A certain dark instinct taught him there would come a time for him to avail himself of it,—a time not sought, but pre-

sented to him by accident, by Fortune. Let not the reader regard this young man too severely, thus cherishing over his brother's grave new schemes of blood ; but let it be remembered he is young, and unblest with any light from above to guide his steps ; that he loved his brother with tender devotion ; and that he did not believe there existed any other power than his own hand which would avenge his murder, — if it should appear, on examination, that he had been too “savagely slaughtered.” In this mood of mind he reached the Earl of Rivington's.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LARGE company assembled at B— Hall. Among them were several, to behold whom a year ago would have stirred strange emotions in Harry's enthusiastic and inexperienced heart ; but now he scarcely gave attention to what was passing around him. His manners were changed as well as his countenance ; and his host was pained to perceive he had become not only pale and thin, but gloomy and distracted in his demeanour. He resolved, if possible, to arouse him. When the ladies had left the table, therefore, he several times attempted to draw him into conversation. Harry felt this attention gratefully, but had not spirit to avail himself of it, and soon fell back into silence, leaving the conversation to others better able and willing to conduct it.

The various usual subjects were discussed,—wine, horses, music, and the events of the day. To the remarks on each of these Harry had listened with apparent attention, though in silence, without taking any share in them. At length, gliding carelessly from subject to subject, they fell into a debate upon pistol-firing; and one person, who had spoken a great deal, and with the authoritative air of one accustomed rather to decide than to debate questions, asserted that he had acquired a perfection of aim not surpassable.

“I tell you what, my lord,” said the earl, still anxious to bring forward his young friend, “I believe you are a practised hand, but I will not allow that you are either infallible or unsurpassable; and I’ll undertake to find a shot, at least your equal, if not your superior.”

“You have not seen me fire, I presume,” replied, rather grandly, the person to whom this was addressed. “I feel it would be unfair to allow you to engage in such a hopeless enterprise.”

"Well," said the earl, rather misquoting Byron,

" 'Most men, till by experience rendered sager,
Are willing to back their opinions with a wager.' "

What will you bet?"

"If you seek throughout England for my equal, a hundred guineas," said Lord Middleton.

"If I go no farther than this table, and threaten you a superior?" rejoined the earl, laughing.

"Five hundred guineas to one hundred," replied Lord Middleton, casting his eyes slowly around the company, as if to assure himself that no celebrated shot was, unknown to him, seated by his side.

"I take the bet," replied the earl; "and, as it's now quite light enough, we'll decide it this moment."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Middleton; "but who's your man?"

"My young friend, Lennox, there," said the earl, delighted at last to have hit upon a method of breaking Harry's reveries.

Lord Middleton started, and fixed his eyes upon the young man thus abruptly introduced to him.

After ordering pistols and the necessary preparations to be made upon the lawn before the door, the earl related the incident which had occurred between Harry and Barnett on their voyage across the Atlantic.

The story was admirably told, and brought Harry at once into the foreground. In the meanwhile, by the mild light of the late setting sun, although it was nearly nine o'clock, a mark had been set up, pistols loaded, and the whole company repaired to the spot.

The target was a board, upon which was painted the form of a man, of not above the usual dimensions. Upon the breast had been ordered a star; but the person acting as the painter, entering poetically into the spirit of the thing, instead of a star, had drawn, in about its natural size, a human heart.

The scene and the occasion gave rise to a great many lively remarks, and it

was in the midst of a peal of merry laughter that Lord Middleton marched forward with his commanding military figure, and, after some moments' careful aim, launched his ball into the little finger of his painted victim. His previous conversation had rather produced the impression that he was a brag; and, although the earl would certainly not have bet had he not believed he possessed much of the skill of which he boasted, yet there were others who were rather surprised that he hit the mark at all.

Harry stepped forward, and fired without any pause. His ball lodged in the breast within two inches of the heart.

The second fire, Middleton struck the arm, and with a very important and rather proud face gave way to his opponent, who, in a manner equally careless with that of his previous attempt, sent his ball again through the body one inch below the object of his aim.

"Now to decide!" said the earl, for they were to fire three times; "though I rather think, my lord, you're a loser."

"We shall be able to tell that better, after the contest is concluded," said Middleton, with a certain grandeur, as he fired carefully, slowly, and skilfully. He did not strike the heart, but his ball went rather nearer to it than the nearest of his opponent's.

This was the best shot yet, and the noble marksman received the compliments of all, and even offered his condolence to Rivington for the loss of his wager. But, while he was playing off in advance, the modest air of a conqueror, Harry stepped forward with somewhat more care, and aimed with a steadier eye. A general exclamation announced the result: the ball sunk directly into the centre of the heart. The distance, it should be observed, had been lengthened much beyond that usually prescribed in real "affairs."

The victory was hailed with a good deal of mirth, in which all joined except the defeated nobleman, who, vain and ambitious in small things as well as great, could not prevent a shade of displeasure crossing his face.

"Upon my soul, my lord, I sincerely condole with you," said one. "You have lost your money and your reputation at the same time."

"You should rather congratulate him," remarked another, "that he could receive such an awkward visitor by proxy."

"Had you yourself been there," said a third.

"We should have wanted an ambassador to—I believe," interrupted the earl, perceiving the unusual seriousness of Middleton, and hoping to soothe his wounded vanity by this brilliant recollection.

"I scarcely slept last night," said Middleton, "having some important affairs to arrange, and my hand trembles a little."

"But where and how have you acquired such a skill, Mr. Lennox?" asked the earl.

"At first, for amusement," replied Harry gravely. "I have all my life been in the habit of practising with my brother; who, although in the army, strove in vain to equal me. He was shot in a duel two years ago. Since that—"

"Ah! there's Lady Rivington. Let us join her," interrupted Middleton.

"By the way, my lord," said Rivington, as if he had suddenly recollected something, "you can, perhaps, oblige Mr. Lennox with some information respecting this unhappy affair. It occurred during his absence from America, and when you were with your regiment in Canada."

Harry raised his eyes to the face of Middleton, and said, with an energy which almost made that gentleman start,

"Do you know anything of it, my lord?"

"Who, I?" stammered Middleton.

"If you do, you will lay me under an infinite obligation by throwing any light on a circumstance, which is to me the deepest and most unfathomable of mysteries, and which I have sometimes thought it my duty to set more seriously about unravelling."

"Am I speaking to a brother of Lieutenant Lennox, who fell in a duel with Captain Glendinning?"

"You are, my lord."

"You have, I trust, no wish to revive an affair already too fatal?"

"I hope I am not bloodthirsty," answered Harry; "nor will I, under any circumstances, go one step out of my way to meet the man who killed my brother. But, should chance throw me in his way, any statement from you would direct me how far the circumstance requires an investigation; I should be able to make up my mind how to act. Where was your regiment stationed, my lord?"

"In Montreal."

"Why, you were Glendinning's commanding-officer?"

"I was."

This short conversation excited extreme interest. Lord Middleton was a coward in reality; although, from vanity, and the associations and habits of a military life, he could, when occasion required, meet death at least with apparent composure. His very love of display made him bold; but, at this moment, of all others, he did not wish to leave the world, which was just becoming brighter to him than ever.

Neither did he desire to kill Mr. Lennox, the friend of his noble host, after the part he had played in the duel, which had ended in the death of his brother. He was not inclined to be positively cruel, except when urged by some selfish passion ; and, in the present case, every consideration united to make a conflict disagreeable, as one in which he could gain nothing, and might lose much. It would be ignorance, too, of human nature to suppose that, with other thoughts, the very particular precision with which young Lennox's ball had penetrated the very centre of the target, had not some influence over him. He perceived, however, that, although on the brink of a precipice, he had only to walk calmly forward, to avoid the chasm. White and Glendinning were not there to betray him ; and no one present actually knew any of the details of the matter. Harry had declared he never would, under any circumstances, step out of his way to seek him who had caused his brother's death ; but that, only in case of being accidentally thrown into his society, would he call him

to account. He had, then, but to disengage himself quietly from so dangerous a companion ; and he resolved, therefore, to leave B— Hall on some occasion, real or feigned, with as little delay as possible.

These various considerations passed through Lord Middleton's mind in the instant's pause which followed the last question and reply.

"At last, then, I may hope for an authentic statement of what occurred?" demanded Lennox.

"It would be useless," replied Middleton. "Captain Glendinning is not a person with whom a gentleman can associate. To notice him, to meet him, would be impossible. He was an officer of my regiment ; but he is so no longer. Of his reckless character you had yourself a specimen in the original insult offered to your brother. He is a hot-headed *roué*, and an unprincipled blackguard. This is the person after whom you inquire. Shall I go on?"

"Go on," said Harry gravely.

"On his return from his first duel with

your brother — I fear I pain you, Mr. Lennox ?”

“ Pray continue, my lord.”

“ He became engaged in a brawl in a billiard-room with a young officer, who was challenged by him, and who refused to fight. Glendinning’s prematurely adjusted duel with your brother was stated to be the cause. Anxious to save the young man, I proposed to call a court of inquiry ; but, before it could assemble, he was off. The rest you know.”

“ And where is Glendinning ?”

“ As his late commanding-officer, let me assure you he is unworthy of your attention, and entirely beneath it. For this, and other gross misconduct, he has been already punished. He was first cut by all his brother-officers, and then tried by court-martial. His misconduct was as notorious as it was unpardonable. He was cashiered, and left the place, degraded and ruined for ever. Where he is now, I know not. What he is, I have told you. The subject is a painful one to me ; for I knew the unfortunate, weak-minded young

man's father, and had wished to save him."

"I thank your lordship," replied Lennox, after a pause.

Middleton breathed more freely; and, taking Harry by the hand, said,

"I need not add, my young friend, how sincerely I sympathise with you; how sincerely, indeed, I have sympathised with you long before I knew you."

The next morning Middleton announced to his host his intention of returning to London; a departure rather sudden, but which occasioned more surprise than disappointment.

A few days subsequently, Harry received letters from home; his father, mother, and Mary, had also written. He could not refrain from tears as he reflected with what perfect happiness these precious treasures would have been completed by one from Frank. The nervous agitation Harry always suffered on receiving letters from home, while a wanderer in a foreign land, can only be fully understood by him who has experienced it. His mother's health did

not yet permit her venturing abroad. His father was attempting to engage himself earnestly in his professional occupations, to divert his mind. Mary was become the most tender of nurses, and continued the most devoted of daughters. Not a word of the late calamity ! not a word of Fanny. Harry was requested to continue his travels, to visit the continent, to see what was to be seen, preparatory to a final return, and a serious business career. He was, indeed, rather struck with the earnestness of his father's letter on this subject.

"I wish you," thus it read, "to bear continually in mind, that you are to acquaint yourself with the foundation of your profession, philosophically and historically ; for which purpose you must by no means abandon your intention of hearing Savigny, and any other distinguished professors of jurisprudence. While you need not deny yourself any necessary expense, I wish you to form a habit of sober economy ; and remember, what I have always told you, your way through the world is to be achieved by your own

industry and talents. Do not adopt the idea, that you are to start a man of fortune. I shall leave you a business which cannot fail to be a source of independence. I desire you to be studious, and not to return home without availing yourself of the advantages which Europe affords, in order to render you a superior lawyer. We shall be with you by-and-by."

His mother's letter was short, and written with the tremulous hand of an invalid. It was full of the affection which he felt had, if possible, augmented towards himself since his brother's death, and it closed with an earnest appeal, that, amid his other studies, he would not neglect the most important study of all: "Take no thought to yourselves, saying, What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the gentiles seek, and your heavenly Father knoweth you have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Ah, my dearest mother," he murmured to himself, "how happy are you in such a soothing, such a holy illusion! How I envy you the power of belief! Perhaps one day I shall share it. I have made at least one step towards it. I have learned to overcome myself. I have learned to forgive. Glendinning, the murderer of my brother, lives!"

For two years he had been subdued by grief for the dead; a gloomy, hopeless, helpless grief. He often thought it insupportable. Alas! we are all apt to think our present sufferings extreme, till we experience those which follow.

Some beams of religious light seemed penetrating through the darkness. He resolved once more to read, not only law, but, as his mother had recommended, Christianity. His breast was sad, but calm; his sky was dark, but it almost seemed as if the morning were going to break. He did not believe, but he admired. He saw no truth, but he began to discover beauty, mystery, and sublimity. He wished for faith. Frank's death had

overshadowed him. He felt how much of his happiness had depended upon that which an instant had borne away. The dead-cold breath of the tomb had chilled him, and he saw he could never altogether shake its icy horror from his heart. What guarantee had he, that father, mother, sister, and that Fanny Elton would not also die before his return? Why might not one, why might not all, be torn from him, and what would then be his state of mind? Upon these he had built his hope, his happiness; alas! indeed he had built his happiness and his hope upon air.

“Ah!” he reflected, “if Christianity were true; if Frank were not gone from us for ever; if some Almighty Power were directing and protecting us; if there were a refuge from grief, a rewarder of virtue, a punisher of sin, a conqueror of death, a friend, a father, a God, what a world this would be? But, alas! these high and flattering dreams are unsubstantial,—the visions of poets and madmen! Reality is dark, cold, and terrible; Destiny crushes, without pity or care!”

Holding these opinions, it is not remarkable that his heart grew sadder and sadder every day: that life appeared a mockery; and virtue, even while he loved it, an idle dream.

CHAPTER XIV.

No man enjoyed life more than Middleton. We mean, by life, pleasures of the world. His contracted understanding and selfish heart permitted him to drink all the sweets of the present, without troubling himself with recollections of the past, or speculations concerning the future. His mania for distinction had been gratified beyond his most aspiring hopes. His pomposity had increased with his power, wealth, and rank; and it would be difficult to find a great man more fully possessed with the idea of his own greatness, and more desirous of possessing others with it. These high airs were set off by his fine person, and he met few who denied to him all the outward tokens of the immense respect he required. It was now, even more than ever, his pleasure to dazzle all around him, to make the

vulgar stare, to reveal himself in striking attitudes, and with that sort of effect which the majority of those simple people who compose the world innocently suppose real. All the disagreeable points of his character were ripened by prosperity into more odious maturity, and he had never been more disposed than at present to display his arrogance, to keep people around him at a distance, and to enjoy the profound awe and admiration of valets and hotel-keepers. The reader must not suppose that, in drawing this proud man's character, we are attempting to pourtray the English gentleman. Nothing can be more unlike. Simplicity of manner, and a perfect indifference to display, almost invariably form a part of their characteristics. The Earl of Livingston was an English gentleman. Lord Middleton belonged specially to no class of any country, but to human nature everywhere.

One morning towards the autumn of the present summer, the proprietor of the Hôtel de Saxe, at Dresden, was gratified with

the sight of a very elegant travelling carriage, with four horses, which dashed across the square and stopped before his door. If a "*Milor Anglais*" had not been written in every point of the equipage and its appurtenances, the stately, proud-looking, officer-like person who alighted and proceeded immediately to the most expensive apartment in the house, would have revealed the nationality of that agreeable vision, and flattered the imagination of mine host with brilliant promises of a long bill indefinitely augmented and uninquiringly paid.

The flutter of delighted agitation which such an arrival sends through the various departments of a hotel on the continent was not wanting in the present instance, and everything that the humble efforts of mere continental politeness could invent were put in operation to render his lordship comfortable—they have adopted the word at last. No one approached him without a bow. No one spoke to him without emphatic exclamations of "*Milor*," "*Monseigneur*," "*Excellence*," or "*Mon Prince*;" which last designation a very fat, but

handsome, over-dressed, particularly impudent-looking and yet extremely respectful waiter, with whiskers and moustaches cultivated to the last imaginable point of perfection, bestowed upon him with impunity, having detected the sort of man he had to deal with the moment he set eyes on him.

"Here, waiter!" said his lordship, after having bathed and completed his toilet.

"*Mon Prince?*"

"Have you many in the house?"

"*Oui, mon Prince.*"

"At what hour is your *table d'hôte*?"

"At two o'clock, *mon Prince.*"

"And can one find anything fit to eat there?"

"*Mon Prince,*" replied the waiter with one of the sweetest smiles, "*il faut espérer*, we must hope to satisfy your excellency."

"Well, put some champagne to cool! I'll dine here."

"*Oui, mon Prince,*" fell once more from the lips of the bowing attendant.

At the hour stated, propelled partly by a desire to display himself before the com-

pany, Lord Middleton, with his person drawn up erect, and all the military commander and embryo ambassador in his air, entered the room. The first person he met on his way to the table was Harry Lennox. There were few men he would not rather have seen.

"My lord!" said Harry. "I'm delighted. I didn't know you were on the continent!"

"And I thought you also in London. Which way are you going?"

"South! And you?"

"North!" replied his lordship rather quickly.

"Do you make any stay in Dresden?"

"No, to-morrow morning I propose to —"

He laid his hand on a chair as he spoke, when it was somewhat rudely thrown back, and a voice said calmly, but strongly,

"That chair is mine, my lord!"

"Yours?" exclaimed Middleton, turning haughtily around. But his countenance and manner both underwent a per-

ceptible change on discovering that the individual who had so rudely interrupted him was Glendinning. Indignation, however, appeared to get the better of every other emotion; for, while he had again seized the chair, Glendinning continued to hold it, at the same time fixing his eyes upon his face with an expression of determined hatred.

“Do you presume—” exclaimed Middleton.

“I tell you, my lord, the chair is mine, and I yield it to no man.”

The landlord here rose, and said,

“Milor, you have the wrong chair, certainly. That is the seat of Captain Glendinning. You will find his name on the plate. He occupied it yesterday. Yours is opposite.”

“Had I anticipated meeting such company, I should have dined in my own apartment,” observed Middleton.

“My lord, you are a scoundrel,” exclaimed Glendinning coolly, in French.

This caused an instantaneous sensation throughout the company, consisting of

about twenty persons at the table; but Middleton, quietly addressing the host also in French, said,

“ Pray, sir, give yourself no uneasiness. This unfortunate young man has been an officer under my command, and was cashiered for conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman. He is not one of whom I can take the least notice, and he reckons upon his degradation as a shelter from chastisement. Waiter, a bottle of Rudesheimer.”

“ I could ill endure your lordship’s ungenerous mode of warfare,” replied Glendinning, “ had I not a deeper source of anguish than even your malignant enmity. Mr. Lennox—”

“ Do you dare to address me ?” interrupted Harry, his voice husky with profound agitation, for he had not yet recovered from the shock caused by the unexpected meeting with Glendinning.

“ I should not have ventured to do so, Mr. Lennox,” cried Glendinning, growing still paler. “ I should rather have fled from your presence in shame and horror, had I

not learned you were on friendly terms with that man. Had I not just seen you take his hand in kindness, and speak to him—him, of all human beings—with a smile on your face—”

“ I do not understand you,” said Harry.

“ He means,” cried Middleton, “ I presume, from his language, to make use of some new calumny against me, whom he has no other mode of revenging himself upon, for having him dismissed from the army.”

“ I am not likely to credit the insinuations of one,” cried Harry, “ who has already, in regard to himself—”

He stopped, unable to proceed.

“ But, know, sir,” he added, after a pause, “ that while you so meanly attack Lord Middleton, you live only by his sufferance. His intercession alone has saved you from the fate you merit.”

“ Lord Middleton, I presume, persuaded you, then, not to seek me ?”

“ He did.”

“ As one unworthy of notice, perhaps ?”

“ To what other consideration could you

owe your life at this moment?" demanded Harry. "What but contempt would save you from vengeance?"

"Mr. Lennox," replied Glendinning, "you would be too noble to insult the fallen, and to strike the helpless, if you knew the truth. Leave that to Lord Middleton, who pretends to be calm, while his heart trembles to its centre, lest I betray his secret."

"Landlord!" exclaimed Middleton, rising in ungovernable rage, "the person seated opposite me is not a fit character for your table. I, Lord Middleton, formally acquaint you with the fact. If he remain at table longer, I shall leave it."

"I do not understand, *Milor*," replied the landlord, "on what ground I am to decline receiving one gentleman at my table, merely because he has a difference with another."

"Will you do me the favour to dine with me in my room, Mr. Lennox?" said Middleton.

"You dare not leave me one half hour in company with Mr. Lennox," cried Glen-

dinning. You dare not suffer him to hear from me—that you, the lieutenant-colonel of my regiment, were the malignant reviver of my first dispute with his brother, and that your cruel interference obliged me to go back, and steep my hands in the heart's blood of my beloved friend.”

“Great heavens!” cried Harry, turning his flashing eyes on Middleton.

“You will not, I trust, by one instant's attention give colour to a slander so diabolical,” said Middleton. He laid his hand on his bosom, with all his accustomed grandeur. “The commander of a regiment can have no connexion with a cashiered officer, desperate, beneath the lash of merited punishment, and sunk in irreparable degradation.”

Glendinning started up. The landlord rose, and cried,

“Gentlemen! I beg, I entreat—”

Harry folded his arms, pale and agitated, for the conviction was now clear to him that there had been some foul play in the matter, and that he was about to have it laid bare before him. Middleton pre-

served a calm and dignified air ; conscious innocence, or conscious power, showed itself in his tranquil demeanour and quiet smile.

“ Will you come with me, Lennox ?” said he. “ This thing is—really—too absurd.”

“ What is too absurd, my Lord ?” interrupted a strange voice.

He started for a moment. It was White who had addressed him.

“ My dear White,” exclaimed Middleton, with an affectionate familiarity, and without a trace of the haughty superiority which he had assumed towards Glendinning ; “ my dear White, how are you ?”

“ Thank you,” replied White.

“ But where did you come from ?” cried Middleton, extending his hand ; “ and how have you been ?”

“ My lord—” said White, without accepting the proffered courtesy.

“ Had we not better conduct this inquiry in private ?” remarked Harry, with a grave mildness, which made Middleton turn yet paler.

"Pray walk into my drawing-room," said Middleton.

"And Mr. Glendinning?" suggested Harry.

"Would you take into your society a dishonoured man?" demanded Middleton.

"And the murderer of your brother?" added White, with a singular smile.

"Whether he be so or not is the question we are to investigate," replied Harry.

"I really cannot consent!" cried Middleton, imperiously and haughtily.

"Pass on, my lord," interrupted Harry, sternly, with a look and gesture of command, which made his distinguished companion start and knit his brow. But he obeyed. He could not help it. He had at length met his master.


"*A la bonne heure !*" said White, in a low voice.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WE wish to be alone," said Middleton to his servant.

And these four gentlemen, so strangely connected together by the various incidents of the past,—the blood-stained, heart-broken Glendinning; the sad, grief-worn brother, upon whom he had caused such a heavy blow to fall; White, who hated Middleton with all the hatred of his nature, yet who, till now, had been unable to give vent to his feelings; and Middleton, whose arrogant and malignant course had so profoundly changed the destinies of all three, and who, till now, believed himself far beyond their power.

When they were, at length, alone, there was a pause. Harry's heart beat thick with the new train of thought so suddenly awakened, and he silently drew up his tall



form, and folded his arms, to gaze upon each one of those three dark men, among whom rested the guilt of his brother's death; for guilt, it was now evident, there had been somewhere. As he stood, like a judge with the power to doom, the whole subject of Frank's death appeared conjured up again in his imagination, in all its original distinctness, and the idea of vengeance, once more like a demon, took possession of him. His agitation was increased by the demeanour of Glendinning, who, without any trace of the fiery high-tempered youth of two years ago, scarcely lifted his eyes, till, at length, as if no longer able to suppress his emotion, he prostrated himself upon the very floor before Harry, and wept.

"Speak!" cried Harry.

"I cannot!" replied Glendinning. "I would ask forgiveness, mercy, but—I cannot—I do not—I dare not."

Nobody was prepared for this extremity of agony and self-abasement. It affected, though differently, both Harry and White. Down the cheeks of the former rolled

large tears, and White grew a shade sterner than he was on first entering.

"This is a very extraordinary scene, gentlemen," said Middleton.

"Where is my brother?" at length demanded Harry.

"Murdered!" said Glendinning, springing to his feet. "Slaughtered, in the beauty of youth, savagely, by the hands of a ruffian and a butcher, but not by mine!"

"Will you allow me to light a cigar, my lord?" said White.

Lord Middleton bowed, and led him apart to a fire-machine, took him by the button, and was beginning to speak, when White, who had leisurely lighted his cigar, said—

"Won't you smoke?"

"No! not now. In respect to this sad affair, my dear White —"

"It is a bad, filthy habit," said White; "but, I beg your pardon, your lordship was saying something."

Middleton deeply felt this disrespect; his annoyance was further increased,

when, as he again commenced to speak, White interrupted him with—

“ I beg your pardon, but I had rather say nothing in this matter, except in the presence, and with the full understanding of my friend Glendinning.”

“ Will you not, at least, be seated ?”

“ No, my lord, not beneath roof of yours !”

“ Do you mean to insult me, Captain White ?”

“ And if I did ?” replied White.

“ You would, of course, not refuse me immediate satisfaction ?”

“ I should refuse you, my lord, for the present, till I had fully given my testimony in this, as your lordship just now properly termed it, ‘ sad affair ’ of Glendinning.”

Middleton grew paler as he detected the design of White to drive him into a duel, which, but for him, he might easily avoid,—a duel with a man whose skill with the pistol he had seen so fearfully displayed, and whose lofty determination of character, and strong grounds of provocation, made him such a formidable,

not to say, indeed, fatal foe. Most bitterly did he now regret the insults he had not hesitated to heap upon White, when that gentleman had come to him a suppliant, and borne, with such cool patience and self-command, those sneers and insinuations, which, at length, brought the matter to such a terrible crisis. They had now changed places; White had the vantage ground. He himself, galling thought, was the suppliant. Glendinning was the witness of his awkward position, and humble endurance of insults; while Lennox, the brother of the Yankee lieutenant, whose life he had caused to be so recklessly sacrificed to his own pomposity and malice, had thrown himself upon a sofa, and sat with folded arms, pale face, and a frowning brow, as if determined to wait patiently the result of the present interview, and then to act as circumstances should require.

“My lord,” said Captain White, “let us be frank. The meeting down-stairs was not accidental. I have been travelling with Glendinning for some months:

although the world has deserted him, I have not deserted him, because I knew he was not to blame in the affair with Lieutenant Lennox, and was merely guilty of imprudence in a very difficult position, in the matter for which he has been cashiered. I heard that you and Mr. Lennox had arrived at the same hotel, and I agreed to dine here with Glendinning, in the hope of meeting you. In accordance with our hopes, we met you together, at the same table, in a friendly greeting. This is so remarkable, that it emboldens me to ask you, should you be unwilling to join in the task of reconciling these two young men? Don't you think circumstances have cut them out for bosom friends?"

"I see you mean to be impertinent," replied Middleton. "They must settle their own concerns. Nor shall I expose myself any longer to your insults. I pronounce the charges of Mr. Glendinning false. If you back them, you are also guilty of falsehood; so I brand you, and you may take your course."

"That means, my lord, you prefer a meeting with me rather than one with Mr. Lennox."

"You are insolent, sir. If you have business with me, you had better send a friend who may know what is due to the usages of gentlemen."

"Not till this question of your agency in causing the death of Lieutenant Lennox be settled one way or the other. Mr. Glendinning charges you with being the cause. I bear my testimony to the truth of the charge."

"It is false."

"I wave the insult. Dare you answer me three questions?"

"I answer no questions, sir."

Harry rose, and walked up to Middleton. Deep was the suspicion aroused within him. There is something in the human countenance which speaks more eloquently than words; and while he read on that of Glendinning grief and truth, Middleton's was full of guile and shuffling cowardice. Glendinning he could have pardoned. For Middleton there was no excuse.

"You will, perhaps, be so obliging, my lord," said he, in a deep tranquil voice, "as to reply to any question I may put to you."

"Certainly, my dear Lennox, certainly : but these gentlemen are both old enemies of mine, and, I confess, I—"

"You desired to put three questions," interrupted Lennox, turning to Captain White, with the utmost calmness ; "what was the first?"

"After the return of Glendinning from his first visit to New York, did his lordship give a ball?"

"Did you give a ball, my lord?"

"I did."

"Did you invite Captain Glendinning?" said White.

"I did not."

"Did his lordship never state to any one a reason for not doing so?"

"This is a captious question of Captain White's, not your own," said Middleton to Lennox.

"Answer it as if it were mine, my lord," replied Lennox sternly.

"I do not understand you," said Middleton, haughtily.

"Mr. Lennox," interrupted Glendinning, stepping up, "hear me speak. If Lord Middleton denies the truth of what I say, let him put his denial on paper, and I engage to bring twenty witnesses against him."

"Gentlemen, this is intolerable!" exclaimed Middleton. "If I were a culprit at the bar of justice, I could scarcely be expected to stand in a more humiliating position. I hope you will excuse me for intimating that this apartment is a private one, and I have not yet dined."

"Your lordship refuses to reply to the interrogatories, then?" demanded Harry.

"I have nothing to confess, and I no longer condescend to deny," replied Middleton. "You have my warning against the calumnies of both these gentlemen."

"My lord, you will not leave town before I can communicate with you?"

"Your question is insolent."

"Captain White, Captain Glendinning, I request your company in my room," said Harry.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD MIDDLETON, when alone, involuntarily clasped his hands. He then rose and locked the door, that no chance intruder or servant might see the paleness of his face, for he beheld death staring in his very path. With an effort, however, not difficult for men who live much in and for the world, he recovered his composure, unlocked the door, ordered dinner in his room, and ate and drank as if nothing had happened.

In the meantime, Harry had heard the whole story, which was rendered clear by the cool recollection of White, and the effect of which was heightened by the agitation and anguish of the ruined, and the heart-broken Glendinning. He heard details not only of the causes of the second meeting, but the particulars of the meeting itself: Frank's calm bear-

ing, his bright smile, his dying agonies, and the broken words of forgiveness he had uttered, as his young spirit took its fearful flight.

We have seen Harry from his high-wrought temper, on the eve of suicide, lashed into insanity by the frown of a girl. The reader may imagine the extent of his present emotion. He had no religious principle to guide him; no doubt of the propriety of duelling; no scruples against sending such a wretch as Middleton headlong into eternity. Neither had he the least fear for himself. The idea of his own fall scarcely entered his thoughts. He wrote no letters, made no preparations, desired no delay. His mind was made up. He had a stern duty to perform. He had found, at last, the real murderer of his brother; a person through whom had been perpetrated that most odious crime. That person must die, die by his hand, die like a dog, and at once. His soul was aroused to such a state of burning indignation, that he could scarcely wait the necessary formalities of

one of these ceremonious combats. Having put his pistols in perfect order, he examined them with intense delight. He was going to inflict a just punishment for a heinous crime. He was about to lay low in the dust the vindictive, arrogant, remorseless villain, who had brought his brother to an early grave; who had broken his mother's heart, and cast a shadow over the last days of his father and his own. Oh, what might not Frank have become, had his career not been untimely stopped! His high-wrought sympathising heart burned at the thoughts even of the pale, blood-stained, spiritless Glendinning, crushed, trampled on, his hopes and good name, nay, his happiness and his innocence, blasted for ever by the reckless pride and power of one malignant man. And this man, high in rank, and opulence, and strength, thought himself above retribution. He looked down on his victims and their avengers. A thought occurred to Harry's mind, that augmented his fury,—had he appeared before Middleton as a stranger, had he

not been presented to him by the Earl of Rivington, he, too, would have been treated with that contempt with which the haughty and inflated peer chose to regard all mankind beneath him in rank.

"It is left for me, then," thought Harry, as he paced his room, "to teach this proud villain a lesson. Rest, spirit of my murdered brother! I am here to avenge thee or to follow thee. Would not Frank have done as much for me? Oh! let vengeance steel my heart and steady my hand, that I may check this monster in his career of triumph and guilt."

He impatiently awaited the result of his message; he panted for the deadly conflict: he trembled lest by some chance his victim might escape him!

White bore his message. He found Middleton in a dressinggown and slippers, smoking a cigar. "Well, sir," said the latter, "I suppose I need not ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"Scarcely, my lord," said White, smiling, as he presented Harry's letter.

"I have already provided for this little

contingency," said Middleton. "Colonel Rochelle, at the Hôtel de Russie, is kind enough to charge himself with the matter. Good-morning to you."

"My lord!" said White.

Middleton turned short round upon him, with an expression of countenance of which the interest, although veiled under an air of quiet indifference, was not, could not, be concealed. His eye glistened with a wavering hope, — for he loved life with a sensualist's, with an infidel's love, and he knew a meeting with Mr. Lennox was almost certain death, — his lip, although wearing a well-bred smile, trembled perceptibly."

"I suppose that's all, White. We are now entirely in your hands, m — my dear fellow!"

"Of course, my lord; but—"

There was a moment's pause, which Middleton broke with an air of careless annoyance, as if the interest in question were a mere trifle.

"White, you see my position. This hot-headed young man is rushing on his

fate. He is too good a shot to permit of much magnanimity on my part. A fine spirited young fellow ; I would give him his life if I could. I hate to fire at him. I — I — detest bloodshed."

"Well, my lord," said White, listening attentively.

"I speak for your friend : he has father, mother, sister, and—"

"No, my lord, no brother !" interrupted White, so mildly that it was impossible to say whether there was in his mind any deeper meaning than that which met the ear.

Middleton paused, looked at him keenly, but then, as if after having overcome an effort, proceeded,—

"Before you go to Rochelle, I should make a remark to you. In representing the part I took in that unhappy occurrence, you have, of course, stated your implicit belief. But, my dear White, let me refresh your recollection on one point : I did not advise any second meeting : I did not want it. I had heard the matter alluded to ; and, as much for the honour

of Captain Glendinning as yours — and — and — mine, I proposed a court of inquiry. You may remember I said to you, I did not advise a meeting. I said so expressly, in so many words — did I not? I appeal to you.”

“ You did, my lord.”

“ Well, then,” continued Middleton, “ don’t you think it your duty to state this to your friend?—it may be the means of saving him. For myself, of course, I can ask nothing, though I might, with perfect propriety, implore to be saved from the cruel necessity of shedding innocent blood! You see my position: I cannot,— God knows, I would if I could, — but I cannot spare this young fellow: he is too resolute, too skilful. Yet with what heart shall I pursue the rest of my life with the blood of a noble, high-spirited, innocent young man (who *au reste*, has never injured me) upon my hand, and upon my conscience !”

“ Upon your what, my lord?” asked White.

“ Upon my conscience,” replied Middle-

ton, the shade suddenly returning to his sallow countenance. "I hope you fully understand: I hope you do not misconstrue what I say, Captain White."

"My lord," said White with a sardonic smile, which revealed all his hate and all his triumph, "it would afford me the greatest pleasure to adopt your lordship's view of the case, and I have listened to you with patience, in hopes of hearing something which might change my opinion. I am sorry to say, your remarks rather cast a deeper shade over the affair."

"Good God! what have I said?"

"I deem it a high duty, my lord,—and your lordship's noted sense of duty cannot but sympathize with me,—to advise my friend Mr. Lennox to carry the affair through to the end. Your lordship's well-remembered example has taught me how to be firm, and to place a lofty sense of duty above all personal feelings. You will pardon my suggesting, that, as to your dislike to burden your conscience (I think that was the word your lordship used)

with the blood of a noble, innocent young man, you should have thought of that before you meddled with the original affair. When I waited on you in Montreal, one word, one look, one concession from you, would have saved my friend Glendinning from a nauseous deed, which has blasted his life, and broken his heart. That word your lordship's high sense of duty did not permit you to utter. I bent to you ; I implored you. I all but placed myself upon my knees before you. I threw myself upon your generosity, your humanity. I told you I was authorized by Glendinning to solicit from your mercy a reconsideration of your views. I need not say how this humiliation was received. I need not recall to your lordship's recollection the cutting sneers, the lofty insults, the immoveable disregard, with which I, a suppliant beneath your own roof, was coolly, remorselessly, insolently dismissed to my task of death. I am not accustomed to beg ; nor, to be frank, inclined to forgive. The details of that hour are written

‘ Where, every day I turn the page to read them.’ ”

“ You are driving your friend into this matter, then, sir, from mere motives of revenge ? ” said Middleton.

“ No, my lord, no. I would, if I were in the place of Lennox, do as I advise him to do. I shall act towards him as I would, under such circumstances, he might act to me. You are, my lord, and you know it very well, the deliberate cause of the murder of his brother. You became so from motives of personal malice. You hurled the bolt without caring where it fell, or what ruin it wrought, so long as you struck the devoted head of a rash, high-tempered young man, who had thoughtlessly offended you. The blood of Frank Lennox rises up against you from the earth. You have dashed to pieces the happiness of a most worthy and affectionate family ; you have put your foot upon the neck, upon the heart of my friend. He’s a wreck. Only in the grave can he ever taste repose. Towards me, my lord, you have but manifested the indifference which I now feel towards

your lordship. You have asked a favour of me. I refuse it. Should Lennox fall beneath your arm, you will have his blood, as well as that of his brother, upon your head. Should you fall, your lordship will, I trust, know how to meet yourself the fate you have not hesitated to inflict on others."

"Captain White!" said Middleton, rising and ringing the bell.

A servant came.

"Show Captain White to the door!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Middleton was once more alone, he pressed both his hands upon his bosom, and paced backward and forward in an uncontrollable agitation. The world does not see the boasting duellist in his solitary chamber, when, running up his account with Heaven, he gazes around him for the last time on the familiar objects of life and nature. There was a chance for his life, perhaps, but it was very remote; and even that chance was only the alternative of killing his antagonist. Base as he was, steeped in worldliness, tainted with selfish pride and ungodly thoughts, he recoiled from embruining his hands in more blood, and from the notoriety of an affair which began to have the regular *dénouement* of a drama. But it was far, far more probable that the indignant arm of his terrible foe would leave him a corse upon the field. He was startled, appalled,

overwhelmed. His memory ran over his past years,

“Nor left one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.”

Ah! life was sweet. His wealth, his rank, his splendid mansion, his luxurious carriage, his expected embassy, all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the world he had loved and alone lived for, floated before him like a glorious vision, like things seen in a vanished dream,—never, never to be met with again. Each shape of opulent pleasure rose up and passed off like Macbeth’s apparition of kings,

“Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.”

“By G—! I’m a lost man,” broke from his quivering lips, as he locked and doubly-locked the door, till he could recover from this fit of agitation.

For an hour he remained alone. It would be difficult to describe his meditations.

At length, his not very agreeable solitude was interrupted by a knock at the

door, and the servant announced "Colonel Rochelle."

"Well ! hollo !" said the Colonel, without a care upon his brow.

"Ah, ha !" replied Middleton, greeting his friend with a bland, clear smile. "You're a business-man. How are you again ? Let us have some wine."

"All right !" said Rochelle, with a look of triumph, as the servant closed the door. "To-morrow — day-break — pistols — ten paces — passports *visé'd* already — yours for England."

"England ? good ! a very necessary idea that of the passports. I'll be d—d if I should have thought of that."

CHAPTER XIX.

NEITHER party had much time for thought. Every preparation was made with a skill, secrecy, and rapidity which left nothing to be desired. Both White and Rochelle were in their element when presiding over one of the remarkable orgies of modern civilization—while decking with flowers, and bearing the sacrificial victim to this old surviving image of Baal and Ashteroth. Middleton strove to write a few letters, but could not ; and remained some hours, like Prometheus on his rock, the prey of thoughts] from which he could not fly. Harry did not even attempt any letters or other arrangements. He sat by an open window that looked abroad over the desert square and hushed city, steeped in moonlight, and peopled only with those vague, blended, harmo-

nious sounds which float, unresting echoes of the day, over the dim night-masses of a great city. There was no fear in his bosom. Life was not dear to him, and death was not terrible. The one had already been scathed with two blows of fortune, than which he thought none could be more crushing and insupportable; the fading of his earliest, only dream of love, and the loss of a brother, for whom his affection was devoted. With Frank in one hand, and Fanny Elton in the other, ah! what a scene of bliss would the world have been! Both were separated from him: one by the grave; the other he believed unworthy of him. Should the approaching combat leave him a corse, neither he nor any one else, he thought, would be greatly the loser. Sometimes the image of his pale mother, clothed in black, passed before his eyes; but Time, that heals all wounds, must heal hers, or bear her with him into the black and empty void. Then Frank's well-known voice rang in his ear, his bright smile, his face radiant in beauty,

and expressing all the kindness of his nature; and then the sudden transformation of this bright image into a stiff, cold corse.

But all these meditations were vague and mingled, and he felt oppressed and bewildered by one tremendous thought of the necessity that lay before him — to kill. Sometimes he asked himself, Was it right? But that consideration was too late. Besides, he reflected, Do not all men of the world, all gentlemen, sanction the practice of duelling? and surely there never was a better cause than his.

While Harry was engaged in these self-communings, the silent hours fled along, and bore him on as the swift current of a river that lapses to the edge of a cataract. He would not pause, if he could; he could not, if he would. The custom of society had involved him in its resistless tide. And thus, duty, honour, vengeance, and necessity, all united to sanction the duel he was about to fight. With a stern resolution he sat lost in thought till the wheels of the carriage were heard, and

White arrived. Then, having deliberately determined to take the life of his opponent or lose his own, he set off for the appointed ground. As the dark shapes of the city, the open spaces, shadowy woods, fragrant gardens, and the dim, sweet shores of the Elbe, flew by him, he could not but reflect he was on a dark errand, which contrasted strangely with the calm and tender beauty of outward nature.

"There they are!" cried White.

"They are welcome!" said Harry gravely.

Nothing could have been better managed. Harry himself had nothing to do but float with the stream. Before he knew it, he was standing, with a pistol in his hand, on a green lawn by the roadside, in the grey light of dawn, ten paces in front of the pale and silent Middleton.

"At the word 'three,'" said White, and began to count.

"One! Two! Three!"

They fired. Middleton staggered a few paces forward, and fell headlong.

Harry stood motionless, looking down

on that once haughty form, now prostrate before him, and which, after turning twice over, lay on its back, the face staring wildly upward. The surgeon knelt, and said, in a hurried voice,

“ You had better be off; quick, quick, away ! ”

“ He is not dead ? ” cried Harry.

His voice sounded strange, like that of one who addresses an immense, listening multitude.

“ Dead—quite dead—shot through his heart,” said the surgeon.

“ Come ! Lennox, come away ! ” cried White.

With the smoke in his nostrils, the report of the pistol ringing in his ear, his hand benumbed with the thrill of so unaccustomed a deed, his head reeling, and the ground moving from under his feet, Harry stood still, motionless, looking down on his victim, and only repeated,

“ Lord Middleton is not dead ! ”

“ Dead enough,” repeated White.
“ Won’t you get into your carriage ? ”

“ Yes,” said Harry.

"Your passport is *visé'd* for Vienna, you know?"

"Is it?"

"Mine is for London. What's the matter with you? rouse yourself. It's getting light."

"Frank is avenged, then," said Harry; "and I have done my duty."

His arm dropped without strength to his side. The carriage drew up, and he got in; but his eyes, as if by a fatal fascination, were riveted upon the form which, with stark, marble face, the blood-drenched clothes torn and cut from the naked breast, the convulsive hands clutched full of grass and earth, had already received the eternal seal of death.

The carriage-door was gently closed, and the postilion mounted. Colonel Rochelle and the surgeon lifted their hats to him. Harry returned their salutations calmly, and in a few moments the spot was left far behind him, and the deed was written among the irrevocable, ineffaceable records of the past.

CHAPTER XX.

It was with a singular sensation that our hero felt himself in rapid motion, dashing on as fast as four swift horses could carry him, he scarcely knew whither. He endeavoured to enjoy the stern triumph of his just and holy vengeance ; but, now that the deed was done, it affected him very differently from what he had expected. The murder of his brother, which had till now filled his mind, had given place to another reflection,—that he had left a fellow-being stretched in death upon the road-side ; and a stunning and bewildering sense of responsibility occupied his thoughts, which he could not well analyse. His mind had undergone a startling change ; his fiery indignation was quenched—quenched in pity, in horror, in lamentation. Lord Middleton, perhaps, de-

served to die, but rather by other hands than by his. A thousand reasons flashed suddenly upon him why he had better have left the deed undone; while the inducements to it now appeared to be but the dictates of the hot rage which had overpowered him yesterday. The image of his mother rose before him. She was already ill through Frank's death. What effect would this new shock have upon her? How would she meet her sole-surviving son? But yesterday, the sight of him would have been balm to her wounded soul; but now, with what different emotions would she press to her bosom the dark, blood-stained wanderer!

The effect this day's deed would have upon himself through the rest of his life, also startled him. For good, or for evil, the dreadful distinction of having killed a man, was enough to mark him wherever he went. True, his victim merited his fate: but it was an awful thing to have inflicted it. To be a butcher, to be drenched with blood! There was nothing mean, or selfish, or even vindictive in the act he had

just committed. It was not for himself, but for his beloved brother, he had perpetrated it. He had not even sought his victim; chance had thrust him before his face; and it was with the irrepressible impulse of a noble and sublime emotion, in which all men must sympathise, that he had killed him. Yet the deed was a mighty and a terrible one. A portion of his fellow-creatures would applaud it; but there were others, — all the pious, all the calm and wise, would regard it as a crime, and him as a murderer! He shuddered; his blood grew cold. He ordered the postilion to drive faster.

On reaching Vienna, he, for the first time, entered a room to sleep. On undressing himself, he perceived the button of his waistcoat had been shot off, and a ball had passed through the lappel of his coat.

“D—n him!” exclaimed he.

But he checked himself. He had forgotten for a moment that he was speaking of the dead — dead by his hand. The thought pierced him like a sword, and his

utmost efforts could only afford him a gloomy and unsmiling tranquillity. Indeed, he felt as if he should never smile again. He felt as if every man's eyes were on him ; and he muttered, as he retired, chilled and shocked, to bed, " Shall I never get that dying look out of my imagination ?"

His fatigue and excitement had been great, and he fell into a deep sleep, and then into a dream.

He thought he was at home, which, it seemed to him, he had never quitted. He sat in the midst of the family circle at breakfast. Frank was at his side, laughing and talking, with a strange, vivid distinctness ; and the rest were gaily rallying him about Fanny Elton.

" I wonder where we shall be five-and-twenty years hence ! " said his mother.

" Be ? " replied his father ; " why, here—Frank commander-in-chief, with his eyebrows and whiskers a little more bushy, if possible ; and Harry a senator, or secretary of state."

" Miss Elton may be a very decent sort

of a girl," said Frank ; " but, as for—in respect to — so far from there being any danger of—"

" Hold your tongue," said his father.

And then a burst of gay laughter, in which he thought he joined till the tears filled his eyes.

Then he was at Rose Hill, wandering with Frank through the fragrant walks, and gazing on Fanny Elton's graceful, lovely form ; and then he thought he was walking with her alone, and asking her why she had forgotten him.

" I have not forgotten you," cried she, fixing her eyes on him. " I love you beyond all other earthly beings. It is a cruel mistake which has separated us." And as she spoke she came nearer to him, put her arm around his neck, and kissed him.

And then he knelt at her feet, and she placed her fingers on his forehead and parted his hair, and looked at him with her deep, tender eyes ; and he led her back to the house, and to his mother, who received her with open arms, and embraced

first her, then himself; and an ineffable happiness overspread all things. Then a clergyman came, and they stood together at the altar, and the holy man opened the book and read; and a peace that passes understanding entered his heart, and soft music rose in the distance, and the odour of flowers was wafted to his senses by a cool, delicious air, and Fanny Elton was his bride!

Then, like a stroke of thunder bursting from a cloudless sky, Middleton suddenly appeared in the midst of them, and fired a pistol at Frank, who shrieked, and fell back dead, and covered with blood. Then his cold, ghastly body lay extended upon a table, and the whole circle stood around, and gazed at it, with pale faces and quivering lips, in deep silence, when a peal of contemptuous and triumphant laughter broke the solemn stillness, and Middleton again stood leering like a fiend, pointing to the sad group and the stark body, and laughing hideously. Then the blood of the dreamer began to boil in his veins, and he knelt down, and swore he would

pursue and kill this demon ; and his mother, and Mary, and Mrs. Elton, and Fanny surrounded him, and implored him to desist, and caught him with convulsive grasp, and screamed, and prayed : but he shook them fiercely off ; nay, in his impatient vengeance he thrust Fanny from him with a force that threw her senseless to the earth, and dashed a reckless blow upon his mother's forehead ; and then he was free, and, with rapid feet, and burning curses on his lips, he went on and on in the pursuit, and his enemy fled, and he followed, till at length he no longer ran—he flew, he rose from the ground, he glided through the air, he ascended to the roofs of the houses, the battlements of old castles, the black, rugged edges of inaccessible cliffs. At last, in a green plain he overtook the fugitive, and shot him through the heart, and placed his foot upon his breast, and laughed in his turn, till he could scarcely stand ; when lo ! beneath his foot, the ghastly body, all dripping and red, began to stir, and he looked down to see, and behold ! the corse arose,

with its dead, sunken, horrible face, and wide, fixed eyes, and caught at him with convulsive hands, as of a man in a fit, or a raving lunatic. He started, and fled; but his pursuer was at his back, and, wherever he went, the spectre still followed, over seas, over valleys, over mountains, over moors; through busy cities and laughing crowds; across uninhabited deserts; into black, wet caves; down fathomless abysses; but still the spectre, with outstretched hands, chased him. He strove with agony unutterable, till at length he found himself in a sepulchre, full of dead men's bones, and dripping with blood, and echoing with the wailings and moanings of damned spirits; and he thought he was in hell, and there was no outlet, so that he could no longer elude his frightful enemy; and he felt an iron and a burning grasp upon his shoulder, and then he saw Frank walking near, in a sunshiny garden, smiling, and gathering the flowers, carelessly; and he knew he could save him, if he could but make him aware of his danger; and he tried to

scream, but could not stir—could not utter a sound—could not even breathe!

In his struggle of agony he awoke, trembling and overcome with terror. He started up and looked around, and the form of Middleton still seemed to stand before him, gazing sadly on him. Hastily rising, he rang the bell, threw over him a *robe de chambre*, and, when at length with some difficulty he aroused a servant, he ordered a light to be brought, on the plea of indisposition. Unable to sleep, he sat lost in reflection till the morning broke.

CHAPTER XXI.

SEVERAL days passed, during which he in vain attempted to divert his mind by sight-seeing, and other pleasures. He found he was a "wiser and a sadder man" than he had been before. He had lost the power of enjoyment from simple things. He had thrown away his careless ease. Boyhood was gone. Even youth seemed to have passed away. He had become suddenly *a man*—and a stern one. He suffered inexpressibly, as, indeed, any man, with the elements of good in him, must and ought to suffer under similar circumstances; but it was very different suffering from that of grief. The loss of his brother had also caused him suffering; but, ah! how unlike that he now experienced! Grief is softening, elevating, purifying. Remorse withers, consumes, and destroys.

His nights were invariably sleepless. There is nothing more exhausting than the loss of sleep, more wearing to both mind and body ; nothing more likely to impair health and happiness. Yet, he found he had in a great degree, at least for the present, thrown away that blessing. From his first slumber he would suddenly awake with a start ; and then came those long, weary watches of the night when the most cheerful subjects of earthly meditation wear an aspect so different from that which they present in day-time. He could not then withdraw himself from the voice of reproach and accusation. Then the idea that he had shed human blood in merciless vengeance, weighed on his mind and oppressed his soul, and Middleton's dying face presented itself to his imagination with a horrible distinctness. And whom had he slain ? A weak pompous fool ; a poor victim. And how had he slain him ? The world would consider that his opponent had had an equal chance ; but his conscience taught him better : he had *not* had an equal chance. His own

perfect skill with the pistol, he was well aware, far surpassed that of his victim. He felt, when he fired, he was inflicting *death*. Whatever interpretation, therefore, the world might put upon the matter, he knew he *was* a murderer. Whatever provocation he might have had, he had deliberately killed a man, who could neither escape, nor resist, nor resent. He had taken from the laws of society, and from God, the task of punishment. He had cut off a despicable fool in the midst of his folly. He had launched a new thunderbolt upon the heart of his mother, which might destroy her also. Ah! he repented of the bloody deed: not that he had a definite feeling of guilt; but he was overwhelmed with sympathy, horror, disgust, alarm, doubt; pity for the mother who watched his course with such interest, and regret that his own thoughts and feelings should be thus shocked and overshadowed.

After a week spent in this state of depression he resolved to arouse himself, to shake off the superstitious or nervous terrors to which he had so weakly yielded,

and to drown, in a rapid and brilliant tour, all his mournful meditations. He resolved to start immediately ; but, first, to write to his mother a simple account of the circumstance. In attempting to execute this intention, he wrote and re-wrote, again and again, and tore up letter after letter, unable to satisfy himself as to the best mode of framing the communication. While engaged in this task, his candour obliged him to confess to his own conscience, that the act so difficult to relate must be at least a questionable one. Its nobleness, its stern justice, its terrible retribution, which before the perpetration had been so clear to him, seemed but mockery when he attempted to set them forth to his mother. Her pale face, her streaming eyes, her look of despair, her hands uplifted for mercy on him, seemed to fill the page he was writing on. It was, however, a necessary duty, and he accomplished it ; a plain, simple statement, announcing the discovery of Middleton's guilt, proved by White and Gledinning, the instantaneous meeting, and

the fall of the man who had deprived them of their beloved Frank, was at length completed. He appealed at the same time to his mother's forgiveness; and, before he was aware of what he had written, volunteered a sacred promise never, under any circumstances, to engage in another duel. He would submit to blows, insults, opprobrious epithets — anything, everything, rather than repeat the commission of an act which, he candidly acknowledged, rendered him deeply unhappy. He desired, at the same time, to know when he was to have the great joy of seeing the family in Europe; and stated his intention to take an extended Eastern tour, from which due notice of their intended embarkation would, however, speedily recall him.

On reading over the letter, he added the following postscript :

“ I perceive, my dearest mother, that I have laid myself under a vow. Do not fear I shall ever break it. I repeat it here deliberately, and with the regret that I had not made it before, rather

than after this last calamity, for such I consider it. I acknowledge your superior wisdom and sense of right. I wish I had complied with your desire so often expressed. I am convinced no man ever fell in a duel, without acknowledging to himself, if he dared to reflect, that he had been a fool ; and no one ever killed another without bitterly and eternally repenting of it, unless deprived by nature or education of a warm heart and a clear understanding."

This duty performed, Harry set off upon his travels whither we shall not follow him. He extended his tour as far, and with the design of occupying as much time, as possible. The letters he received from home were heart-rending. Those of his mother affected him profoundly, more from their subdued, deep melancholy, than from their allusions to the new calamity which had fallen upon her. With a characteristic gentleness she spared him all reproaches, and she even assured him that she had borne the blow with a patience which could only have come

from above. Their visit to Europe was still deferred, and Harry continued to linger in the East, examining into the state of those interesting countries which, to the European, have almost the awful solemnity of a previous world.

After traversing Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, spending a winter or a summer first in one town, then in another, according to the caprice of the moment, or the relief he found in any particular place, or from any particular person or study; he passed over into Russia, and occupied himself with the various peculiarities of that vast empire; sometimes plunging into the splendid gaieties of the court circles, and sometimes loitering in the retreats of the nobles, or watching with interest the modes of life and customs of the serfs. He devoted eighteen months to the northern countries of the continent, so little visited by travellers, where he found with surprise, materials of interest he had never dreamed of. In their turn, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy occupied his attention. He studied their

forms of government, their history, the character of the people—moral, political, and religious—their various resources and peculiarities, and their relations with his own country. Gradually, as months and years of this period rolled away, he had conceived the plan of a systematic course of self-cultivation, and carried it into effect with severe determination. It was his custom to stop months, and sometimes a whole season, in order to investigate some particular subject thoroughly. By means of these habits of intense application, and of the copious materials thus gathered into his mind, and carefully digested, his intellect became strengthened and matured. Old opinions, subjected to a new course of examination, were rejected or remodelled, and became more definite and just—the result of observation and reflection. His reasoning powers were enlarged and sharpened, and, besides a large stock of general information, he had attained a far more accurate idea of history, of the present state of mankind, of the literature and

achievements of different nations, and of the powers, characteristics, and limits of the human mind. He had not neglected either his own country, or his own profession, but by a careful study of the Roman law, added to that of the existing codes of various countries, and particularly those of his own, he was far more competent to take a high rank at the bar of his native city than he would have been had he spent the whole of this time in the routine of daily business.

But all this travelling and studying, these winterings in one part of the globe, and summers passed in another, consumed time, (let not the reader start, for he will one day find his own life has passed even thus unheeded away,) and when Harry, one winter, settled himself in a comfortable lodging at Florence to consider what he would do next, he happened to calculate how long he had been abroad, and found, with considerable surprise, that he had been absent from home ten years! He started to perceive so much of his life had vanished, and his conscience smote

him for having remained so long away from his parents, deprived as they were, too, by such frightful means, of Frank. But he had, from year to year, expected their arrival in Europe, and he had meanwhile been profoundly occupied, and the recollection of Middleton's death clung to him with a never-ceasing horror, and his own infidel opinions had made him indifferent, if not selfish, and he dreaded going home with his dark, stern, blood-stained brow to meet Miss Elton, and to throw a new shadow over his altered domestic circle. He had improved his mind, but he had not acquired any moral light. He had enjoyed pleasures, but they had come and passed away like bright clouds, leaving no trace behind. He had sought the alleviation of all kinds of society, from that of the Royal hall to that of the student's closet, and the peasant's lowly hut; but, from the great and the gay, as also from the wise and the gifted, he had gained nothing, learned nothing, to make him happy. Happiness had been the object of his search, but he had not

found it. Through all his enjoyments, all his studies, and all his occupations, there was one dark, tremendous idea—death. He had seen it. He had inflicted it. It was the shadow, the crowning mystery of his life. He could neither reconcile himself to it, nor understand it. The two fatal events—the death of Frank and the fall of Middleton—had deprived him of youth's greatest charm and greatest danger—thoughtlessness. He had become a thinker; and all things were changed to him, and he was changed to all things. This idea of death had gradually awakened in him a deep sense of the valuelessness, the mockery, the mystery of life. His existence was rolling away. His career would speedily come to an end, and he was weighed down with astonishment and agony at the fleetingness, the worthlessness of everything. The skies, the air, and the objects of the world, were but visions. The ground seemed passing away from beneath his feet, and his own insignificant, useless, perishable nature to be on the brink of

annihilation. All around him was a cloud, a folly, an insult, a mockery, a lie. Pen may not paint the indignant and bitter scorn, the sense of wrong and oppression, the hatred and the despair, which fair things raised in his bosom; his curling lip when he gazed on a flower, his gloomy scorn when the rising sun threw his glory over the sky and earth, and, more than all, his infinite contempt for the whole human race, with their idle credulity and dreams of superstition, their inflated hopes of immortal happiness, the tribute of ceremonies of worship paid by them to the merciless, crushing, unlistening, blind chance which presides over the universe.

In short, pleasure, society, study, and travel, at length, fatigued him; science disappointed, knowledge oppressed him. He wanted a refuge. He wanted repose. He continued to receive frequent letters from all his family, as well as from Emerson. Those of his father had recently grown shorter, and more vague, and, at length, announced that circumstances had obliged him to entirely abandon his con-

templated European tour, and that Harry might turn his steps homeward. The reader must imagine the tenor of his mother's letters, although it was evident she did not allow herself to give way to her feelings. Emmerson, on the contrary, wrote at full, and it was on the strength of his representations that Harry had remained so long abroad. He assured him that everybody was well, that he had hopes, notwithstanding the proposed abandonment of the European tour, that the next summer would see the whole family in Paris, and that all was going on as usual.

These frequent epistles from Emmerson, written in an affectionate and confidential manner, were very grateful to Harry. They were the accounts of a cool, disinterested observer, on the spot, and effectually calmed the fears and anxieties so apt to assail the heart of an absentee from home.

Harry had devoted a great part of his time in Germany to philosophy, and philosophy led him to investigate religion, or rather, irreligion.

About this period the celebrated life of Jesus Christ, by Strauss, fell into his hands. This work is the most learned, searching, powerful, and successful attack ever made on Christianity, and has been justly considered an important event in ecclesiastical history. The mighty, intellectual efforts of the German mind in philosophy had fully prepared our student to read, and to yield to the power of, this astonishing production, particularly as he saw that great and learned people received it with enthusiasm, and that, with exceptions, the *savans* of the day did not conceal their opinion, that it would prove a death-blow to the greatest illusion that had ever occupied the human mind.

Harry eagerly read it, and, for a time, the triumph of discovering so able a champion of his own views, threw around the subject a sort of wonder and delight. It confirmed, apparently for ever, his entire infidelity. Why was delight among his feelings on arriving at a certainty that the most cheering hope ever conceived by mortals was an illusion? Because it re-

lieved him from a secret fear, of which, with all his philosophy, he had not been able to divest himself, that, when he killed Middleton, he had offended a Superior Power which would, hereafter, call him to account. He went on now studying, with more zeal than ever, all the arguments against Christianity. He confined his reading merely to infidel authors and historians. His industry was great, and he possessed himself of the entire ground on which the sceptic stands, of all the probabilities of infidelity, and all the improbabilities and impossibilities which can be urged against religion. He read again with attention certain portions of the Bible, but only to confirm his disbelief of it.

While thus employed he was attacked with a strange, bodily weakness, and heavy, painful headache, the consequence of too much mental exertion, too little exercise, and too constant brooding over his own dark thoughts, and his one terrible recollection.

One evening he had returned from a

gloomy, solitary ramble, much more unwell than usual, and was undressing for bed, when in a chair, by the table, he observed the figure of a man, seated. On fixing his eyes on him he beheld, with a thrill of horror, the face of Middleton, calm, pale, sad, and noble-looking, the lip and temple spotted with blood.

This same appearance, had, at different times during the previous years, presented itself to him, and generally before a severe illness. He knew it was the vision of a heated imagination, but it always affected him with unutterable terror.

He rushed forward, but the apparition disappeared. He seized the chair, and threw it across the room. No one was there. He staggered back to the bed literally overcome.

Before morning he was in a raging fever. In a week his life was in danger. In a month it was despaired of, and, as he retained at times the possession of his senses, his physician advised him frankly to arrange his affairs.

He did not suffer much. At intervals

his power of reflection appeared rather increased than diminished, and he lay thus some days.

During this period, he was visited by many strange, new, great thoughts. The incidents of by-gone years passed before him, and the images of his distant home and friends were present with him. Sometimes he was delirious, and again his faculties returned clear and distinct. We cannot trace, thought by thought, the process of change which now went on within him. His feelings were often thrilling and sublime beyond description. He saw now what it was to want religion; what a helpless creature mortal man is by himself. About to step off the precipice, he looked around for some hand to guide, some voice to console him. Nor, infidel as he was, could he believe it possible, that a support so necessary should be denied to man, even by the blind chance which had given the ear to hear, and the eye to see. Was it credible that, all wants else supplied, this, the greatest, should have been omitted? No, it was not. A singular

consciousness sprang up in his mind, that he had never given the subject the serious consideration it merited. The recollection of the famous work of Strauss occurred to him, and he thought this author had fulfilled but a useless and a cruel task, if he had really caused any Christian to abandon his faith.

As he lay thus powerless, weak and dying, expecting never to see the green earth again, never to hear the voices of those he loved, neither here nor hereafter, to all eternity,—this want of some aid above the world, in short, of supernatural aid, grew intense. The thought that a wonderful, and mysterious personage had once lived who professed to give this light, struck him with a very strange effect. This person had been predicted, had come, and had been received by millions. The wisest and greatest of men had believed in him. He saw nothing improbable in this. He who made the sun, the moon, the stars, the comets, could make a prophet, or could manifest himself in person, or, in any other way, could conceal himself, or reveal him-

self, or do what he pleased, for he was obviously beyond the conception of man.

Too much reflection heated his brain, and brought on another crisis. He felt his senses wavering. The universe seemed to reel around him, and the earth to pass away from beneath him. He felt like a wretch falling off a precipice—impotent, and lost in infinite horror and despair.

When he recovered his senses, his physician informed him he was out of danger. The strength of his constitution had mastered the disease. But he was forbidden to speak or move.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN a few days Harry sat up. He was extremely emaciated and weak. He was informed that his recovery had been almost miraculous. On relating the circumstance of the figure which had appeared the first evening of his illness, and at the previous periods of the last several years, the physician referred it at once, of course, to shattered nerves and a disturbed imagination ; and stated it was not an uncommon symptom.

When the doctor left him, a feeling of weakness and woe came over the feeble invalid. He threw himself upon a sofa, and could not restrain his tears. His heart swelled with mingled emotions which all merged into a feeling of insupportable despair. Thoughts of his happy innocent boyhood, of Fanny Elton, the still deeply-

beloved, first-chosen object of his affection, and of Frank, his brother, now mouldering in his early grave; the horrible image of the dying Middleton, the conviction that he could never know peace of mind again, and the idea that he had recovered from death only to sink back, in the course of a few years, into a state of annihilation—all these thoughts, pressing upon him together, were too much for him. He regretted his recovery. Why had they brought him back to life? Why had he not gone to ashes, and the worm? why?—since he must go to them at last. He looked forward to the path before him—a world of phantoms and blind chance, with no reward for virtue, no protection from vice, no guarantee against death, no hope for the future, no motive in self-cultivation, but what arose and ended with this transitory scene,—no glory in pure things, no distinction, but passing and conventional ones, between right and wrong, no meeting again with the dead, no future, no God,—all dark, all accidental, all reckless, all cold and lonely, and all fleeting

away into nothing. What was the world, what was life, on such terms? Oh! nothing, worse than nothing.

His long illness had made him hysterical, and, as these really sad and withering thoughts rolled through his mind, like the dark damp clouds of a stormy sky over the head of the wave-tost sailor, who, in his little boat, without compass or rudder, finds himself abandoned to the pitiless tempest, the saddest tears a mortal could shed flowed down his cheeks, and he abandoned himself to utter despair.

“ Yes !” he murmured, “ my poor mother, and Mr. Elton, and Seers, were right in one respect,—I have tried the world, and found it wanting. I have gone abroad in life, confident in infidelity, and all around me has become hollow and miserable. I do want aid and protection from that Great Being who created me. I am weak and guilty, blood-stained and broken-hearted. O God !”

And now, from his loneliness and his despair, his soul turned to his Maker at last.

“ If Thou hearest thy creatures, have

mercy upon me ! If there be light, let it shine on me ! For, of a truth, by myself, I am a wretch."

There was a knock at the door. He rose hastily, ashamed of his tears. The intruder was his servant. He brought a letter, and went out again. Harry left it on the table a long time untouched. He was afraid to open it. He felt he had no strength in himself to bear any shock. That proud self-confidence, that buoyant strength, that daring readiness to meet events, alas ! all had left him ; they had gone with his youth and thoughtlessness, his iron nerves, his comely, healthful looks and unshaded heart.

At length, he took the mute messenger. It was covered with addresses and post-marks. It seemed redolent of the air of home. The flowers of Rose Hill breathed from its folds. The faces of the loved ones, associated with that spot, crowded around him, and he kissed it as he recognised the writing of his mother, and saw that it was not sealed with black.

" They are yet all there. No new

stroke has bereft me of my father, my mother; Mary, and Fanny are not yet gone down into the black, unfathomable, eternal abyss. Oh, why am I so long away from them? Why do I spend my weary, lonely life distant from that sweet circle? True, Frank is no more there. True, I shall go back, a strange, altered, darkened, gloomy man, with bloody hands, and a broken heart. But I will go back. They will pity and forgive me."

He tore open the letter. It was from his mother. It was dated nearly a year ago. It had been following him through several places, had been in the house since his first illness, and been withheld till now by order of the physician. It contained another, addressed to him by his father. He read his mother's first.

" MY BELOVED SON !

" Come home, and share our sorrows. Come home and lessen our unhappiness"—

He trembled at this ominous commencement, and could scarcely proceed with the perusal.

“Great changes have taken place within the last years. We have lost all our property. A succession of the most unexpected events has ruined hundreds, and involved us in the same fate. An appalling monetary crisis, as you must well know, is sweeping over the country. Your father, in his generous confidence, and characteristic desire to assist other people, has risked everything, and lost everything. He is obliged to begin the world again. Poor Mr. Elton is no more. He died five months ago. Heavy losses, sustained in common with so many of his townsmen, occurring at a time when his health was feeble, proved too much for him. Mrs. Elton is with us, and Fanny also—the tenderest of nurses, and the sweetest of friends. Mr. Emmerson—but the story is not altogether one to commit to paper—you will hear it on your arrival, which I hope will not be long delayed. We have a thousand interesting things to tell you, but I will not enter upon such subjects till we meet.

“It grieves me to add still further to

your distress and alarm, but I think it better to prepare you, at once, for the state of your dear father. He has been dangerously, and is still distressingly, ill. For some time his disorder affected his eyes, and he was, during a period, entirely blind. He is better, but his final recovery of sight is doubtful. Hoping to retrieve our affairs, we long resolved not to communicate them to you till we could accompany the recital with better tidings. That hope is now past. It is decreed by an all-wise Providence, that we shall taste sorrow in our old age. But he has mingled in the cup one good, which counterbalances the evil. What this blessing is you will learn by the enclosed letter from your dear father, which he insisted upon writing himself, lest you should think his blindness worse than it is. Indeed, since a few days, his sight has improved, and he can read at intervals without danger. I fear, however, for purposes of business, he will never be what he was.

“I know you will hasten home, my dearest son, the moment this reaches you.

But do not be too much alarmed, knowing, as we do, that ‘Whom He loveth He chasteneth,’ and that this life and all its vicissitudes are comparatively unworthy the grief of a rational being, except those events of it which relate to spiritual things. Do you know—can you believe it possible—you have been absent nearly ten years? When I pass in review what has befallen us in the interim, the period seems long enough; but when I recall the morning we accompanied you to the packet, I can fancy you left us only yesterday: and so life passes away. Answer me now, my son. Is it not a dream?

“Mary is well, and happy, and sends her love. There is a story connected with her, but, with a yet unconquered love of mischief, she has forbid my even alluding to it; and I shall really tell you nothing more till you are here. By the blessing of God, notwithstanding what I have suffered, my health is excellent. My heart yearns to embrace you, my dear Harry. Oh, may God grant you that light which will render all things endurable,

all things welcome ! I do not doubt there is happiness yet in store for us. Read the enclosed letter with attention. Surely our misfortunes are but His means to accomplish His wise ends.

“ God bless, preserve, and enlighten you, my beloved wanderer, and soon return to your ever affectionate mother.”

Although Harry literally trembled at this astounding intelligence, he hastened to open his father's letter. It ran thus : —

“ MY DEAR BOY !

“ Your beloved mother will have informed you of the fine doings we have had here, or at least of some of them. But don't mind. We 'll manage matters yet, only now I must depend a little more on you. As I have no doubt these agreeable epistles will bring you home in double quick time, I shall not enter into any particulars, especially as my doctor pretends that I must yet be careful of my eyes. Keep up your spirits, and let us see you here when you can conveniently manage it.

We are beginning to feel your absence, really.

“ I would not write at all to-day, were it not my desire, as well as my duty, to make one remark to you, which will probably occasion you more surprise than all the rest of our revolutions. The truth is, from various occurrences, I am much altered since you left. Poor Frank's death was the first and most important event. Your own affair with Lord Middleton came so close upon it as to furnish me serious food for reflection. Men have lost their sons before now. They do every day, and will continue to do so. But the sudden cutting off of poor Frank, in that manner, was sufficient to shake and loosen the world's hold of me. It is an old and trite saying, that life is a dream, but I begin to feel that it is so. I am sixty years old, and the longer I live, the more I see the fleeting, empty nature of everything around me. This has led me to a train of thought, and to a habit of reading and investigation, very different from any I ever had before, and which has eventually

caused me to look forward, through the medium of the great truths of Christianity to that other and better world, to which we are all so rapidly hastening. I had my doubts at first, but they gradually faded away, and I am under the conviction, that, whatever may be the arguments on the other side of the question, they are nothing against those in its favour. The only reason why all men are not Christians is, either that they are wilfully bad and corrupt, or that they are too much engaged with the cares, pleasures, and pursuits of this world to allow of their examining the subject attentively and candidly. Vain speculations in philosophy, and empty, visionary views, I have depended on long enough, and found them entirely useless. They are not what the great Creator has given to his creatures to support, guide, and instruct them in their way through this life. I am no enthusiast, my dear Harry. I am more gay, more happy, and cheerful than I was before, nor do I shrink from the innocent pleasures to which I have been accus-

tomed, because I am convinced I am under the immediate government of a merciful God ; on the contrary, while I endure sorrow with more resignation, I should find in prosperity abundant charms. Need I add, that, if anything could increase my happiness in meeting my dear boy, after so long and eventful an absence, it would be the certainty that he also has really examined the question of Christianity? I say 'examined,' because I am quite satisfied that no one can candidly and coolly examine, at least with a sensible and clear understanding, without becoming a believer in the Holy Scriptures.

"Don't mistake me, my boy. I am not a long-faced bigot, afraid of looking at the world, and flying from mirth and pleasure. I was a broken-hearted, gloomy being after poor Frank's fatal accident; but this change in my opinions has restored to me my gaiety and more than my accustomed happiness. You will find a man can believe in God and our Redeemer, without running into any irrational excess, or practising the familiarities of some believers;

nor must you suppose grief has turned my head, or weakened my understanding. Grief had nothing to do with the change of my opinions, it only drove me into an examination; by taking from me the props and supports of the outward world, it threw me upon myself, and taught me the tremendous truth, that there nothing but darkness and chaos existed, not a place to rest on, not one subject which I could bear to reflect on, in the long and terrible hours of my wakeful nights. Everything in the universe seemed destroyed, or destined to be so, except Christianity, and I grasped at that, because there was nothing else to save me from utter destruction and utter despair. Happily, the more I examined, the more I was convinced. When the great idea had once entered my mind, everything I observed in nature, history, life, and myself, confirmed it. Each moment grew brighter, as at the dawn of day, streaming gradually and gloriously into the windows of a smoky theatre, whose lurid light and false splendour pales

and fades before the bright glory of nature.

“ If you have not made the same experiment, my son, we will make it together. Doubts will arise, but they will melt away like night fogs from the solid mountains. If you have not at once the perfect faith of the centurion, you will at least say, with the father of the possessed child, ‘ Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!’ ”

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARRY's astonishment, on the perusal of these letters, is not to be described. He sent instantly for the physician, and earnestly pleaded the necessity of immediately starting for New-York. He was met by an inexorable negative. He was too weak to move at all, under six weeks at least, and a sea-voyage in his present state was out of the question. The anxiety of the patient, so far from persuading, only confirmed, his merry little tyrant of a doctor in his decision.

"But what is the affair?" inquired the doctor. "What has happened? You are nervous and agitated. Ah! I see! it is owing to your letters. You have had them too soon. I ought to have delayed their delivery at least a month longer."

"If you knew, doctor, what necessity there is for my going."

"Necessity! Bah! There's no necessity that must not yield to sickness or death. Man can't alter predestination. Were you to start in this state, you would probably, in two days, find yourself on your back in some little dirty *gasthof*, full of tobacco-smoke and noise, in a fever ten times more dangerous than ever. The result would be, you would leave your bones there, and that would be the end of you. Your news is bad, I perceive. What's the matter? You have something on your mind, and, excuse me if I add, your recovery has been retarded, I fear, by some mental anxiety. It seems your *morale* is affected. This figure, this apparition, *ma foi! ce sont des bêtises, mais, enfin*, there must be some cause, some secret."

"There is a secret, certainly."

"Well, so I thought, and pray don't you think your doctor ought to know? How do you expect me to cure you, if I treat you for bodily disease, while you are all the while wearing away under mental sufferings?"

"My story is sad," said Harry. "And perhaps you ought to know it, for I believe my malady is more of the mind than the body."

"Well, there! put this pillow beneath your shoulders. Don't exert yourself to sit up. Tell me now, what is the peculiar trouble that disturbs you. Come, you are married, and live unhappily with your wife, eh? or rather don't live with her at all?"

"I am not a married man!" said Harry. "My unhappiness, has a deeper, more unalterable cause."

"A deeper and more unalterable cause than a bad wife? *Ma foi!*" cried the doctor, smiling, in that very easy manner in which most men (physicians in particular) listen to the misfortunes of others. "I should like to know what sort of a trouble that can possibly be."

"I will tell you," said Harry, "in the fewest possible words. I left a happy, affluent home about ten years ago."

"Good!" said the doctor.

"My first blow was the death of a

young brother of whom I was rather fond, in a duel, and under very peculiar circumstances."

"Well, that's bad, *mais—ma foi!—que voulez-vous?* In this world, men must die, in one way or another, and others must survive them."

"I should have premised, that my mind had been prepared for unhappiness by—by the—you won't think me a fool, doctor? but the fact is, I had an attachment for a young girl, whose character, loveliness, superior mind, and gentle heart—"

"Put all your descriptions in one single word," interrupted Doctor B—, smiling again, "and say, she was your mistress. Of course, there never was, and there never can be, another equal to her in all the charms and virtues of mind, manners, person, heart, face, head, feet, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera!"

Harry looked rather grave, and raised his eyes to the countenance of the fat, gay, frisky little man, who presumed to jest at the confidence he had exacted in his professional character; but the doctor

looked so equally indifferent to his wrath, or his sadness, and so excessively cool, that Harry's frown soon changed into a smile, although rather a melancholy one.

"There! that's right!" said the doctor. "You were going to be angry. That's a good symptom. A sign you're not dead yet. Then your smile is an indication that your senses are returning. Good again. Go on with your story. If I jest and take a cheerful view of it, my good friend, believe me it is only to counteract the very gloomy one you have long been accustomed to take of it. Perhaps mine is too light. Probably yours too dark. Truth may lie in the medium. But be assured I regard the matter as the generality of men will. We should mourn less over our afflictions could we but see them with the eyes of other people. Now; what became of this wonderful, enchanting—I beg your pardon! you are looking serious again—what became of this young lady?"

"She—she—did not—return my attachment."

"Ah!" said the doctor, rubbing his chin

with the handle of his gold-headed stick.

"So, after all, your Dulcinea turned out a bit of a coquette. But men don't die now-a-days from these things!"

"I left home and country in order to forget her."

"A little romance!" said the doctor.

"In Dresden, some years ago," continued Harry, who felt a certain relief in unbosoming himself, "I met the person who had caused the death of my brother. I called him out and killed him."

"*Allons donc!*" exclaimed the doctor, more seriously.

"He fell beneath my first fire, and died instantly. This circumstance has, I confess, occasionally given me considerable uneasiness. To say the truth, I have never been happy since, and never shall, never can be, happy again. Death has ever since been almost the only subject of my contemplation. I have travelled far and wide; I have sought the attractions of society and study; but the world is an altered place to me. Life is a burthen. A secret voice whispers me continually:

‘All is vanity, all a dream.’ All I love are phantoms. I am myself a phantom. I shall soon die and sink into annihilation without having enjoyed one pleasure, or accomplished one solid purpose worth living for.”

“Ah!” ejaculated the doctor, arranging his cravat in the mirror as he listened, “I see, I see.”

“The phantom of the person whom I have killed seems to grow more distinct with time, instead of fading away, as I hoped it would. The figure which I have described to you made its appearance, first, some years since, and has always either haunted me during an illness, or has proved the immediate herald of one. In the course of the terrible malady, from which your skill”—the doctor slightly bowed—“has just rescued me, I saw it several times. I know it’s an illusion, but, I confess, it’s not a pleasant one, and I presume I shall be subject to its visitation as long as I live.”

“Well!” said the doctor, looking at his watch, “these are, certainly, rather

serious events, but I don't see how they make your immediate departure necessary."

"These letters—I will be quite frank, doctor—bring very bad news; no less, in short, than the total ruin of my family. You know our country is undergoing a commercial crisis. My father, who has never known what it was to want money, has lost his fortune; and I am now become a very poor man. In staying abroad I am spending money to which, perhaps, I have no right, and neglecting pressing interests and duties."

"That's bad," said the doctor.

"And yet the greatest of my misfortunes I have not told."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"It is a certain state of melancholy, of misery, into which I have fallen. It is not grief, but it is the result of reflection caused by grief. I have lost my sense of reality in life. I see corruption and decay in all things. I have no respect for anything, and no interest in anything, not even in myself. I don't see what I was

made for, nor the use of living. If, from habit or forgetfulness, I enjoy anything, I suddenly start, remember what a wretched, worthless insect I am, and despise myself for being duped into content, in an existence where only a fool can be contented. The natural desire I feel to improve and cultivate myself, or to love others, is constantly checked by this idea :—Why cultivate myself? Why not, rather, give myself up to animal pleasures and habits, as much as possible, since intelligence and virtue only show more clearly the frightful difference between what man might have been, and what he is? And why should I love even my relations? Why love even mother, or father, or sister, since the appearances which we choose to call by those names are, after all, but illusions, as completely as the figures in a magic lantern? I had a brother once. Where is he now? An idea! A recollection! Why pour out upon these visions, which vanish in an instant—why pour out on them the rich treasures of affection, which seem worthy to be poured

forth only upon angels? Were I to marry, I could never love wife or child, except with a cold, dark, and trembling love. I should behold in them but charming shadows. I should see beneath the tender blush of my wife only the dead skeleton. I should imagine the worm had already begun to take up his abode in the eyes of my child, now full only of light that seems to merit such a different fate. I am going home. But what shall I do there? With what heart shall I commence my toiling career—a career which means nothing, ends in nothing, subject to the merest and most cruel chances, where all that seems holiest and noblest is but a mockery, and where scoundrels and hypocrites carry on their manœuvres with perfect impunity, and are as good as other men?

“In short, doctor, I am wretched. I see that the world left to itself is a hell, yet I cannot see but that it is left to itself. I don't believe there is a God. I can't believe it. He would never have created so much evil, so much misery, so much

guilt. I don't understand how the world could have made itself; but, if there be a God, neither can I comprehend how He made Himself. Men talk of the order of the universe. Certainly there is order in some things, though not in all. But if order be an evidence of a pre-existing Intelligence, whence came that pre-existing Intelligence? I have not been able to satisfy myself that there is one. Of course, if the existence of a God be doubtful, our own existence hereafter is more so. I don't believe in a future. I don't believe we are immortal beings. We are but brutes, doctor, but mere brutes; more elevated, but also more unhappy. We have reason, but we have also guilt. We know, but, oh! we suffer!

"These thoughts, doctor, prey upon me. They oppress, they pursue, they torment me. In the night I sleep badly. I am quite wretched. I lie on my back, cold, and trembling, weak, powerless, cowardly, despicable, contemptible. I hate, I despise myself. Oh! how I envy the brown-faced, rough, thoughtless, ignorant pea-

sant! Nay, I envy the brute race, the dog, the very calf that goes to the shambles! He does not know what a horrible thing death is; he does not look forward, and speculate on annihilation. His heart does not bleed when the butcher slaughters his brother.

“To conclude my story, I am seriously afraid I shall one day commit suicide. I have a longing for it; I yearn to take the leap at once, and be at rest. I scorn to stand so long shrinking on the brink, since I know so well I must go at last. This feeling, at times, nearly masters me. It accompanies me always. The greatest pleasure I have is studying the most easy kind of death. Sometimes I lie awake in the night, and form visions of self-murder. At times, in fancy, I go to Russia, to Siberia, and freeze myself to death; the cold overcomes me, sleep steals over me, and I delight to picture myself sinking into a slumber from which I am never to awake: thus escaping intolerable life. Again, I go into a hot bath, and open a vein. Life flows rapidly forth. I fall

painlessly into insensibility and death. Now I blow my brains out, and am destroyed in an instant ; then again, I leap, in imagination, from some immense height, and dash myself to pieces.

“ Were I even prosperous in this world, I could never be happy with these opinions. But I am far from being prosperous. There are no elements for happiness in this world. All is hollow. All is false. I am sure it would be my wisest step to end my gloom and horror with one bold stroke. I cannot express what I suffer from the recollection of my victim : that dying look haunts me always. When I am nervous, ill, and alone, it is fearfully distinct, till at times it passes the line of the ideal, and assumes the perfect bodily form and colour of reality. This horrible spectre takes part, too, in nearly all my dreams. I am quite aware it is a mere shape of the imagination, still it is an almost unendurable misery.

“ In this state of mind, all those qualities which men call virtues, are only in my way, and become disadvantages, if not

follies ; while the scoundrel is, in some respects, the wise man. Self-sacrifices, and self-denials are ridiculous. Selfishness is the true wisdom ; and he who plunges into the stream of worldly pleasures, drowns all thought and feeling in dissipation, and lives and dies without a thought or a care, he is your true philosopher. The good and the wise are fools to him.

“I am lost in mystery. I shall one day, I believe, go mad with vain struggles to conceive the meaning, the origin, and the object, of life. The deep black veil which envelopes me on all sides—that mighty curtain of midnight shadow which conceals the future, and against which the human mind has directed all its efforts from age to age, so vainly, so foolishly—it is that which has so fixed my attention that I cannot think of anything else.

“Now, doctor, you have my story. I want you to answer me one question. How is it you are so fat, and smooth, and happy ? Have you no disappointment ? Do you ever reflect on the shortness of life ? What do you believe respecting Death, and our fate hereafter ?”

“My young friend,” said the doctor, who discovered a certain irrepressible disposition to smile, although he endeavoured not to do so. “You have done very right to confide to me exactly your state of mind. Now, I know how to treat you. I’ll tell you frankly, and at once, what’s the matter with you. You are hypped. Some of your troubles are serious. The principal one is the loss of your fortune. The rest are mostly imaginary. You ask if I have never suffered disappointments? To be sure I have, plenty of them. *Mais, ma foi, que voulez-vous ?* The way I bear them is this: I don’t think of them; and I keep my stomach in order. That’s the great secret of human happiness. No man whose digestion is good ever bothers himself about what will become of him after death. We are here; we are made; we live, and we die. That we know. The rest we don’t know. It’s all very well for those who can believe the fine things they tell us. There are people who pretend to know; so much the better for them. *Mais, pour nous autres, ma foi, que voulez-vous ?*

we must take the world as it is. I don't doubt the Supreme Principle will manage matters for us after death, as before. If not, *ma foi ! que voulez-vous ?*

"Let me, however, as your physician, tell you one thing. Such thoughts as you have disclosed to me ; this hankering after things future—things veiled from us—is a mere symptom of malady. You must not bore yourself with such subjects. You shall take a course of the Carlsbad waters. Until then, you shall remain here, quietly amusing yourself as well as you can ; and afterwards you can go home. I don't doubt you will find things better than you suppose. You will learn to enjoy life, to seize the present, without worrying yourself about either the past or the future. I find there is an extreme delicacy and susceptibility in your nervous system, and an excessive weakness of your organs of digestion. The nerves act on the stomach, and, through the stomach, injure your mind. These dreams, and phantoms, and gloomy notions of religion, are physical phenomena. Why grieve over the past,

which is gone ? Why fret about the future, which is not here ? You have killed a man. You did quite right, if you will only think so. Don't yield to youthful nursery superstitions. I'll take care of your phantom ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Leave him to me ! All the reasoning in the world could not lay him ; but he won't stand one of my pills, — ha ! ha ! ha ! Don't think ; don't study ; don't go on plunging into dark, gloomy subjects. Take a glass or two of champagne every day ; follow a generous diet ; ride on horseback when you get strong enough ; and you shall be well and happy again, although you can't penetrate into all the mysteries of nature."

"If I could really think," said Harry, "that my melancholy was physical, and removable by physical remedies."

"Bah ! be assured it is by me, your doctor, *ma foi* ! I know it all. I have had a hundred such cases. This melancholy, which renders people incapable of enjoying the pleasures of life, is a degree of insanity. Sometimes it terminates in

absolute madness. It proceeds from intense thinking, especially upon one subject ; from violent passions, love, fear, grief, revenge ; from solitude also : half my patients are afflicted in the same way. I see it in your eyes. Your body is inflated ; your complexion pale ; your pulse slow and weak. The whole functions of your mind are perverted ; you are hypped ; you think yourself miserable ; and, therefore, you are so. I have had patients who fancied themselves teapots ! Do you like honey?"—"Yes."

"Take plenty of that, plenty of *compot*. Don't fast long at a time, and let your food be solid and nourishing. Rub yourself well in the morning with a brush or a coarse cloth. I have prescribed for you an excellent preparation of iron and Peruvian bark, to strengthen the alimentary canal, and promote the secretions. You have been, I perceive, for years, undergoing a complicated series of nervous symptoms, which have reduced you to an unusual relaxation and debility.

"Good-b'ye. Good-b'ye. My horses I

see are getting impatient. Stay where you are till June, and I'll send you home a sound man; although you may not know how the world was formed, or what's going to become of it. You want nothing but a course of Carlsbad."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JUST risen from what he had considered a death-bed, Harry was not in a mood to be particularly impressed with the easy philosophy of the little doctor. He was too serious to see in it anything but shallow worldliness, fit to content a common mind in the ordinary emergencies of life, but not to be of much use to the really unhappy, far less to the dying. The *mais, ma foi ! que voulez-vous ?* of his not very sympathizing friend, would have seemed profound wisdom to him ten years before, but now, his yearning for sacred and necessary knowledge required more solid aliment.

He passed several days coolly and seriously reviewing his past life, and reflecting as he had never done before on the future.

The present, too, which the doctor

found so enjoyable, furnished some subjects of meditation. At one time he resolved to start immediately for New-York, and even went so far as privately to consult another physician. He was told however that the plan would prove not only dangerous but impossible, and that a course of Carlsbad would be of the utmost importance to his future health. On reflecting, he found that, with a slight difference of expense, he could prolong his stay the necessary time; and he considered it essential to neglect no means within his reach to carry home with him good health, that he might commence in earnest the serious duties of life. He was confirmed in this resolution by a letter, although of an old date, which now reached him from Emerson. It was written in his usual friendly, confidential, and quiet manner, and alluded to the general confusion of monetary affairs; but stated that, although his father had been indisposed, and at one time threatened with a disagreeable weakness of the eyes, he was now doing very well, and he had not given up the hope

(although Mr. Lennox himself appeared at one time to have done so) of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Lennox resume their plan of European travel, which would greatly benefit their health. He added, that they had had a fright respecting money affairs, but he was persuaded Mr. Lennox would come out of it much better off than he had at first apprehended. Miss Elton (he stated in a careless way) was about at last to abandon the maiden independence she had prized so highly, in favour of a wealthy gentleman of Charleston, who had long been received as her devoted admirer. She was in fine health and spirits, and continued to be the life of every society," &c., &c.

This letter determined Harry to remain, and he wrote his father, accordingly, that a slight indisposition would detain him some months longer in Europe, but that in the summer he should at length turn his steps homeward.

The next six weeks he spent alone, reading the "History of Christianity," and the other volumes which his mother had

given him. A strange, deep, absorbing curiosity, mingled with a hope inexpressibly cheerful and sublime, urged him on in this new study. He entered upon it with very different emotions from those with which he had undertaken it when on board the packet-ship. Then, with only one faint cloud over his life, he had looked forward to a brilliant tour and perfect happiness. Then he was young, healthy, rich, self-confident, in the highest possible spirits. Now he was in a far different situation, and in a far different mood of mind. Ten years of experience and reflection had caused him to regard life and the world as a bubble. Grief had sunk into his soul. He had shed blood; he had felt guilt; he had seen the strength depart from his limbs, and had lost the brightness of his heart. He had seen, he had felt, he had inflicted death! He had himself stood on the awful brink: and he now asked of man, of earth, of Heaven, and of his own deep soul, what came after, or what resources the Creator had granted mortals to pass through the last dread

THE FATHER DUAL

Father is an all-wise, all-powerful, eternal God had grasped in his mind even as the light of the night: and it was an illumination on which to erect the system of philosophy. The extraordinary power of his father, confessing to have a vision, he had brooded over the most inexpressible interest, and was to the intrinsic remarkable of the moment, and partly to the vision of a man in which the intelligence was born. He was at that moment so conscious that he groped in darkness that there was on the earth a light of light: and the simple vision of his father's, so clear, so independent, so far above vulgar conceptions, had discovered in the vision a sublime truth, not only star-astonished him, but raised in him a burning certainty.

of vision which have ever been of illumination and confirmation of the work of Bishop Butler - "The Analogy of Religion,"

is, perhaps, the most extraordinary. He commenced reading this book, not as he had before done, with a mere desire to get through with it, as a tedious task, but with an intense thirst for truth, now the most eager craving of his nature. He had not gone through twenty pages before he perceived he was in the hands of an intellectual giant, whose strength of reasoning he was as unable to resist as he was to oppose the decrees of Fate. Not only did he find, at the outset, all those arguments upon which his unbelief had rested, demonstrated to be fallacies, but other arguments in favour of infidelity, which he had never heard of, equally challenged, and also reduced to nothing. No poor man, examining a deed conveying to him a magnificent estate, ever drank in each sentence and word with more profound interest. As he continued to read, his late sad views, his past anxieties, — life, death, the world and all it contained, faded into comparative insignificance beside the stupendous discovery he was making, that Christianity, with

scene. Belief in an all-wise, all-powerful, benevolent, paternal God had gradually risen up in his mind, even as the morning follows the night; and it was an immovable foundation on which to erect his new system of philosophy. The extraordinary letter of his father, confessing his change of opinion, he had brooded over with the most inexpressible interest, partly owing to the intrinsic remarkable-ness of the incident, and partly to the peculiar state of mind in which the intelligence of it found him. He was at that moment at last conscious that he groped in darkness, that there was on the earth no single beam of light; and the simple fact, that a mind like his father's, so clear, bold, and independent, so far above vulgar terror or superstition, had discovered in Christianity a sublime truth, not only startled and bewildered him, but raised in him a very exciting curiosity.

Of all volumes which have ever been written in illustration and confirmation of Christianity, the work of Bishop Butler, called "The Analogy of Religion,"

is, perhaps, the most extraordinary. He commenced reading this book, not as he had before done, with a mere desire to get through with it, as a tedious task, but with an intense thirst for truth, now the most eager craving of his nature. He had not gone through twenty pages before he perceived he was in the hands of an intellectual giant, whose strength of reasoning he was as unable to resist as he was to oppose the decrees of Fate. Not only did he find, at the outset, all those arguments upon which his unbelief had rested, demonstrated to be fallacies, but other arguments in favour of infidelity, which he had never heard of, equally challenged, and also reduced to nothing. No poor man, examining a deed conveying to him a magnificent estate, ever drank in each sentence and word with more profound interest. As he continued to read, his late sad views, his past anxieties, — life, death, the world and all it contained, faded into comparative insignificance beside the stupendous discovery he was making, that Christianity, with

all its absurdities, with all its impossibilities, might be true, — true according to the strictest rules of evidence, true according to the severest principles of philosophy, true beyond the contradiction of the most wilful sceptic; true to reason, true even to Nature, true to the plainest dictates of common sense.

In the midst of these studies, the period arrived when the doctor gave him leave to visit Carlsbad.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was in the early part of June that in a diligence, for he had laid aside the expensive luxury of a travelling carriage, he reached the superb broad road which leads down the steep mountain at whose base, hidden in one of the loveliest valleys of Bohemia, lies the town of Carlsbad. The striking scenery of the spot is alone sufficient to render it remarkable and worth visiting ; but it is prized by invalids as the monarch of German watering-places, to which, in the fine season, pilgrims resort from distant parts of the globe.

The scene which presents itself to the eye of the stranger, as he winds slowly and carefully down the mountain-road, is exquisite beyond description. The peculiar character of the *chaussée* reveals the

various features of the picture with a pomp of display resembling the studied artifice of a theatric exhibition, if, indeed, a theatric exhibition could be so bright and imposing. At first, from the high mountain brow, the stranger beholds nothing but a sea of solitary verdure waving upon the sides and tops of apparently inaccessible eminences; but, as he descends towards the valley, by short and acute angles, turning suddenly along a series of platforms, each one immediately beneath the other, at every abrupt bend some new portion of the enchanting panorama bursts upon him, till he who has, perhaps, come thousands of miles in hopes of leaving here some distressing or dangerous malady, feasts his languid eyes on the welcome scene, the green tender lawns, the pretty river, the broad, leaning hill-sides, the winding walks, the various bridges, the long avenues of trees, and the ancient town, with its crowded, irregularly built, antique-looking houses, and picturesque old cathedral—a sort of Jerusalem in the vision of the invalid.

As Harry followed the course of this zig-zag road, he looked from the window upon the ever-fresh and beautiful face of nature, and hailed the resplendent scene with an emotion as new as it was delicious and indescribable. He felt as if he were just born. He began, at least, to have an idea what it was to be born again. For years he had ceased to admire nature, or to regard it as other than a false and lying cheat, a sweet accident, a fair and cruel illusion; but now it raised far other thoughts and feelings. It was a portion of the works of an Almighty God, a benevolent, superintending, affectionate Father, given to man for his benefit and his delight. It was spread thus splendidly before his eyes, as an emblem of virtue and of truth. It was the magnificent path over which he was to travel in his pilgrimage of immortal life. He was not an insect, by chance crawling on its surface, and destined to pass away, unmourned and forgotten, from its bright fields and solemn rocks. He was its lord, its master, treading with celestial feet its

beauteous fields, and destined to quit it only for scenes more bright and eternal!

It is not our intention to follow the mind of our young hero through its various changes during the six weeks spent at this delightful spot. The subject may be considered by some too serious for this species of history; though we can see nothing more interesting or more worthy to be described, in a proper spirit, on all occasions, than the swaying round of an intelligent young mind from youthful scepticism to religious faith.

He had, however, already become a Christian. He had not by any means examined the whole subject. There were often in his mind doubts which he could not explain, and which appeared totally inconsistent with belief; but he had caught a ray of that celestial faith which the sublime Being who appeared on earth to enlighten, purify, and console poor, guilty, weary, and struggling man, demanded of his followers as a sign of sincerity. For the first time in his life our doubting sceptic saw and felt what it was

to have faith : he believed he should become a Christian, and therefore he was one. He could not always disperse every dark cloud of doubt, but he believed they would one day be dispersed. He felt he had been for years plunged into an agony of gloom and ignorance, which, by a single idea, once fairly admitted, was ended for ever. The essay of Butler had clearly convinced him that Christianity was not only not impossible, according to the dictates of the coldest reason, but was as clearly and unanswerably proved as any fact in science, history, or nature. This was an astounding discovery, the most tremendous and sublime event of his life ! It thrilled him with unutterable emotion, unutterable hope, unutterable love ! It gave new action, new vitality, to every faculty and attribute of his being that was noble and high, while it checked at once and for ever all the puny fears, all the dark doubts, all the grovelling desires and trembling misgivings which had, till now, counteracted the best purposes, and chilled the holiest impulses

of life. Yes, he was a Christian! The moment he was persuaded Christianity was not impossible, he believed it to be true. It was convincing, like the solution of an enigma, which, once divulged, is self-evident. Regarded from this point of view, the world assumed a different, a more important, a more real, a brighter, warmer, nobler appearance. He looked abroad upon the infinite universe, and far down into his own deep heart, and all that was dark grew bright, and all that was confused and mysterious became intelligible. A flood of rapture rolled in upon him — immortality! It was a thought too dazzling, too stupendous! It rescued not only himself from insignificance, destruction, and despair, but it restored to him all those he loved. So long accustomed had he been to regard himself as a worm; to contemplate the grave as his last, only, resting-place; to look upon all things around as matters in which he could have no concern; and the skies above him, and the immeasurable future, as secrets locked for ever

from him as one too contemptible and fleeting ever to know or have part in them: this new change in his destiny had in it something overwhelming, and he saw it would require his whole life to rearrange his thoughts and plans on this mighty scale.

These were the emotions with which, just released from a death-bed, and a long confinement to a sick-room, our young traveller saw burst upon him the broad, far-stretching champagne, and the deep, rich valley, which greet the stranger on arriving at Carlsbad.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It happened, at this time, that Dr. K—, one of the greatest physicians of Europe, was himself taking the waters. Harry at once placed himself under his care. The second morning after his arrival, Dr. K— paid him his first professional visit.

“Tell me your symptoms.”

Harry explained his bodily sensations.

“Let me look at you? Come to the window.”

He obeyed. A stream of light fell upon his face as the eyes of his examiner were fixed upon him. There was something in the appearance of this celebrated man which denoted a remarkable person. His countenance beamed with mind and benevolence. His eyes were large, black, and piercing. His manner full of thought and experience. There was that in him

which instantly made you feel he was an uncommon man.

Harry almost blushed as he stood the long, deliberate, searching scrutiny of those eyes, which, piercing into each line and feature, at length seemed to gaze through his own, and to read the secret thoughts of his soul.

“Your original disease is in the mind,” said the doctor, after several minutes’ pause. “Your intellectual and moral faculties have been over-cultivated and consumed. You have long had something preying on your spirits!”

“I have.”

“I will not ask further, but is it removable?”

“That, doctor,” said Harry, “you can tell better than I.”

And he proceeded with frankness, as he had done to Doctor B— to relate his feelings and opinions, with the various circumstances of the last ten years which had led to them, and particularly the state of mind into which he had fallen respecting religion.

The doctor smiled, but in a very different way from the merry little fat Doctor B—.

“ By disclosing your complaint, you prove that the remedy is at hand, and your manner of relating your extremely interesting history induces me to hope you are about to find it. But it is not physical, and cannot be cured by physical remedies. In order to promote a more zealous search of it, let me make one remark. I am sixty years old. I have practised my profession forty years. My duties have brought me in contact with all kinds and classes of men, and I have given particular attention to this subject. When I was two-and-twenty, I was also an infidel. The grave events of life also made me re-examine. Upon doing so with more mature mind and greater care, I became convinced that there is nothing more shallow, pert, ignorant, and unreasonable than infidelity; and nothing more rational, wise, tranquillizing, and durable than a full, entire faith in the Bible and in Christianity. Without it,

although thoughtless or bad men, engaged in the absorbing pursuits of life, may fancy themselves for a time contented, no man can be permanently and truly happy. Go on ! you cannot fail to arrive at perfect faith. You never can be happy without it, nor can you ever be perfectly unhappy with it. The Carlsbad waters will benefit you ; but a holy and solemn study of Christianity will cure you. Religion is the proper air, light, and nutriment of the human soul ; and it came, believe me, from the hand of God, his last, best gift to mortality."

Harry felt an ineffable delight at hearing these words. Young sceptics often find their greatest difficulty, a certain shame at being supposed duped by an absurd superstition ; and their confidence in the sublime and mysterious truth requires at first the support of example on the part of the enlightened. The infidel example of Harry's father had produced upon him a powerful influence in his younger years. He had unconsciously taken a stand on that ground in his

scepticism. Now that it was removed, and his father himself had acknowledged his error, the contrary effect became instantly visible in his new desire to examine.

A certain intimacy speedily grew up between the doctor and his young patient. There was a mutual sympathy, which, notwithstanding the difference in their age, could scarcely fail to lead to friendship ; especially in a place like Carlsbad, where people are continually together in the open air, and very much thrown upon each other's aid in endeavouring to pass away the time. The doctor was as learned as he was sincerely pious, and was pleased to see an intelligent young mind caring less for the sensual, visible things immediately around it, than for those mighty invisible truths, which most men trouble themselves so little about, and which, nevertheless, at some period or other of all our lives, acquire such a tremendous importance. Harry was charmed to find one, so much older and wiser than himself, one stamped by the

voice of fame, not only as a man of sense and knowledge,^a but of genius, regarding his blind gropings after truths, which no one else cared about, with lively sympathy, and a friendly desire to assist him in his spiritual progress.

In the mean time Harry went on studying industriously. He read for the first time, in connection with the prophecies, a History of the Jews, which filled him, as well it might, with awful amazement. The doctor marked a Bible for him, and designated some German volumes illustrative of it, the perusal of which gave him fresh reason to wonder at the perfect clearness of the subject, and his own complete previous ignorance.

When he met with a difficulty, as he frequently did, the doctor was at hand to solve it; and he was surprised to see how many perplexing points, apparently inexplicable, were made clear as the simplest fact, by a new idea, or a little closer study. Under such wise direction his mind was led along a path of reading, reflection, and observation, very different

from the wild and idle wanderings of its earlier days. He passed 'in regular review the direct and fundamental proofs; and that long series of things, reaching from the beginning of the world to the present time, and making up in the whole one argument, which, viewed together, has been said to resemble the effect of architecture.

In the course of his examination, he found one remarkable peculiarity. The more closely he examined, the more he believed. Each step was a discovery, and always pointing one way. If he ever doubted, it was just in proportion as he receded from the subject.

Harry was thus, at last, engaged in a very important investigation, under extremely favourable circumstances. His mind was enlarged by travel, reflection, and study. His heart was purified by grief, and softened by self-reproach. He had, for the time, leisure and exemption from those pressing cares which keep most men's minds for years in one daily routine; and he had at his side a very

remarkable man, belonging to a profession not easily led away by enthusiasm ; a man of talent, celebrity, calmness and learning, fully believing in Christianity, and also ready and willing to reply to his inquiries. Dr. K—— understood the subject like a theologian ; but explained it with the coolness of a man of the world. Few men, in these utilitarian days, think of examining Christianity ; and those who do, rarely give it the time and attention bestowed by our hero. For several months it had exclusively occupied his mind. He had pursued it with a zealous industry and determination, which men often exhibit in their projects of avarice, revenge, love, or ambition, but (and is it not strange that it should be so?) rarely in things not connected with the little transitory hour of human existence. More fleeting than the pebbles they walk on, and the houses they build, they fall, with every breath, like autumn leaves. And yet, but one in ten thousand, like Harry, and he only when startled into it by an extraordinary chain of events,

thinks of really examining, with any degree of interest, into the life, deeds, and claims of the sublime Being who receives the worship of modern civilization ; at whose name so many adoring nations bend the knee ; whose coming was heralded so many thousand years by the voice of prophecy, and the murmur of human expectation ; at whose appearance the most stupendous fabrics of mortal strength dissolved into air, and not only temples and towers, but thrones and systems, vanished like vapours before the rising sun ; whose calm words have penetrated to the remotest parts of the earth, and will penetrate to the most distant period of time ; to whom so many millions and millions of dying eyes have been turned when all things else were shrouded in night ; and who has left in men's possession proofs of his existence, of his power, of his works, of his origin, of his design, as unanswerable as those of any inscrutable truth of science—the sun's light, or the comet's speed !

. CHAPTER XXVII.

THE waters of Carlsbad, under such propitious circumstances, rapidly and completely re-established Harry's health. His happiness, with the exception of some painful thoughts, was in a still more remarkable manner restored by the elevating moral influence of his new opinions. With each delightful day he brought to the doctor some new, or rather some old, objection against the Bible; and he continued to be amazed at the satisfactory manner in which all these were explained. The striking and apparently fabulous events of the Scriptures, the crimes of God's chosen people and his favourite individuals, the cruelties ordered by the Creator, the miracles of the Old and New Testament, the thousand arguments so naturally urged by an intelligent unbeliever against the whole system, one after the other of these was so satisfac-

torily replied to, that he could not help wondering he had so long been the passive dupe of fallacies.

One or two plausible arguments against religion still remained.

“There are other religions, to which some of the arguments used in support of Christianity would equally apply. Once allow miracles, and all the rest is easy. One of Volney’s most powerful passages is where he represents the followers of Jesus as wrangling with those of the Arabian prophet, and lost in a crowd of other groups who claim the palm of Divine honours for Zoroaster, Vishnu, or Brahma.”

The doctor replied to this with a smile.

“Here it is wherein Volney is either deceived or dishonest. Bring before yourself, for instance, all the evidence in favour of all the other religions. Do you suppose your opinion could be made to waver an instant, even respecting the absurdity of pretending a Divine origin to a single one of them? Do you believe it could be proved that Mahomet was other than a man, or that Mars or Neptune were gods, or that fire is the proper object of worship? Go study these

religions, and you will soon be aware that Christianity is as much better founded on reason and nature, as much more incontrovertible, when examined by the highest intelligence, and according to received rules of evidence, as modern astronomy and chemistry are better founded than astrology and alchymy. God has given to navigation the compass, to moral philosophy the Bible. If any doubt the mysterious wonders of either, let them examine, and they will be convinced. The great Butler searched into the foundations of Christianity. Do you suppose his 'Analogy' could have been written upon any other religion?"

"But, confess," rejoined Harry, "that, if Christianity has its Newtons and its Butlers, Infidelity has its Humes, Gibbons, Paines, Volneys, and Strausses."

"Truth," replied the doctor, "cannot take its place in the world without opposition. It is that which tries, tests, and establishes it. In science and philosophy has it not always been attacked and persecuted? Can you show that these attacks

have destroyed it? That Christianity would be opposed, is one of its own doctrines. Did not Christ predict it? and was he not crucified?"

"But then the small number of really sincere Christians!"

"Another of its predictions. It is said, repeatedly, 'not every one shall understand,' and 'narrow is the gate, and few there be that find it.' Is not virtue truth? and yet how few are virtuous!"

"But, at so late an age, a good man, and a most intelligent one, like Strauss, produces such a book as his 'Life of Jesus,' and finds for it so many supporters! I confess that sometimes startles me."

"Germany," said the doctor, "is an instrument in the hands of Providence. She is the type of modern earthly philosophy, and is destined to bring to the unbelieving side, all the light of science, and all the force of intellect. The nation is going through a process: at present she doubts, she will one day recover from her doubt; she is now in a transition-state. From Luther to Strauss is a period

in her history. Have you not read the work of Neander on the same subject?"

"No."

"I must then relate to you an anecdote. When Strauss's work was published, it was proposed to his Majesty, the King of Prussia, to prohibit it in his dominions. He referred the matter to Neander, who advised against prohibiting it, with the assurance, that it would eventually make more apparent the Divine origin of the religion it so powerfully attacks. But this book seems to have made an impression on you?"

"A deep one; and on you?"

"Also, at first. But the more I examined it, the more I perceived it was but an ingenious concentration of all that could be said against what is nevertheless the truth. The arguments and evidence on the other side still preponderate."

"But, there is something convincing," rejoined Harry, "there is something staggering, in the clear, practical, searching and sensible views of Strauss. The reason and the heart sometimes respond to his appeals."

"This proves," said the doctor, "that he is a clever man, and sincere in what he advocates; but it does not prove, that what he advocates is not an error. I know Strauss very well. He is an amiable, worthy, honest man. But he has made a mistake. He has taken the wrong side, and that has been very distinctly proved against him. He begs the question."

"In what way?"

"He says, for instance, 'whenever there is a miracle we may presume a myth.' The sophistry of this, when the possibility of miracles is the subject of the debate, is clear. He does not admit the early existence of the gospels. His whole system is founded on an impossibility, as contrary to nature and experience as the very miracles which he dogmatically assumes to be myths. In short, however forcible his reasoning, it falls to the ground the moment we discover his premises are false. There are enthusiasts in infidelity as well as in superstition. This worthy Dr. Strauss is one."

"Yet," resumed Harry, after a pause, "I confess a doubt occasionally comes over me when I see whole nations, like Germany and France, reject Christianity, and when I see that, after it has been in the world more than eighteen hundred years, such men as Strauss, Hume, Gibbon, and that school, openly ridicule it."

"And, granting it to be really true, do you suppose it could be otherwise? Do you know there is an astronomer now living who denies the truth of the Copernican system? and yet this is susceptible of mathematical demonstration. Take any question that arises in England, for example, any book, any personage, any system of philosophy, there will be an attack and a defence. That Christianity would be attacked, rejected, persecuted, ridiculed, and would nevertheless survive, is a remarkable part of Christian prophecy, is in fact a strong evidence of its Divine origin. But Germany and France, as nations, do not reject it. The ablest refutation of Strauss's book is from the French press; and, while it leaves untouched the superstructure, has demolish-

ed the foundation. Christianity is inextinguishable. It is a part of nature, like air and light. It is a creation, not an invention. It has become a necessary aliment of the human soul. The rich, the great, the learned, the philosopher, and, yet more particularly, the young, the bad, the selfish, and the thoughtless, may fancy they can do without it. Mankind, as a race, think otherwise. Doubt may come over nations as over individuals; but nevertheless, Christianity will last till the end of all things. The very fact that, at this age, it requires to be attacked by science and philosophy, and that it is attacked vainly, is an evidence of its indestructibility and truth. We don't believe any longer in Neptune or the nymph of Egeria. No other religion would bear the scrutiny it has received. What said the Sublime Founder? 'The heavens and the earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away.' Be assured the ultimate effect of Strauss's book will be to display the uselessness of attacking Christianity."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Our limits do not permit us to follow the various conversations of the learned believer and the young tyro, whose habits of scepticism still sometimes clung to him, who guarded himself, as far as possible, from every impulse of enthusiasm, and who yielded each lingering doubt only when reason showed it was without foundation. Nor, even could we relate them, did these conversations embrace half the arguments in confirmation of that Truth which had dawned upon Harry's mind the moment he commenced an examination in the right spirit. The attempt to compress all the proofs within the scope of a few conversations, would be like endeavouring to unfold in the same space history, science, and nature.

In the midst of his researches, his estimable friend was suddenly struck with a

dangerous illness, which, in a few days, was declared incurable. For a time, the physicians had refused Harry admission, as well as crowds of other friends, to the sick chamber; but, at length, when the immediate and fatal termination of the disorder became apparent, they no longer opposed an interview. Harry was, accordingly, admitted to the presence of one who, but a day or two before, had been striding with him up those bright mountain-walks in all the vigour of life. He was altered shockingly; so much so, indeed, as to be scarcely recognizable. His attenuated features, pallid complexion, large sunken, terrible eyes, were enough to frighten a stouter heart.

Harry, for a few moments, felt as if he should be unable to support the awful spectacle. The invalid made one or two attempts to say something, but had not the strength. His desire, however, to make some remark or request was so apparent, that the nurse suggested various observations, to each of which he replied, by a scarcely perceptible shake of the head.

"Do you wish anything?"—"No."

"Would you like to see anybody?"
—"No."

"Do you suffer?"—"No."

"Do you wish to say something?"

An affirmative look.

"Shall I leave you, my friend?" inquired Harry, with tearful eyes.—"No."

"Shall I remain with you?"—"Ah! yes, yes!"

"That is what you wished to say?"—
"Yes, yes."

And the smile with which he saw that, at length, he was understood, seemed full of peace and happiness. Even while it lingered on his lips he fell asleep.

"He will wake in a short time," said the physicians, "but only to pass away."

In an hour he awoke.

"Read to me," said he, in a stronger voice.

"What book?" inquired Harry.

"There is but one."

Harry read a part of the Gospel of St. John.

The dying man looked up to him gratefully when he had finished.

"I am going," he said; "I am passing away. Study your Bible; it's the only thing that can help you when you lie here." *

He fell back, with a smile; the physician closed his eyes. His spirit had passed away, calmly and happily.

"And this," thought Harry, "is Death! This is what I have so much feared; so much misunderstood. This has been the bugbear of my youth, the spectre, the tyrant. Noble friend! I thank you for summoning me to behold this, the last, and the sublimest of all your lessons."

* These were also the dying words of Sir Walter Scott; *vide* Lockhart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE last day he was to spend at Carlsbad was bland, still, and most delicious. All nature appeared bright and promising, full of deep meaning, and ineffable, almost intolerable, beauty. Harry was strong, and in calm spirits again ; his nerves were tranquillised, his head clear, his heart light, his hopes high. Periods of great depression he had suffered, while reflecting on the dark deed he had committed ; but he found, in the volume to which he had now been taught to look for consolation and guidance, so many promises of pardon to those who asked it, in the proper spirit, that his whole soul floated in an element of pure happiness.

For the last time he wandered about the exquisite promenades of this delightful spot. He mounted the steep hills,

and gazed in mute rapture on the enchanting views. He entered the solitary, sombre woods, and looked down on the broad tract of splendid scenery which, dotted with towns and villages, lay unrolled beneath his feet, like a map. He breathed the fragrant air of the mountains. He heard the voices of the falling brooks, and the warbling birds. He beheld the streams of sunshine pouring richly into the dark glades and tranquil valleys, the silky clouds scattered in soft groups about on the air; and it seemed to him, that his immortal soul, long lost in a blind sleep, and a dark and terrible dream, had just returned to him. All his oppressive gloom had passed away. He looked around him with the calm grandeur of an immortal being, just setting out in its career of ages, scarcely treading with mortal feet the rolling earth, destined to soar above death itself; and to continue, in spite of the clouds of earth, its cares, or its disappointments, a course of happiness without end.

The whole day he remained upon the

mountains. He watched the setting sun descend, and the moon rise broad and silent from the opposite hills. The stars, one after the other, became visible ; and he listened to the strains of a band of music, which rose, softened, from below, mingled with the voices of children playing in the fields.

We pause. We drop the veil over the mind and heart of him who, through ignorance, error, solitude, and sickness ; through grief for the dead, crime, unhappiness, despair, and profound thought, had receded a step from the world, and approached the throne of his Creator. We shall not attempt to penetrate further the sacred mystery of the process which God grants here and there to a pure heart, by which the things seen "as in a glass darkly" become less confused and obscure, and the soul appears to be partly freed from earth, before life quits the body. It has been said, that the most interesting of histories would

be that of a human heart, but we are not disposed to approach, with a too profane familiarity, the inner workings of the spirit. We have ventured to trace the exterior events which fixed our hero's attention to his own nature and destiny, and which, at length, gave to his blind soul the power of vision. In all the range of human sensations, none are so sublime as those of a man who, long accustomed to regard himself as a miserable passing worm, feels the first foreshadowings of immortality, and sees through the gates of death into the perennial groves beyond.

"The sublime effect of religion," says Zimmermann, "is tranquillity;" and, at length, this unaccustomed blessing was bestowed upon our wanderer, with that deep stillness which the Divine Master has promised to his followers under the name of "rest." Far be it from us to attempt to depict his emotions. Even, if well described, they could not be comprehended, except by those who have experienced them, and such need no de-

scription. He felt himself undergoing a change, and beholding the most stupendous and infinite changes going on around him; not carried away by that enthusiasm which attends great worldly discoveries and triumphs, but with that silent and sublime attention with which an astronomer, through his glass, gazes on the motions and habits of the heavenly bodies, beholds rings, and moons, and comets, and suns, appear and disappear, at the command of God. He scarcely felt wonder, for nothing was more wonderful than other things. The Son of Man came to bear witness to the truth. Pilate (and, through his lips, all the unbelieving part of mankind) asks, "What is truth?" The Galilean Peasant replied not to the worldly Roman magistrate; but to those who seek it, He replies, at length, by the spiritual light which is shed upon their souls.

Harry's prospects on earth were but sad. He could not be certain that sorrow did not await him at home. He had reason to fear events had stripped him of

all his earthly fortune. The object of his affection was, he did not doubt, already united to another. His father was ill. He knew not what painful discoveries awaited him on reaching America, and yet he was calm. His love for each object of affection was increased, but, at the same time, he had become more brave, and more trusting. He no longer relied on himself. He was no longer tossed by the waves of his own ungovernable passions. He no longer felt himself the sport of chance. A new confidence, a new dignity, had entered his soul. Who shall tell the change which had already taken place in his character ?

CHAPTER XXX.

HOME, home was at last sought. Harry was on the sea. Europe had sunk behind him with its mighty forms and lessons. He had been away ten years. They did seem strangely fleeting when looked back upon ; it appeared but as yesterday.

As the voyage drew near its close, various emotions filled his mind. Since his departure, he had learned two grave lessons. First, that he could never be happy without a religion. Second, that a life spent abroad must be, at least, to him a melancholy one. He felt the want of a thousand nameless influences which exist only at home. There is a breath in the native air which the soul requires. The foot longs to tread the haunts of boyhood ; and Alpine cliffs, and foreign shores, become far less lovely to the eye, than the simple fields where the mind

caught the first rays of light, and where the heart first opened itself. Let no one, who is wise and good, choose to live absent from his country. It either spoils the character, or overshadows the happiness. There are yearnings, and pains, and sadnesses, and disappointments, which they who mourn at the necessity of remaining at home, have no idea of. To come abroad and gaze awhile on the brilliant and thrilling things unveiled to the traveller, is a rational and great pleasure; but go home before your home is changed, before you are changed. Return before friends grow cold and suspicious, before the place you fill in their hearts is given to others. Live with those who saw your youth, who have watched your course, who know and who love you. He who has passed his life abroad, however warm and true his heart, (and sometimes it becomes warmer and truer in absence,) returns not the same in person, and, of course, somewhat different in habit and mind. He finds all changed. Children are men and women,

the old have become sensibly older, some are fallen in fortune, some dead, some have entered into entirely new connexions. All those vicissitudes, which are supportable when they take place with slow transitions, strike him painfully at one glance; and many a friend he meets only to discover he has lost him for ever.

These thoughts passed through Harry's mind as he stood gazing upon the heaving waste of ocean, over which he was ploughing his way towards the scenes so cherished in his memory,—towards persons now beloved more than ever.

Let not the reader think he was altogether happy. Dark clouds were sometimes on his mind. Frank's death—he was hastening back to the grave of his affectionate brother; and there are times when the weak mortal body, in spite of all the cheering promises of faith, cannot resist grief for the dead, and, most of all, for those untimely and cruelly deprived of life. The recollection of Middleton's fate still more appalled him. Oh! why had he not listened to his mother? Why had

he not properly examined before? Here he bore in his bosom a subject of eternal regret.

What was he going to see on landing? Was his father well or ill? Would any more be absent from the domestic circle? He had received no letters within dates later than a year. They had expected him, and had probably, therefore, not written. To what extent had the changes in his father's pecuniary affairs taken place? What was the story his mother had referred to concerning Mary? What had she to say about Emmerson? Miss Elton, too, was now either married, or poor, and living with his family. In the latter case, he was going to inhabit the same roof with her. It required some effort to repress his strange emotion at this thought. He was surprised to find how he still clung to the image of one who had so clearly manifested her indifference to him; but she was, doubtless, married, as Emmerson had stated her intentions in his last letter. He resolved to admit no thought of her among the tender anticipations and asso-

ciations of home, which now crowded upon him. But the pang with which he forced himself to hope that she was married, and was now with her chosen husband in Charleston, might have taught him what would be the difficulty of keeping this resolution. Despite his sternest efforts her image would rise before him. A thousand tender inquiries connected with her pressed on his mind. What sort of a person was her husband? Would she be happy? Did she, could she love him? Had she married him for his fortune? It looked like it. He blushed at his ungenerous suspicion; but facts stared him in the face. Had she not encouraged Emmerson? Had he not himself confessed it, and yet to reject him for even another! Strange character! cold, fickle, selfish, and yet under a form so attractive, so fair, so noble. Nothing could have convinced him of her complete unworthiness, had not Emmerson himself borne his accidental and unwilling testimony against her.

The recollection of Emmerson raised a

new train of reflections. He thought he could comprehend his mother's mysterious hint about him. His imagination dwelt on the subject, and constructed a little romance out of it. His father had taken Emmerson from a state of destitution,—had brought him out, and placed him in a career of prosperity. Now that these changes had come over the spirit of their dream, Emmerson had, doubtless, stepped forward, and devoted his talents and his whole life to repay the obligation. Emmerson, in the absence of his benefactor's sons, had been himself a son, had conducted the affairs of the office, had relieved him in the period of his illness from all anxiety. He felt almost jealous of so much goodness; he nearly envied him the pure delight of thus expressing his gratitude.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"LAND a-head!"

"Whither away?"

"Over the lee bow!"

Ah! the thrilling sound!—thrilling and sweet to him who has been but a few months away from his native shores; but, to such a wanderer as Harry, it produced an enchantment beyond expression, but full of fearful interest, only calmed by the effort of a great mind, — great, because God had breathed upon it a portion of His strength and spirit.

It was the brightest day that ever shone, at least so it seemed to Harry, as the sun began to decline from his noon-day glory into the soft yellow, Claude-like light of the afternoon. The blue speck grew more definite, and large, and near. Ships of all sizes were around them, com-

ing and going. Amongst them, Harry was struck by the sight of a magnificent steamer on her way to England.

No one, who has not seen it, can conceive how beautiful the sea is at times, or how exquisitely, unutterably beautiful the land is, to one approaching it after a long voyage. Men do not know that ivory and gold, and pearl and silver, are not more resplendent than the simple rocks and common ground, the beach, the shore, the lawn, the field ; and that all the delicious melodies of Mozart or Rossini cannot compare with the first land-sounds—with the first words of the pilot who jumps down upon deck, with his hands full of newspapers, his quiet, cool, professional, unagitated look, strangely contrasting with the eagerness of the beings who are approaching the land he has just left, with emotions which it never entered his imagination to comprehend.

Harry took up a newspaper, but laid it down again. He could not read it: his eyes were fastened to the advancing shores. Was it possible that long low point was

behind him ?—that these leaning meadows were his native land ?—that, after looking on Jerusalem and Egypt, he was at last close to Staten Island and Long Island ?—that the little boat, which was cutting the waves so swiftly, was not a Spanish felucca, but a news-boat, in the service of one of the New-York papers.

He placed himself in the bows. It was a strange and ravishing dream. He felt he was enjoying a moment rarely given to a mortal. Ah ! the radiant shore, close on his side ; the grass, the trees, the ploughed field, the old waggon and wheelbarrow, the cottage, the ships, motionless and at anchor ! His breathing became thick ; his heart beat violently. He was suffering pain. He could no longer distinguish, through his thick-coming tears, the bright-coloured familiar scenes gliding so tranquilly behind, and rising so silently around him.

On, and on, went the tall stately ship ; on, and on, over the level, silvery flood ; her broad white sails all set, and filled with a steady gentle breeze, soft as the tide of emotion which swelled his own

bosom, while land-thoughts pressed on his heart, and land-odours blew against his face.

At length, as the ship went still on and on, a point was turned, and lo ! the city ! the distant, soft, glittering, bristling city, lying there ever, on the limpid tide ! over it the thin cloud, sent up by the dust and smoke and breath of its hundreds and thousands of busy inhabitants, teeming with human thoughts and human passions, with joy and woe, and hate and fear, and love, and vice and virtue. And there was the forest of crowded masts ; and there, buried in verdant foliage, and steeped in mellow sunshine, lay HOBOKEN — that dark, dark spot, drenched with the heart's blood of his poor brother — of so many brothers, sons, and husbands.

And here, for a time, the bright tide of his thoughts grew black ; and bitter were the recollections of his past life, and his counsels, and infidel opinions freely expressed, and his brother's early grave, and the mouldering bones of Middleton, cut off by his stern hand in the midst of his follies and of his sins.

planted upon the bow, alone, and with

his face turned from all who could behold it, the young man long strove in vain with his tears. But nearer and nearer he came, and calmer and brighter associations relieved him. The city, which he had so often and often seen in his dreams, from which he had been separated for so weary an interval, and which raised in his heart so many memories and hopes and fears, grew more distinct, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of a great metropolis. He could scarcely persuade himself it was no vision. But it came nearer and nearer—more real—more true:—no, it is impossible to paint his feelings.

“Would any of the passengers like to go ashore to-night?” inquired the captain, in a cool business-like voice. “We shall be up to the dock in the morning.”

“In the morning!” cried Harry. “I shall spring into the water if you don’t send me ashore this moment. In the morning! My dear captain! don’t come near me! I shall commit some assault on you.”

"Boat, sir?" cried a man, a New-York face, who had just clambered up into the ship and jumped down upon the deck.

"To be sure!"

"Come this way, sir, if you please, sir."

"Good-b'ye! Good-b'ye! God bless you!" cried a dozen voices. "I put up at the Astor—see you to-morrow! Good-b'ye! God bless you!"

Harry was in a moment seated in the stern of the little boat, his heart going like a high-pressure steam-engine.

"Take care of the oar, sir," said the man, as he shoved off.

Harry looked back once at the ship. You must have been to sea, good reader, to know how a ship really looks on the outside, after you've come a voyage in her. But we've no time just here to describe the long, slender, wave-worn beautiful thing. He was already near the White Hall Wharf, where, ten years ago, he had embarked. The boatman lifts the dripping oars, lays them along the benches, and pulls in with a boat-hook.

"Stop! Two shillings! You haven't paid, sir!"

This forgotten, but indispensable form complied with, the wanderer, with years on his forehead and in his heart, returned from his far flights, bodily and mental, stood, at length, once more upon his native land, alone, like one in a dream, strongly tempted to burst into tears, but restraining himself with a man's strength of character.

He walked on, staring around him, drinking in with intense curiosity every object, every sight, every sound. He reaches the Battery. A sense of change, of years, of the lapsing away of life, fills his soul. The Battery is diminished in size from the immense tract of land which had been the scene of his boyish sports. But the trees are larger. Is that State-street? Is that Broadway? It is very small. It is strangely foreign-looking, and yet—"

But he could scarcely speak, scarcely think. It was a wild, painful, sweet oppressive moment.

Scarcely feeling the pavement beneath his feet, making his course up Broadway,

among the crowd, with a prodigious effort to look quiet and unconcerned, yet inexpressibly struck each instant by some new sight, some newly-recognised point, some newly-awakened recollection, he reached, at length, his own house and rang the bell.

An old negro servant, who had been in the family as long as he could remember, opened the door.

“ Mr. Lennox ? ” said Harry.

“ Yes, sar. He ’s in, sar. Who shall I have de honor ta say, sar ? ”

“ What ! old Simon ! you don’t know me ? ”

“ Oh ! My patience !—Oh, dear life !—Massa Harry—Oh Lor ! Massa Harry come home ! Massa Harry come back ! ”

And the faithful fellow ran up stairs, and then down stairs, screaming “ Massa Harry come back ! ” and then, returning, stopped his way by stooping down to the floor to clasp his legs, trembling over with joy and attachment.

“ What ? who ? ” said a well-known voice, as a lady hastily descended the stairs.

Oh! years were in her face.

“ My mother !”

“ My son !”

Doors were now opened and closed, and the bustle seemed to be general.

A beautiful woman, whom Harry for one instant positively did not know, threw herself next into his arms, exclaiming

“ My dearest, beloved brother !”

“ What—not Mary ? is it possible !”

“ Where is he ? where is he ? where 's the young dog ? Let me see him ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! Harry, my boy, my son !”

His father appeared—much altered—much, much older !

“ My father !”

Amid kisses, and clasping of hands, and heart-felt embraces, and broken exclamations of rapture, this trembling family group ascended the stairs they scarcely knew how, and entered the drawing-room.

Harry gave one look around, sank on the sofa, and covered his face with his hands, completely overcome.

There was a minute's deep silence. No

one moved, only the tears streamed down every face, till Mrs. Lennox's gentle voice said,

"Open the window, my love; he 's fainting."

"No!" said Harry, starting up. "No. It 's over."

And then they all fell to embracing again, as—in short, just as any other kind, affectionate-hearted people would do under the same circumstances.

"Harry!" cried his mother at length, parting the locks from his forehead, (as she used to do poor Frank's,) "before you say another word, have you remembered your parting promise? Are you a Christian?"

"Mother, I am!"

Mrs. Lennox clasped her hands, and, raising her eyes to heaven, said in a low voice,

"My God! I thank thee!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"But come here! Come here, sir, by the window, and let me look at you!" cried Mr. Lennox. "What! Harry? it is not possible. I have a son left, then? But you 're very much altered."

"I told you, you would come back a man," said his mother, gazing at him.

"And, upon my word, you 're a pretty one," said Mary.

"But how you 're altered!" repeated Mr. Lennox.

"And now, how is it with you all?" demanded Harry, in a low voice. "You had many things to tell me. Are they good or bad?"

"Good, my boy," replied his father. "I'm well, in the first place; and we've had plenty of change, but all has come right at last; and—"

"And we've sold our house and Rose

Hill," cried Mary, with a very mischievous look.

"But bought them again," added Mrs. Lennox.

"And how are all friends?"

"All friends are well," said Mary. "I presume, by 'all friends,' you mean Miss Elton!"

"Mary!" said her mother reprovingly. "The same girl, you see, Harry."

"And we've had a wedding since you left, sir," added Mary.

"Mrs. Elton!" exclaimed Simon, throwing open the door: and Mrs. Elton flew into Harry's arms, and kissed his forehead with the tenderest affection, her eyes full of tears, and talking all the while exactly as if she hadn't left off since he went away. (Probably, she hadn't.) Behind her, very pale, with her eyes cast down, stood Fanny, changed from a lovely girl into a still lovelier woman, and preceded by a maid, carrying one of the prettiest little babies that ever was seen. The pang which this sight gave Harry taught him what a tender

and profound love he had continued to cherish for her, and the hopes, false as air, which, despite all he had heard and seen, had still kept possession of his bosom. For a moment, anguish and indignation contended within him, for he was suffering one of the keenest pangs he had ever experienced. He recovered himself, however, immediately, and advanced to meet her with very much the same manner as that in which he had bade her farewell.

"I am happy to see you," said he, scarcely touching the hand tremblingly extended to him.

He was interrupted by the sudden awakening of the baby, who began to cry,—of course! But, what by no means appeared so natural a consequence, he perceived, with new astonishment, that tears had suddenly gushed into the eyes of its mother; which, after vainly endeavouring to repress, she was striving to hide with her hands, and by turning away her face, upon which, to say the truth, he had scarcely dared to look. The incident occurred while everybody else was talk-

ing, and, perhaps, was not generally observed.

In the midst of this little mystery a new-comer presented himself. A tall, very handsome, very well dressed, very graceful young man, stretching forth his hand, grasped Harry's with a warmth which astonished the latter, although it did not appear to have that effect upon anybody else.

"Confess, at once," said the stranger, "you don't—you don't know me."

"Frankly," replied Harry, in a respectful manner, "but for these witnesses, I should say I had never—Stop!" he added, as if seized with a faint recollection; "but no, and yet—it is not possible! I am not speaking to little Seth?"

"The same," cried Seth; "and, what is more, this saucy one has dared, without your leave or knowledge, to—"

Harry's surprise was not diminished by what followed; for Seth, seizing the hand of Mary, raised it passionately to his lips, and implanted upon the same a first-rate, full-sized, unequivocal kiss.

"And the great traveller is grown too proud to take the least notice of his little nephew," cried Mary.

"What!" exclaimed Harry, starting up; "the baby, then, isn't—"

"Isn't what?" demanded Mr. Lennox. "What do you mean, sir?"

A sudden peal of laughter announced their discovery of his mistake, which was made more perceptible by the joyful enthusiasm with which he instantly hastened to the side of Miss Elton, and, extending his hand, said,

"Fanny, tell me the truth! Are we friends, or not?"

"As you please," said Fanny, with a very bad attempt at perfect indifference.

"Well, I please to be friends; but you are not married?"

"I! married!" echoed Miss Elton, with an astonishment too obvious to leave much doubt on that delicate point.

"Nor going to be?"

"You good-for-nothing young dog!" cried Mr. Lennox. "The girl has refused a dozen of the best matches in town, for you."

"Is that true, Fanny?" demanded Harry, in an agitation he did not even try to repress.

She was silent, and once more turned away her head; but her distress, her blushes, her tears, revealed in a moment the interesting fact.

"And Emmerson, then?" cried Harry, bewildered.

"Is a rascal!" said Lennox sternly."

"Emmerson!" exclaimed Harry.

"I knew—I was sure, it was that Mr. Emmerson's doing!" said Mary.

"Fanny," said Harry, with more calmness, "in the presence of all these beloved ones, hear me declare that, from the first moment I knew you, I loved you. I have never ceased to love you. What error has been between us, I cannot say; but I have been given to understand—"

He stopped.

"And I—" said Fanny, "was informed—"

And she stopped.

"And, I suppose, you were both laid under a promise of secrecy when the sly

calumniator whispered his poison," said Mary.

"Didn't I always tell you he was a deceitful, selfish fellow?" said Seth. "You were going to horsewhip me, you know, sir, for saying so, once upon a time."

"And I'll horsewhip you now, if you say the contrary!" exclaimed Mr. Lennox.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It would require much space to tell all the conversation, the confidences, the discoveries, which gave wings to the hours that passed that night before the circle separated,

Poor Frank was first brought on the tapis, and all that was known respecting his fate. The letter of White, which had been handed to him at the dinner-table, and which had been found in his pocket when the body was brought home, was produced and with it two curls of hair, cut from his forehead by the mother, in sportive affection, the evening before his death, and looking as bright and shining as if his careless forehead and flashing eyes were still beaming beneath. The family picture of the dinner party, by Brigham, was also taken down. These sad but precious mementos were gazed at with mourn-

ful tears, and hearts deeply impressed and awed.

But ten years had glided away since the catastrophe; and time softens the keenest sorrow. When all the circumstances which could be remembered were communicated, both respecting him, and Middleton and Glendinning, there was a pause of solemn and deep recollection, which was suddenly interrupted by a scream. (Mary started; but the reader need not do so, for we have done with horrors for the present.) The said scream announced the awaking of Master Copely. Forgetting the past in the present, the mother, with a look of intense alarm, clasped her hands and darted out of the room, and was immediately followed by Seth, also in some apparent trepidation, — as a good father ought.

“Let them go,” said Mr. Lennox. “If Master Frank Copely do but sneeze, one would think the world had come to an end, at least. I wonder grandmamma hasn’t rushed up also to the rescue.”

“Don’t believe him, Harry,” said Mrs.

Lennox. "He is by far the worst of us all; and does nothing but spoil the baby the whole day long! But I must seize the occasion of Seth's absence to let you a little into his history. You must know he is already a celebrated man."

"One of the most promising lawyers at the New-York bar," said Fanny.

"His eloquence—you've no idea! you can't conceive!" cried Mrs. Elton,—“is the talk of the whole town. When he is to speak, the court-room is invariably crowded. He is destined to a most brilliant career. A more severe student has not been seen. He has been entreated to go into Congress; but he refuses, and—”

"He has already brought back nearly all my business, and is worth five thousand dollars a-year," said Mr. Lennox. "He is making fame and fortune as fast as he can."

"A fine, noble nature!" remarked Mrs. Lennox.

"I always told you," resumed Mrs. Elton, "that Seth was a dear little fellow, and would do you all honour one of these

days. The first time he spoke—oh ! there is a history well worth telling ! a real romance ! You see, one day—”

“But what do you mean by his bringing back your business ?” inquired Harry ; “had you lost your business ?”

“You must know,” said Mrs. Elton, — and she went on with the story, but with such enthusiasm as to be rather incoherent.

“I’ll tell you,” said his father. “Emmerson, whom I took out of jail, whom I brought forward, who owes everything to me. and whom I trusted as if he had been an angel from heaven, has shown himself nothing but a deceitful, sly, selfish hypocrite.”

“What ! Emmerson ?”

“Full of tricks, so mean, that their very meanness is in some degree his protection, for people won’t believe them.”

“I can scarcely credit what I hear !” exclaimed Harry.

“When I met with my losses,” continued his father, “(for you must know, my dear boy ! I am not by one-half so rich as I was when you left,) this man, in pro-

portion as I grew unfortunate, began to manifest his real character; but in a way so wily and cunning, that no one would believe he was doing anything wrong."

"Perhaps you have suspected him unjustly," said Harry.

"Oh! we know him now; but he has managed so skilfully that it is very difficult to expose him to others as he merits."

"Nor do we wish to do so," said Mrs. Lennox. "We are out of his reach, I hope; so, let him go."

"First," continued Mr. Lennox, "I lost Frank; then the news of your affair with Lord Middleton reached here; and was much commented on. Some severe strictures on all of us appeared in the papers. You and Frank were stigmatised as mere brawlers and *roués*. It was insisted upon that you were an intemperate man and had been seen quite intoxicated in the street, and, that I was at times deranged in consequence of grief and shame. By an accident, which Emmerson little suspects,

I have traced these infamous slanders to him."

"You amaze me!"

"At length I suffered a series of pecuniary losses, which at one time threatened to ruin me completely; and, as misfortunes never come singly, I fell dangerously ill. During this time Emmerson had speculated, and made his fortune; and you will hardly believe that I never knew a word of it, so sly was he. It was at this period, when, after having (as I have clearly ascertained) secretly done all in his power to calumniate and injure me; it was at this time, when, instead of stepping forward to save me and my family from ruin, he chose to suddenly withdraw from his connexion with me. How he managed, I can scarcely say; but he did manage to carry with him the greatest part of my business. He stands high. By turning, and winding, and watching, and creeping forward, aided by a keen, sharp, and indefatigable mind, he has acquired, and perhaps deserves, the reputation of a successful lawyer. There I was, sick, blind, slander-

ed, wretched, threatened with utter destitution, scarcely any business in my office, and no one to do that, whom I could trust; while he, all the while pretending the deepest interest in me, visiting my family, continually offering advice, and keeping up such a bland and affectionate demeanour, that your mother and the girls for a long time would not and could not believe he had ever intended to do us the least wrong."

"And I really cannot believe—" said Harry.

"Stop!" said his father, "till you hear the end. One day I was led into court, to attend a trial, which had excited an intense interest throughout the whole State. I was ill, and weak; nearly blind, too: but I took my place at the table with the rest. The counsel for the defence was a young man, who had never been heard of before. He rose to speak. The room was crowded to overflowing. The cause of his client was almost a hopeless one. But he had not addressed the jury half an hour before the audience, excited by elo-

quence the most remarkable that had been ever heard at this bar, in spite of rules and prohibitions, greeted him with a burst of clamorous, irrepressible applause.

“ As he proceeded in the conduct of his case, in the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses, in the logical clearness and irresistible reasoning of his closing speech, and the admirable eloquence with which he, at length, committed his cause to the jury, he displayed a master mind, cultivated in a very high degree. I had never in my life been more moved; and when the jury brought in a verdict for his client, without leaving the box, I heard nothing around me but bursts of delight and admiration, and predictions that the young advocate, if such talents could be retained in so narrow a circle, would assume at once the first place at the New-York bar. Every body sought to compliment him, to be presented to him, and I among the rest.

“ ‘ You ask to be presented to me,’ said he with surprise, ‘ while I have been longing for years to approach you, but dare not.’

“ ‘ You ! approach me ? Dare not ? ’
cried I,

“ ‘ Is it possible you do not recognise
me ? ’

“ ‘ Recognise you ? why, who are you,
sir ? ’

“ ‘ What ! have you forgotten little
Seth ? ’

“ ‘ I thought I should have hugged the
young dog in my arms. I had at that
time just found out Emmerson’s charac-
ter.’ ”

“ ‘ I have no way of repairing my in-
justice ’ said I.”

“ ‘ Yes, you have.’

“ ‘ And how ? ’

“ ‘ I learn you are at last abandoned by
that generous and frank gentleman, whose
name I won’t mention, but of whom my
opinion remains unchanged.’

“ ‘ Yes, yes ; he has left me.’

“ ‘ Let me supply his place.’

“ ‘ You ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I. If study, diligence, perse-
verance, determination, affection, grati-
tude, and —’

“ ‘Stop, sir. Do I understand you to offer to conduct my business?’

“ ‘Yes, yes; it has long been my wish.’

“ ‘Seth, my boy, my noble, fine fellow!’

“ ‘We are rather public here, sir,’ replied he gently, ‘let me call on you and talk it over.’

“ ‘Well, he did so. Very soon after he was installed in my office, and had brought many of my clients back to me. He soon afterwards, by a singular accident, procured incontrovertible proof that Emmerson—”

“ ‘Well, well! let him go,” said Mrs. Lennox. “You know, my dear husband, you can never speak on this subject without getting too much excited, and you have promised me not to speak of it at all. It is enough that we have suspicions, not hastily conceived, that Mr. Emmerson is a sly and selfish person, and that, in secret, he has never been our friend, even when we were loading him with favours, and when he was professing for us the utmost friendship. To put your doubts at rest, my dear

Harry, let me ask you, whether he has never communicated to you anything respecting Fanny, which caused you to wish to separate yourself from her?"

"He has. But I am not at liberty to say what."

"I also," said Fanny, "have been deceived by him in regard to you, though I too am bound not to say how."

"Leave him, then. Shakspeare has already told us, it is not a year or so that shows us a man," said Mrs. Lennox.

"But to return to Seth," continued Mr. Lennox. "Each day made his talents more evident, and his brilliant success more certain. There was only one thing which displeased me. I could never fix him to any arrangement as to his rights and portion of the income of the office. One day I called him to account for this, and told him he must not carry generosity to Quixotism."

"'You mistake me,' said he. 'I am not fearful you will allow me too much; but that you will not grant what I require.'"

I was amazed.

"'What do you require?'" demanded I.

“ ‘Your daughter, sir.’

“ ‘What, Mary?’

“ ‘Even so.’

“ ‘And she?’

“ ‘Has done me the honour to refer me to you.’ ”

“ In a week they were married. The business of the office increased. Some of my former friends and clients continue cold and estranged, and put all their business into the hands of Emerson. But we have, notwithstanding, more than we can well attend to. I recovered a part of the property I had supposed irretrievably gone, just in time to save this house and Rose Hill, and I am once more on safe ground again. Now, sir, if you choose to launch yourself in your profession, no young man ever had a better career before him. You can look about at your leisure, and find some one to take care of you. In case you don’t succeed, why—there’s a forlorn damsel in this house who does not seem to have any owner! I can tell a little *historiette*, also, on this subject. Since you

left, we have somehow or other discovered—”

Harry's eyes here sought those of Fanny, who, with a deep blush, and an expression of conscious guilt (although surely guilt never before looked so interesting) rose, stole softly round to Mr. Lennox's chair, and placed her hand over his mouth. The delighted old gentleman seized it, and drew her towards him. Instead, however, of his usual somewhat boisterous mirth, he kissed her affectionately on her forehead, and said,—

“ Fanny, you have heard what this prodigal son of mine has said. He loves you. Be sincere, my girl, and let me reward his constancy by telling him that you have twice had men of fame and fortune at your feet and rejected them, because—because—in short, because—”

“ —She would never bestow her hand without her heart,” interrupted Mrs. Lennox.

“ I think you may go as far as that,” said Fanny, laughing in the most charming confusion imaginable.

"And when the little heart is already gone—eh? shall not the hand follow?"

There was a moment's pause.

"Fanny," said Harry, in a low voice, "ten years ago, in this room, on this spot, I told you I loved you. Despite all my efforts (and some of yours), despite years and travel, and grief, and experience, I love you still. Time has deprived me of many a hope, many an opinion, has cast upon me many shadows, many changes; but, as regards yourself, I am not changed. One word from your lips will convince me that all I have heard, all I have been led to believe, all I have seen, is reconcilable with that pure and steady affection I once hoped from you. Tell me, then: Do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

Fanny turned away her head, but gave him her hand.

"Hey-day! Hey-day!" cried Mr. Lennox. "That's no way to make love. Assert your rights."

Unable longer to restrain her emotion, poor Fanny fairly burst into tears, upon which Harry, with gentle but deep ten-

derness, caught her to his bosom, and, for the first time, dared to print on her lips the kiss of faithful love, with not more resistance than the established etiquette on such occasions required, and the presence of the three spectators rendered absolutely necessary.

"That's better," cried his father.

"My own Fanny, my sweet wife," cried Harry, taking the small liberty to repeat the embrace.

"Hollo! Hollo; that's enough!" cried Mr. Lennox. "Every one in his turn. I think I've a small account to settle with this young lady."

And said account was balanced forthwith.

"Have I allowed myself to be misled by a scoundrel?" exclaimed Harry. "Have I dared to trifle with your feelings? to remain those long dark years away from you? to part from you so coldly, while my very heart was breaking?"

"You might have left out your order about the portmanteau!" said Fanny, looking at him reproachfully.

"But, confess!" cried Harry, "you did

set the example. You remember that morning when—”

“— I was but a girl,” said she.

“Tut! tut! so you are now,” cried Mr. Lennox.

It is not necessary to note in detail, all the interesting congratulations interchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Elton, during this little *dénouement*, or their manner towards Fanny, when her future position was thus summarily settled. Suffice it to say, that embraces, exclamations of delight, diversified occasionally by a few tears of happiness, were rife on the occasion.

This agreeable scene was interrupted by the re-entrance of the parents of Master Copeley.

“My baby’s asleep,” said Mrs. Copeley, in a whisper.

“And mine have just waked up!” echoed Mr. Lennox, in the same tone.

“The supper is ready, ladies and *gentleman*!” said Simon, entering, with his shining ebon countenance, from which beamed forth a prodigious display of white teeth.

"But, bless my soul!" cried Lennox, "It's three o'clock. Pretty supper-time, indeed."

"Supper been ready two hours ago—called Massar fourteen times. Nobody listen!" cried Simon respectfully.

Harry took the loved hand, which had so unexpectedly become his own, and led Fanny into the dining-room. Dark, sad changes had taken place since last he had seated himself at that table. But, despite the solemn and terrible things of the past (for thus is constituted the human heart), all were happy; all gloomy recollections were banished.

Perhaps the supper wasn't the most tempting that ever was seen, and perhaps the oldest and best wine was not produced, and perhaps there was no popping off of champagne corks, and perhaps the inflowing upon Harry of this new happiness didn't throw around him a manly grace and dignity which had never been seen in him before, and perhaps Fanny's eyes did not venture at last, unchecked by fear, to rest upon his face with pride

and love, and perhaps he did not think, as he gazed on her countenance and perfect form, that, if it had not been the Christian's duty to forgive, he could never pardon Emmerson for having cast one instant's sorrow over that ingenuous and affectionate heart, for having once brought tears into those eyes — though he couldn't but say, the moisture occasionally visible there, gave them a very curious, and, in fact, rather extraordinary power over his feelings.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW more words, and our tale is told.

Randolph is still looked upon as a very good fellow, as the world goes, but will have a fearful account to render one day. Totally destitute of religious feeling, he is ever ready to shoot any man who looks at him ; a dashing, gay fellow, much courted in society, and particularly by the women. He never speaks of Frank. What his reflections are, and what they will be, as age creeps over him, and the world begins to slip away from him, he will, doubtless, learn too soon. He has, once or twice, by chance, met Mrs. Lennox. But there is something in her glance which checks his gaiety and chills his heart.

White may be seen any day at the Traveller's Club, in London ; or in one

of the stalls of Her Majesty's Theatre ; or driving an extremely handsome horse and cab through the crowds of Hyde Park. He has grown stouter than he was. His countenance is fuller, and somewhat bloated. Pleasure, the great object of his life, has been attained and enjoyed. He has many acquaintances, but no friends. He lives for himself, in a continual round of luxuries, plays much, drinks deeper than he did, and has recently discovered that he has the gout. He is considered a *roué*, an egotist, and a man of the world. A person particularly dangerous to insult ; but a very pleasant fellow to dine with.

Holford, whom the reader may remember as the rival orator of Harry at a public meeting, in the earlier part of the story, contrary to Mr. Lennox's prediction, has "turned out" a great man, and been elected governor of one of the Western States. He has found his emptiness and impudence rather advantageous than otherwise ; and has often advanced himself before better men by a bold display of puff, pomposity, and

pretension. Whether he will ever be actually President of the United States, is more than we can say. He is, himself, understood not to discountenance the idea.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, we are sorry to add, behaved very ungratefully to the Lennoxes at the time when they believed themselves ruined. Mr. Henderson had become rich by land speculations, and had the sagacity to place his large gains in a safe investment just before the crisis. He coldly declined rendering the least assistance to his generous patron, when it would have been of great benefit to him, and Mrs. Henderson was very open in expressing her indignation that, under the circumstances, they should have asked it. She had always foreseen and predicted the downfall of the Lennox family. Such extravagance, pride, folly, etc., really merited a lesson. She acknowledged that she "of all persons" ought not to speak against them, but she found it proper to overcome her personal habits and inclinations, from that sense of duty

which often obliges such people to traduce their friends and benefactors—particularly in their misfortunes.

Emmerson continues to advance in his profession, and has already laid the foundation of a large fortune. He was among the foremost to congratulate Harry on his safe return, and came very often to take tea with the family, in the most friendly way possible. In fact, when he felt certain it would not be required, he earnestly requested that any assistance he could render might be asked for without hesitation ; and expressed himself too grateful for past favours to permit of his neglecting any opportunity to repay them. He almost persuaded both Harry and his wife (the reader will not require to be more particularly informed, we hope, who Mrs. Harry Lennox was), that they must have been mistaken in him, and there are not wanting people, to this day, who believe him to be as honest, kind-hearted, and amiable a man as he is a sharp and diligent lawyer. To be sure Seth (although in the fulness of his hap-

piness, he has scarcely time to cherish uncharitable feelings), is rather distant and reserved to his extremely bland and polite old master; yet, when the latter takes the baby on his knee, and lets him play with his watch-chain, the good-hearted papa tries to forget past injuries in his present good fortune, and makes a courteous apology for the absence of his father-in-law, who, by some inexplicable chance, always happens to leave the room, as Emmerson is announced, and remains absent till his departure.

Glendinning, poor fellow, has recently died, somewhere in the East. A letter from him was subsequently received by Mrs. Lennox, which agitated and touched her extremely; but the contents have never transpired out of the family.

And Harry himself—we scarcely dare begin to speak again of him, of the changes around him and within him. He had never been gay. The high spirits he had inherited from his father, had always been tempered with reflection. Now, perhaps, although happy beyond his utmost ex-

pectation, he had become still graver. Deep thoughts and high feelings possessed him. He never forgot the great lesson he had learned abroad; and they who knew him best, saw well that, if adversity would not have subdued, prosperity could not elate him. He applied himself to his profession with so much zeal that his friends speedily acknowledged the splendid talents he displayed for the noble career he had chosen, and perhaps the world will hear more of him hereafter. We can answer for him, however, that, whatever may befall him, he will be found an honest man; sincere and just in his dealings with all his fellow-creatures; far too wise and good to forget, in the temptations and struggles of his present position, that this world, with all its bliss and all its woe, is but the short path to another.

It is said that an uncommonly pretty little girl, who answers to the name of "Fanny," has recently been added to the domestic circle. She is a great favourite with Emerson, and is just learning to call Mrs. Elton grandmamma, which excellent lady,

at the last advices, was engaged talking very earnestly on the subject.

If, in the preceding pages, the writer has altered the names of persons and places, he has not the less endeavoured to give an accurate picture of one of the many deeds of blood, and of its consequences, which, to the shame of a Christian city, are associated with the name of HOBOKEN !

THE END.

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